★June 17, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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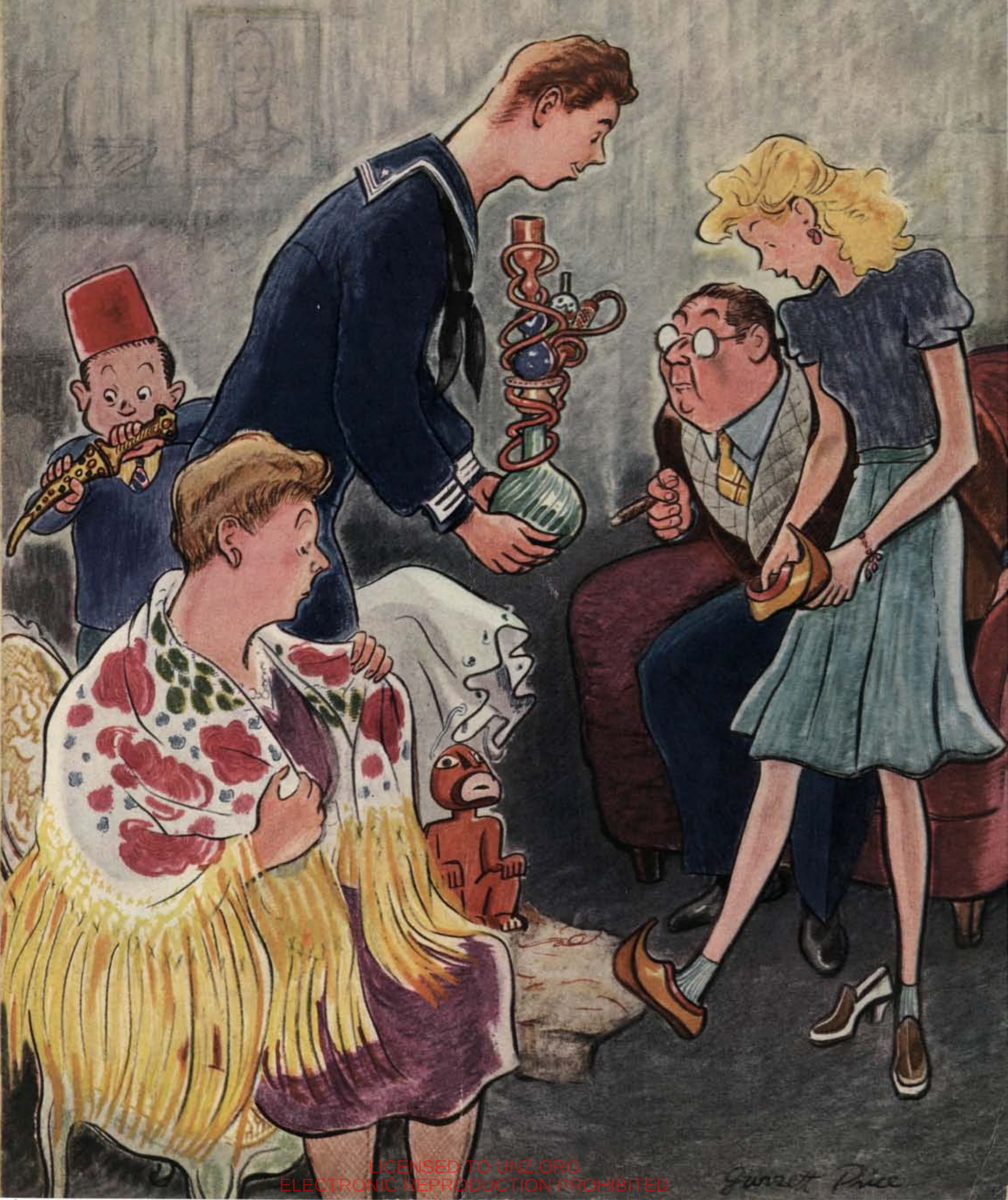
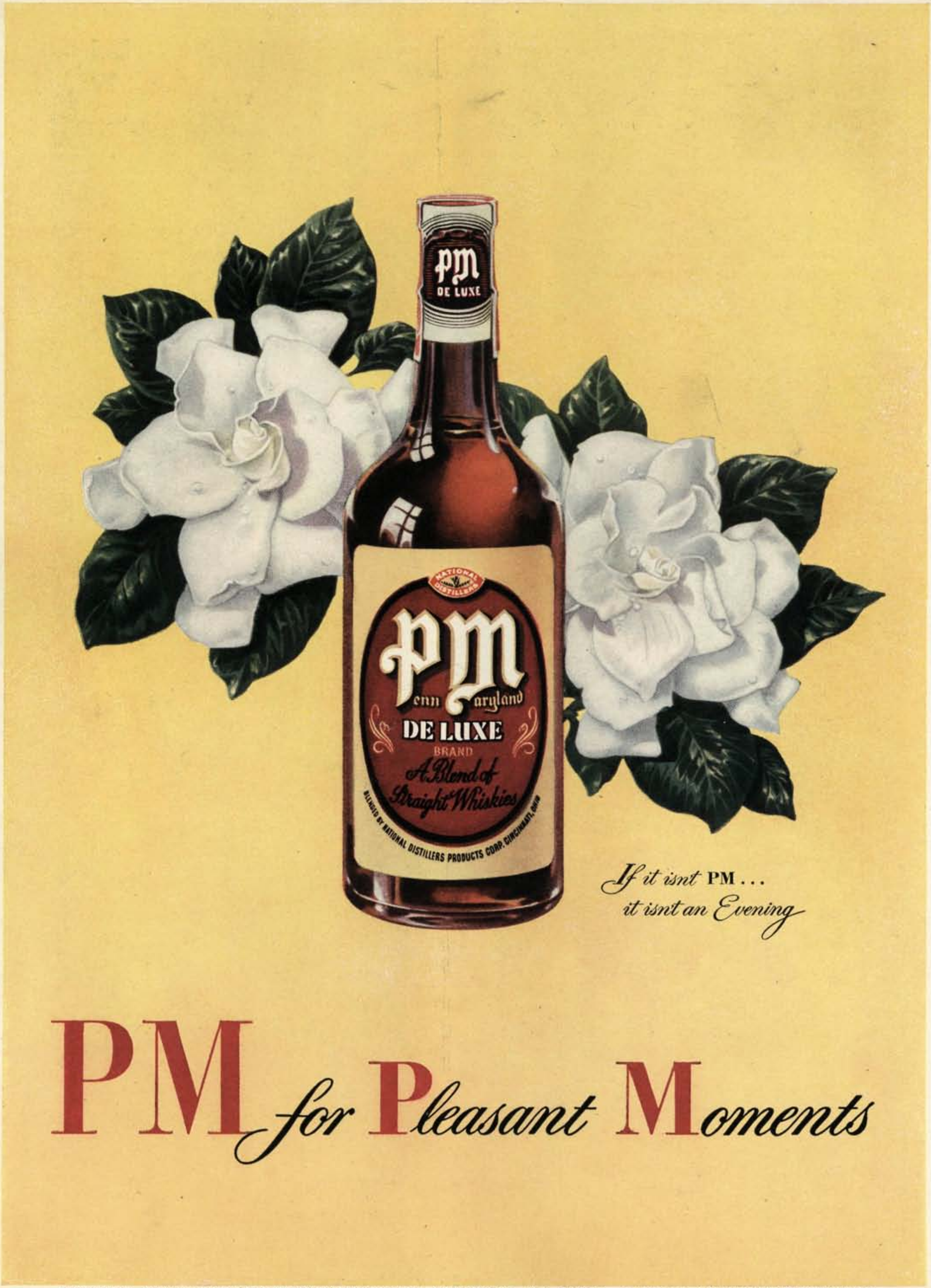


Garrett Price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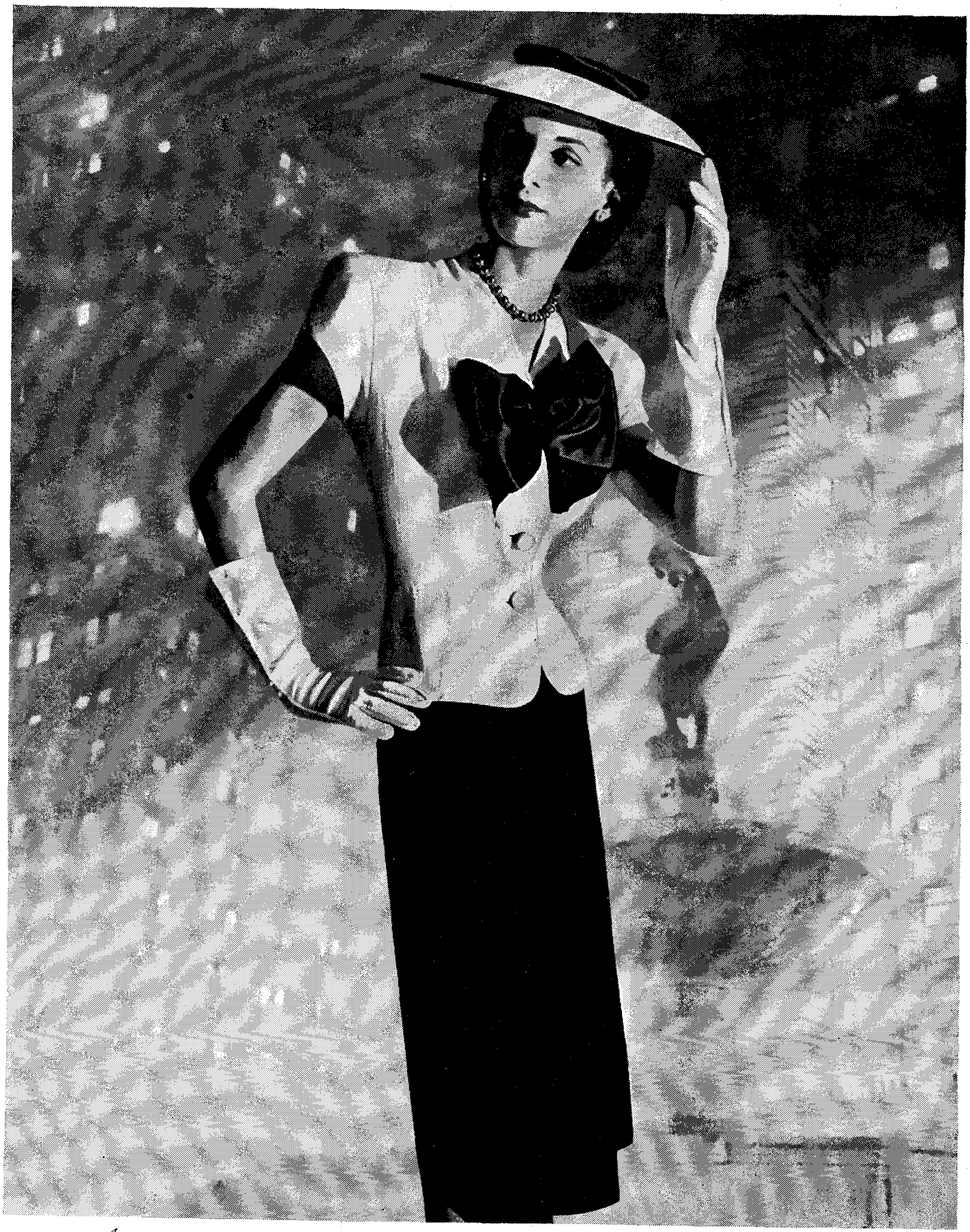

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year, by the author of "Rope's End." Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, **with Josephine Hull and** Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. **at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 17.)**

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, *with a cast headed by Mary Philips and Sidney* Blackmer. You might do worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 17.)

The Doughgirls—*Three sporty girls are turned loose* in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast includes Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really *superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs* to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney, who play Father and Mother, will be replaced on Mon., June 19, by Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and enormously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is excellent. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officer Candidate School. Not as funny as it might have been. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

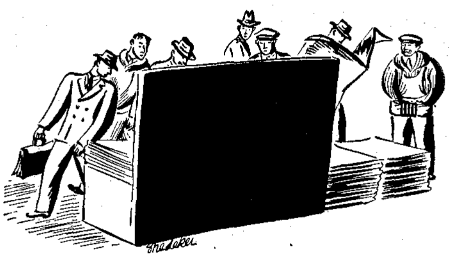
Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with *sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom*, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—*Lillian Hellman combines an* account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing but is certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

That Old Devil—*A summer-weight comedy by and* with J. C. Nugent that has something to do with sex in the suburbs. The hard-working cast includes Luella Gear. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. May close Sat., June 17.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth. (Belasco, 44, E. BR *9-2067. Nightly*, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Ruth Matteson and Conrad Nagel. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. May close Sat., June 17.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Closes to the general public on Sat., June 24, prior to a week of free performances for men and women in the services.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

For Keeps—A comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, with Frank Conroy, Patricia Kirkland, and Julie Warren. Staged and produced by Gilbert Miller. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Slightly Scandalous—Janet Beecher in a comedy by Frederick Jackson. Staged by Mr. Jackson and produced by Charles Leonard and Thomas McQuillan. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., June 15 and 17, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—The New Opera Company's revision of a nineteenth-century operetta. A somewhat haphazard production but the Offenbach music is a delight. The cast includes such variegated performers as Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 18, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services, Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Take a Bow—Chico Marx in a variety show staged by Wally Wanger and produced by Lou Walters, with music by Benny Davis. Opens Thurs., June 15. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Love on Leave—A comedy by A. B. Shiffrin, with Millard Mitchell and Mary Sargent. Staged by Eugene S. Bryden and produced by Charles Stewart and Martin Goodman. Opens Tues., June 20. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hats Off to Ice—A new edition of the Sonja Henie-Arthur Wirtz ice shows, with Carol Lynne and Freddie Trenkler. Opens Thurs., June 22. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—A revival of "The New Moon," the first of a series of operettas and musical comedies to be presented here. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:30 and Sun. Eve. at 8:50. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. May close Sat., June 17.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group in "A Mortal in Fairyland," "The Enchanted Spring," and "Troubles of Mother Goose," Sat., June 17 and 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . The Children's Opera Company of New York presenting Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," Sun., *June 18, at 2:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240* W. 44. For tickets, call LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays subdued dance music in one of our nicest summer resorts.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, and Hazel Scott, who are anyone's money's worth; Bill Harris's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This old reliable has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra (to be replaced by another band on

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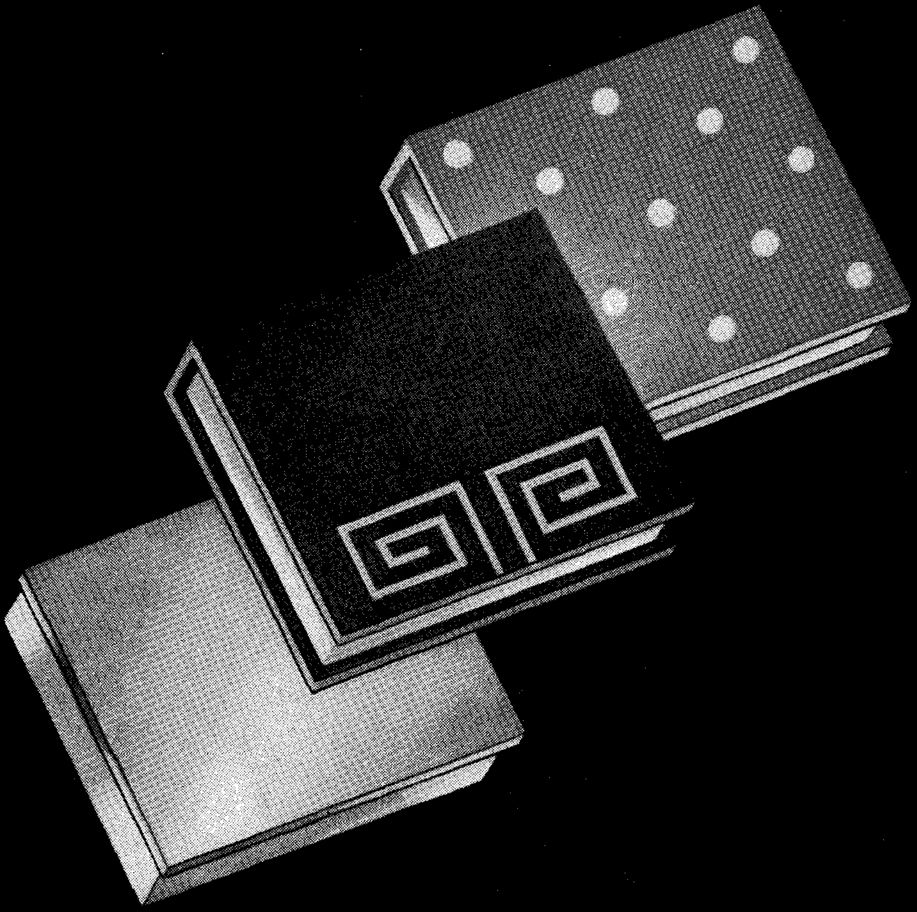

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 15,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

Tues., June 20) and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Never a quiet moment. Bert Wheeler heads a rather ramshackle show and there are Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—College-prom atmosphere, with college-prom music (after 10 P.M.) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the stately Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, there are songs, more than complete with gestures, by Hildegarde, and dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A lovely pink setting for dinner, supper, and/or romance. Fred Miller's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra (to be replaced by Bob Simone's on Mon., June 19) and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—At the supper hour on the Starlight Roof, Morton Downey, the boy soprano, holds forth pleasantly and Mischa Borr's orchestra does waltzes and rumbas; George Hamilton's band is around all evening for orthodox dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bright and practically continuous show, with Imogene Coca, Irwin Corey, Billie Holiday, and LaVilla Tullos and her harp; closes for the summer on Sat., June 24. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the sombre décor here is relieved by Eddie Mayehoff, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a haphazard show full of toothsome young ladies, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and rather elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and rather casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing from 11 P.M. on. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

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Mostly for Music—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2 6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon taking the chill out of the briskest evenings; no dancing. . . . **pied piper,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): a fine new band, headed by Max Kaminsky's sweltering trumpet; in between times, James P. Johnson contributes neat slow-drag piano solos; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page; no dancing. . . . **downbeat club,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, which is all you need to know; no dancing. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): gaudy piano playing by Art Tatum; a small band plays for dancing. . . . **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's band comes in on Fri., June 16, replacing Red Norvo's; no dancing. . . . **ringside,** 8 Ave. at 49 (LO 3-8084): life on the frontier, set to the music of Wilbur de Paris's lively band; no dancing. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio; no dancing.

Al Fresco—The **claremont inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **central park zoo:** the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8; **fifth avenue hotel,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **longchamps,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—The annual show of work by new members and winners of scholarship grants. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Art for the Home Front—A hundred contemporary American paintings which will later be sent on a tour of war plants and industrial centres: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, prints, furniture, and costumes, from the Museum's collections, reflecting the cultural life of America from 1744 to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 22.

Cloisters, Fort Washington Ave. at 191—The history of falconry, shown in medieval tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, and falconers' equipment. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Thomas Eakins—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

European—At the **lilienfeld,** 21 E. 57: old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **buchholz,** 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 1.

Folk Art—Early American paintings and some quilts: Folk Arts Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 15.

French—At the **bignou,** 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: paintings from Corot to Picasso; also, drawings by Robert Henri; a benefit for the Red Cross. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 23. . . . **niveau,** 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

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"The tide has turned and free men of the world are marching together to victory."

Groups—At the **rehn,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30. . . . **babcock,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **perls,** 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: recent paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **argent,** 42 W. 57: new work by the National Association of Women Artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 23. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: Raymond Breinin, Charles Sheeler, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **artist associates,** 138 W. 15: members of this coöperative gallery, including Chuzo Tamotzu, Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and Esteban Soriano. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64: new work by the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors and guest artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 1. . . . **puma,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **weyhe,** 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 29. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 29.

Iranian Institute, 9 E. 89—A large collection of Persian, Indian, and Chinese art. Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Wifredo Lam—Recent paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

Max Liebermann—A memorial show of work by the German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30), a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Enrique Moret—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 8.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Graphic arts in the 118th annual show. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

New York—Paintings of the city by artists of various nationalities, including Moïse Kisling, Maxim Kopf, William Gropper, and Reginald Marsh: American Common, 40 E. 40. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. (also Tues. and Wed. Eves., 7:30 to 10); through June 30.

O'Keeffe, Marin, and Dove—The recent output of these three artists: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Photography as Art—Moholy-Nagy and a number of others, including Breitenbach and David Hare, use the camera for art rather than documentation; there are also some paintings suggested by the photographs: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

Hélène Sardeau—Sculpture, a good deal of it in the memorial manner, by George Biddle's wife: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

Louis Schanker—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

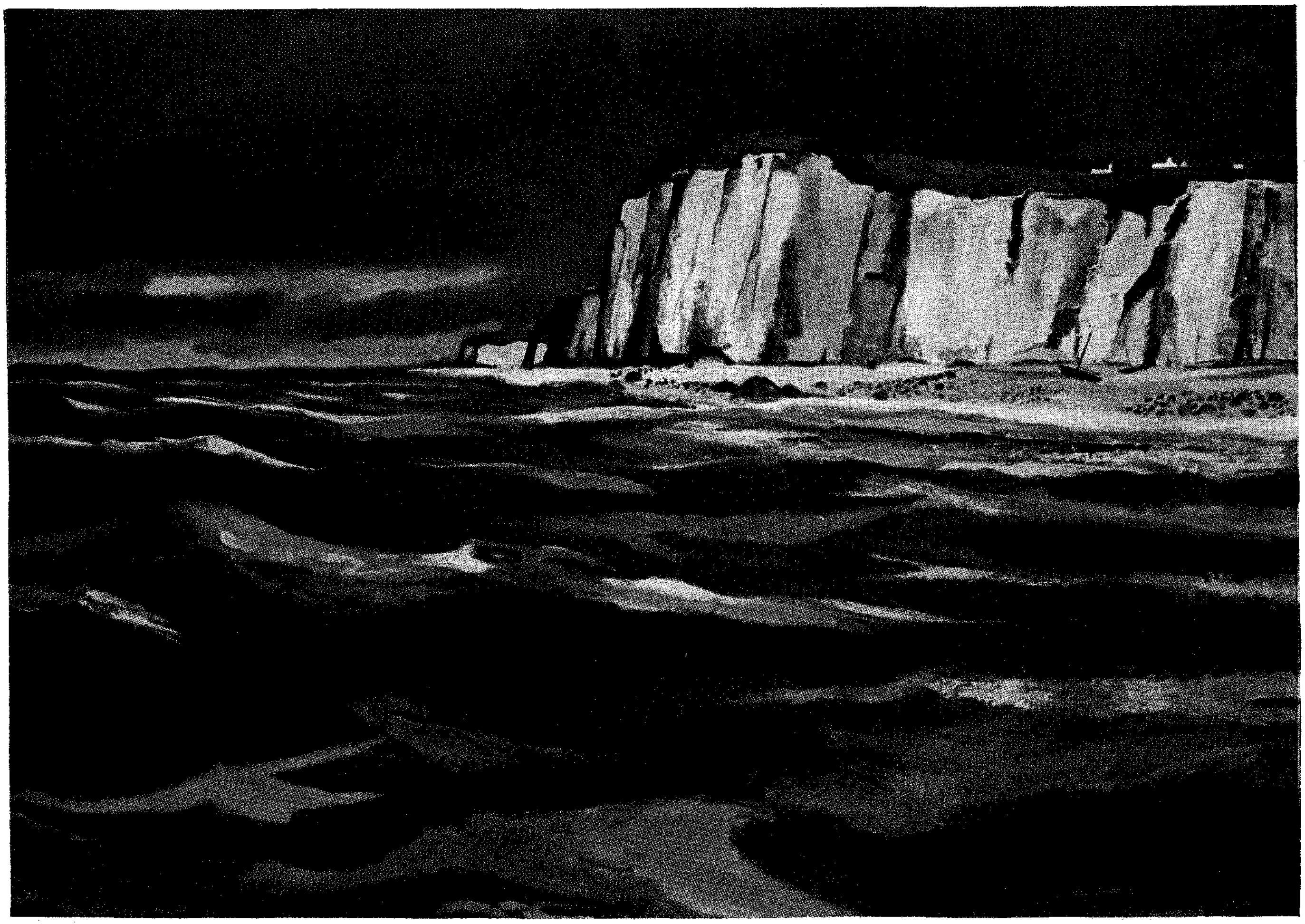
John Shayn—Oil paintings: Newton, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 24.

B. Stern—Flowers and still lifes in oil; also, pencil drawings by Alvena Vajda Seckar: Kohn, 608 5 Ave., at 49. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., June 22.

Conrado Vasquez—Lacquered wood paintings by the New York Mexican: Council for Pan American Democracy, 23 W. 26. Weekdays 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic Symphony—Opening concerts of the season. Sir Thomas Beecham



Sea Secret

Debussy's "La Mer," an interpretation painted by Bernard Lamotte, eminent French painter and colorist. Painted for the Capehart Collection. Here the artist has transmitted to the canvas his impressions of the last of the sea sketches, entitled "Dialogue between the Wind and the Sea." Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

Like the sea, music, too, has secrets . . . but not to men who love it. There are strains from half-forgotten symphonies for those who live with memory, operas that bespeak romance, melodies to beguile a child.

No matter what the form, they who love music want it perfectly interpreted. To the Capehart or Farnsworth owner, this supreme interpretation of music is a familiar and happy reality. It can be for you, also, after the war, when our engineers again make such pleasure an experience you may enjoy.

Today, the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is developing and producing Radar and other vital electronic instruments for war. But after Victory is won, new Capeharts and new Farnsworth radios and phonograph-radios . . . many with interference-free FM, many with the wonder of television . . . will bring you new adventures in superb reception and glorious tone.

Then you may have at your selection a wide variety of style and sizes. Luxurious musical instruments with magic record-changers and matchless tone. Phonograph-radios of superior construction. In each field, an outstanding product, fruit of long research . . . for, whatever the cabinet style or size, your Capehart or Farnsworth instrument will reflect the finest quality possible at its cost. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

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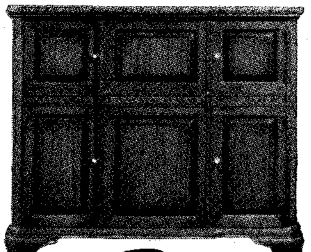

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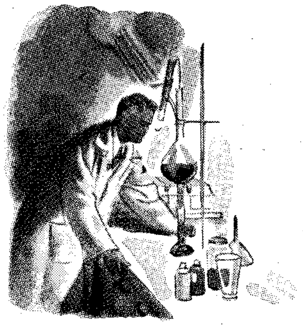
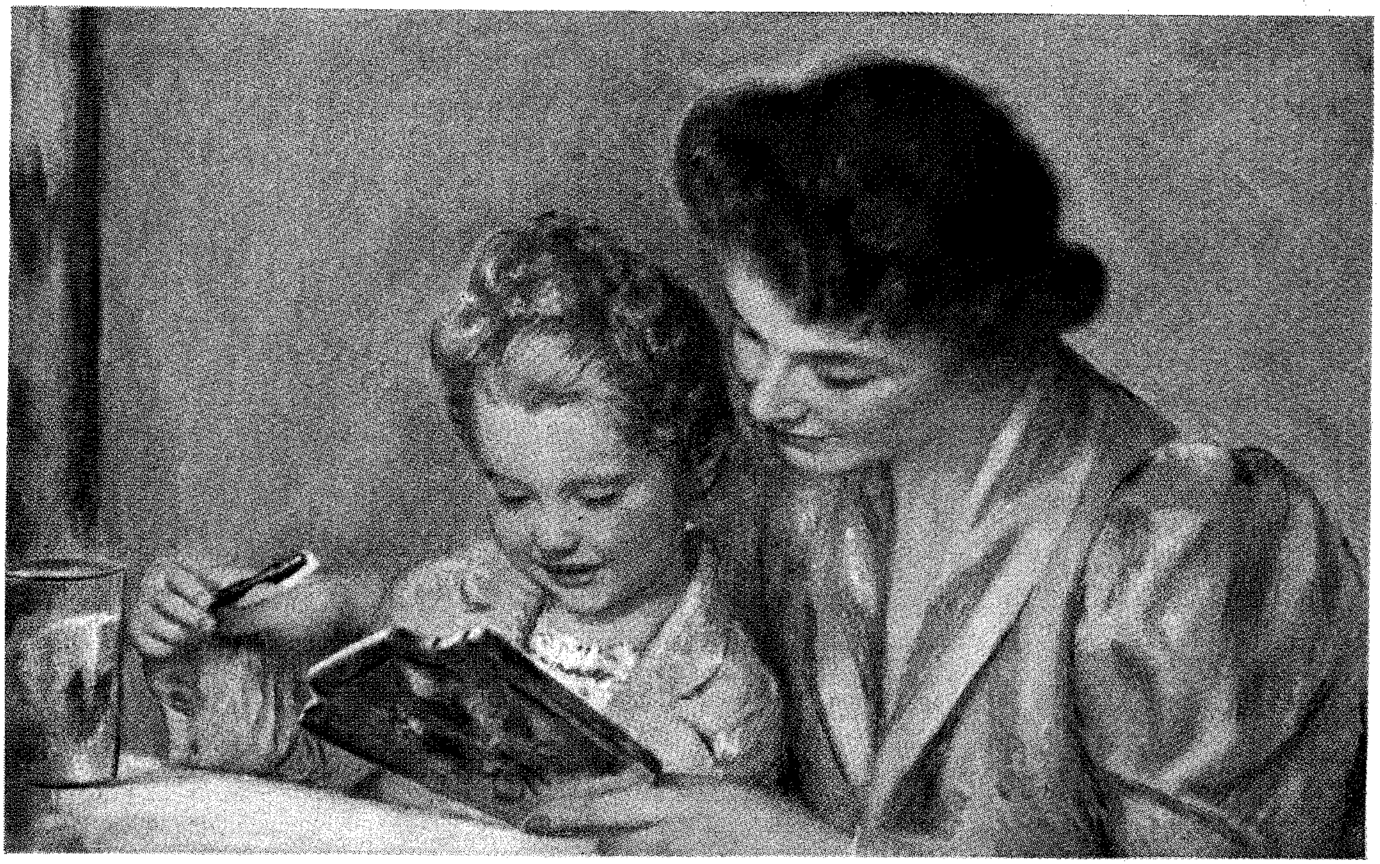


HE *develops products*



Painted for McCall's by Roy Spreter

SHE *develops users*

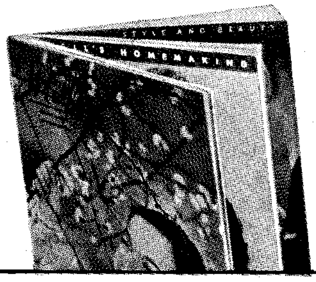
To develop the product is the man's job. But to put the product in the home, and train the family to use it, is the woman's. This makes her not only America's #1 buyer and the American manufacturer's best salesman, but the *only* salesman in a position to establish long-term *family* product-habits.

Because the woman's role is different from the man's, her *reading* interests are also different. That is the reason for the existence of women's magazines and the reason no other magazines can take their place in the lives of women.

Very personal

McCall's, the magazine that thinks the way women think, is *more* than a magazine. To millions of women it is a friend . . . a very personal friend that is an unfailing source of information and inspiration. That is why one out of five American women say — "McCall's is *my* magazine"!

In war as in peace, McCall's is edited directly to the three primary interests of the American Woman—Her Heart, Her Home, Herself.



McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

conducting, Mon. through Sat., June 19-24. Soloists: Fritz Kreisler, violin, June 19; Artur Rubinstein, piano, June 22; Betty Humby Beecham, piano, June 24. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

NEW YORK LIGHT OPERA GUILD—"The Gypsy Baron," by Johann Strauss, Thurs., June 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 16, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., June 17 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Sun., June 18 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Mon, Tues., and Thurs., June 19, 20, and 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed., June 21 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Sat., June 24, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Mon., June 19, at 8:45 P.M., and Tues. through Thurs., June 20-22, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 23, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., June 24, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Al Davis vs. Henry Armstrong, welterweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., June 15; Ike Williams vs. Cleo Shans, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 23. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—Red Cross Golf Tournament, with Byron Nelson, Craig Wood, Sam Byrd, Jug McSpaden, and others participating, Thurs. through Sun., June 15-18, Wykagyl C. C., New Rochelle, N. Y. . . . Metropolitan G. A. Amateur Championship, first and second Match Play Rounds, Sat., June 24, Sleepy Hollow C. C., Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct at 1:15 P.M.; through July 1. (The Shevlin, June 17; the Gazelle, June 21; the Dwyer, June 24. Admission on June 24 by War Bonds only.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:20 P.M.

TRACK—National A. A. U. Championships, Sat. and Sun., June 17-18, at 2 P.M., Randalls Island.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regatta on the Sound: Larchmont Y. C., Sun., June 18, at 2 P.M.

WAR BOND CARNIVAL—Every kind of sporting event, from tennis and golf to baseball and horsemanship, in a program to launch the sports division of the Fifth War Loan Drive, Sat., June 17, at 7 P.M. Polo Grounds. (Admission by purchase of War Bonds; for information, call CI 6-4300, Ext. 70.)

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—In CENTRAL PARK, between 79 and 86 Sts.: "Weapons of War," a big Army display of mechanized equipment, including American tanks and guns and captured German and Japanese vehicles, with demonstrations and sham battles staged at frequent intervals throughout the day. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through June 30. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

CITY PLANNING—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

AMERICANA—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 5. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: models of famous old American ships; old uniforms, logs, and letters; the diary of an ensign who was with Perry in Japan; and other material relating to the history of the U. S. Navy. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., June 20.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Oriental art formerly owned by Yamanaka & Co. and to be sold by the U. S. Government: Thurs. and Fri., June 15-16, at 10:15 A.M. and 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloist, William Kapell, Sun., June 18, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concert, Wed., June 21, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., June 17 and 24, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: the Shevlin, Sat., June 17; the Dwyer, Sat., June 24; at 4:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boxing: Al Davis vs. Henry Armstrong, Thurs., June 15; Ike Williams vs. Cleo Shans, Fri., June 23; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Track: National A.A.U. Championships, Sun., June 18, at 4:30 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

COVER GIRL—A better musical than most, with tunes by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, and Phil Silvers. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., June 19. . . . Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., June 21.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK—A revised and improved edition of Maxwell Anderson's play about a G.I. on furlough and at war, featuring fine performances by William Eythe, Anne Baxter, and Vincent Price. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Mon., June 19.)

GOING MY WAY—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as two rather different types of Catholic clergymen, both wrestling with financial and other kinds of problems in a New York parish. The cast also includes Risë Stevens and Jane Heather. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie in a picture which speculates fairly comically on the consequences of a man's knowing what's going to happen twenty-four hours ahead of time. (Gotham, B'way at 47; tentative, through Fri., June 23.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Bigger and gaudier than Moss Hart ever dreamed of. Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, and Mischa Auer. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., June 21. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Thurs., June 16-22. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 17-20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 20-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., June 20-24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., June 21-24.)

THE MEMPHIS BELLE—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., June 15.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON—A Bette Davis vehicle, and notable mainly as such. It's about a man who loves his wife in spite of the trouble she gives him, which is

For POST WAR

And For

EVER AFTER

Wartime experiences have brought to the American scene an accelerated desire to plan for a family future more pleasant and secure in *either* war or peace. The idea of "a little place in the country" has graduated, from a springtime dream to a planned pattern for permanent living. Here in the quiet Vermont hills hundreds are finding the peace that re-conditions, the rest that re-fits for greater service. Scenic hillside farms or lakeside cottages are being discovered and tailored to "country squire" proportions at extremely modest cost. An introduction to the Vermont way of life, for part- or full-time, starts with your free copy of "Vermont Farms and Summer Homes."

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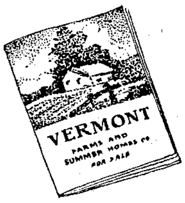
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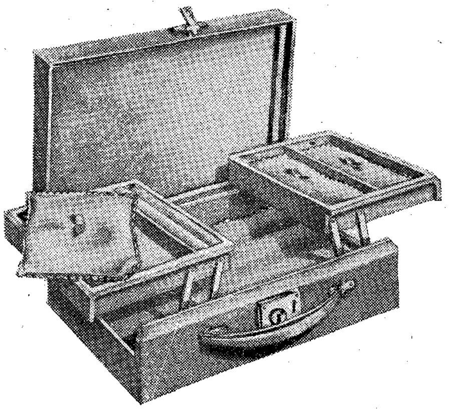
Morocco? There's No Such Animal

Until the shrill cries of Arab peddlers in the streets of Paris first introduced leather novelties of African goatskin, the name 'Morocco' meant *solely* a region in Africa. That was back in the days when lonely caravans laden with fabulous African treasures braved the dangers of the great Sahara. Today, Morocco also means a *leather* . . . soft, flexible, and widely used for all sorts of leather goods.

For *our* English Morocco, we go to the mountainous regions of India . . . where the shaggy, stalwart Angora Goat provides us with the most valuable, most durable, most beautiful Morocco in the world.



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MARK CROSS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND

plenty. Claude Rains is the man. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Purple Heart—A slow but properly infuriating picture about the Japanese trial of the captured Tokio raiders. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., June 15. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., June 18-19.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The funnier, and possibly more improbable, side of basic training. A flattering adaptation of the book, with Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Standing Room Only—A comedy, with some good moments, about housing and servant troubles in Washington. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., June 19-23.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism in Java of a Navy doctor of whom you may have heard. There's a lot that's phony about the picture, but the factual parts are still impressive. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Signe Hasso. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Up in Arms—Danny Kaye in a musical having something to do with the war but designed mainly to strut Mr. Kaye's stuff. There's also Dinah Shore, Dana Andrews, and Constance Dowling. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., June 15. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., June 18.)

Note—The latest films on the invasion are being shown at the Embassy Newsreel Theatres, Park at 42, B'way at 46, 33 W. 50, and B'way at 72; and at the Trans-Lux Newsreel Theatres, Madison at 60, and B'way at 49.

REVIVALS

Animal Crackers (1930)—An early Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., June 21.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 20.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 23.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 15.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 15.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., June 18-20.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., June 18-20.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Haviland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 20-22.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., June 21.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri., June 16.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Tues. and Wed., June 20-21.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. and Sat., June 16-17.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

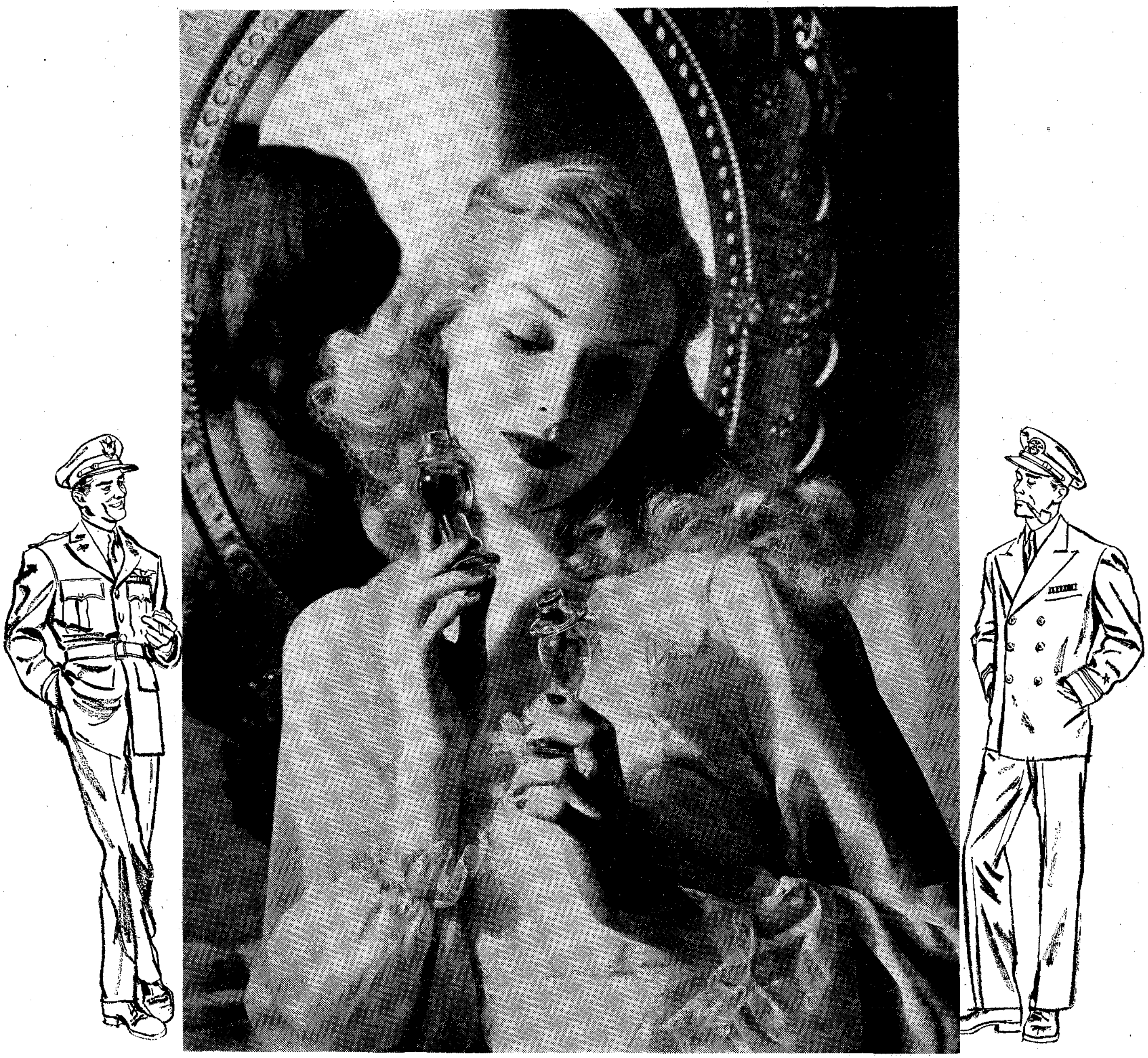
Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., June 19.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57, through Fri., June 23.)

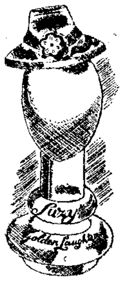
The Woman Alone (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer," with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., June 15.)

Zaza (1939)—Grandpa's pet classic, freshened up for Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 20-22.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., JUNE 18: "War Department Report," produced by



Since men are not alike . . . be two different women with



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He doesn't know why—but watch him linger, when you wear this warm and winning bouquet of light flower-scents, so tantalizingly mingled.

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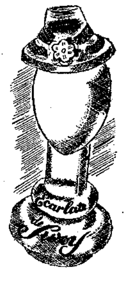
Most perfumes he considers obvious. But he never gets over appreciating the subtle and complicated fragrance of your Écarlate de Suzy—and your taste in choosing this dry, winey, exhilarating perfume.



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Caribbean Sea

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Anno Domini 1944

This is a story of trim white ships and sunny tropic seas . . . of fabulous treasure, lying in the incredibly fertile soil of Middle America...right at our doorstep...

Since the dawn of the Twentieth Century, ships of the Great White Fleet have sailed the blue Caribbean . . . pioneering in the development of hemispheric trade and commerce between the Americas.

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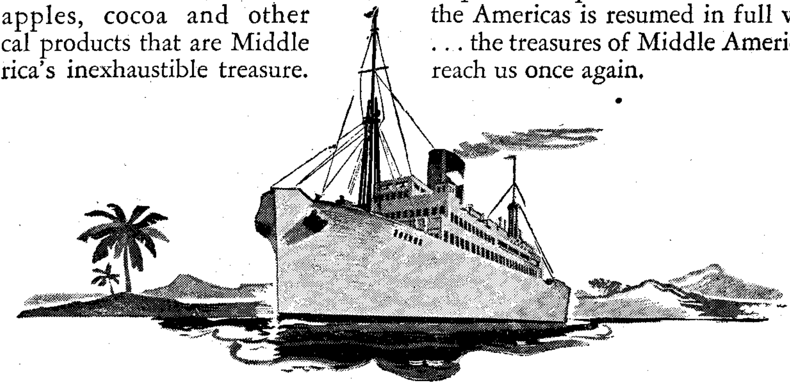
With each succeeding year these progressive Republics become a more important source of rubber, palm-oil, quinine, balsa, mahogany . . . and many more essential commodities vital in war as in peace.

Today the Great White Fleet is in war-time gray . . . serving our country . . . helping to protect the future and freedom of our hemisphere. But when ships can be spared . . . as trade between the Americas is resumed in full volume . . . the treasures of Middle America will reach us once again.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Office of Strategic Services. . . . **FROM MON., JUNE 19:** "Prelude to War," produced by the War Department.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed, below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and dietetics, and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to take a short training course and then work several hours a week in canteens for war workers (PL 3-6487). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, orderlies, porters, and dietary aides; women to spend at least six daytime hours a week aiding in the care of patients and in nutrition departments, doing clerical work, and acting as librarians.

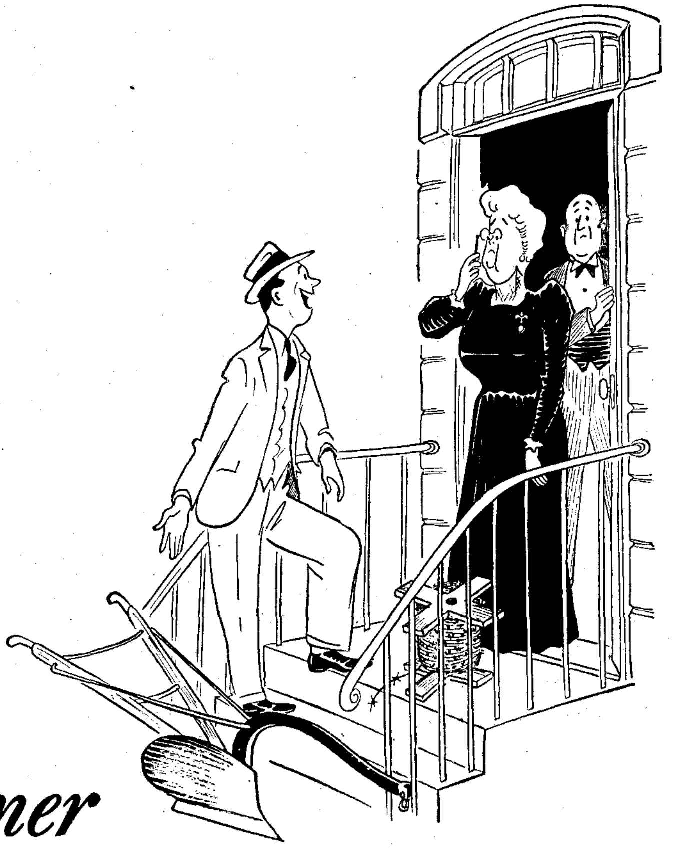
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

WAR LOAN DRIVE—The Fifth War Loan Drive is on, and the C. D. V. O. and the A. W. V. S. are recruiting volunteers to work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Association's warehouse at 21 Hudson St. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 103 Park, at 41st (MU 3-1948). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . Bundles for America, 2 Park Ave., at 33rd (MU 5-1976), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, curtains, radios, records, or books that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., 325 E. 38th, which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to give, call LE 2-0886. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds (especially drums) are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 1476).



Preposterous, Elmer

You're a star salesman, Elmer, but you're wasting time. You can't sell farm equipment to people who plow their window boxes with soup spoons. There's a sight of difference between the big city market and the rural market. Urbanites have no use for swarms of things that farmers buy, while rural people can use almost any product that sells in cities. FARM JOURNAL, though now limited to two and a half million copies, takes sales messages to far more readers than any other rural magazine.

• • • •

Every member of the farm family reads FARM JOURNAL. Its advertising pages sell girdles, cosmetics and correspondence courses as handily as tractors. And today the rural income is billions bigger than ever. Much of it is going for things presently obtainable. Another large part is buying War Bonds. Farmers are engaged in post-war planning, and getting many of their ideas from the alert, brilliantly-edited pages of FARM JOURNAL.

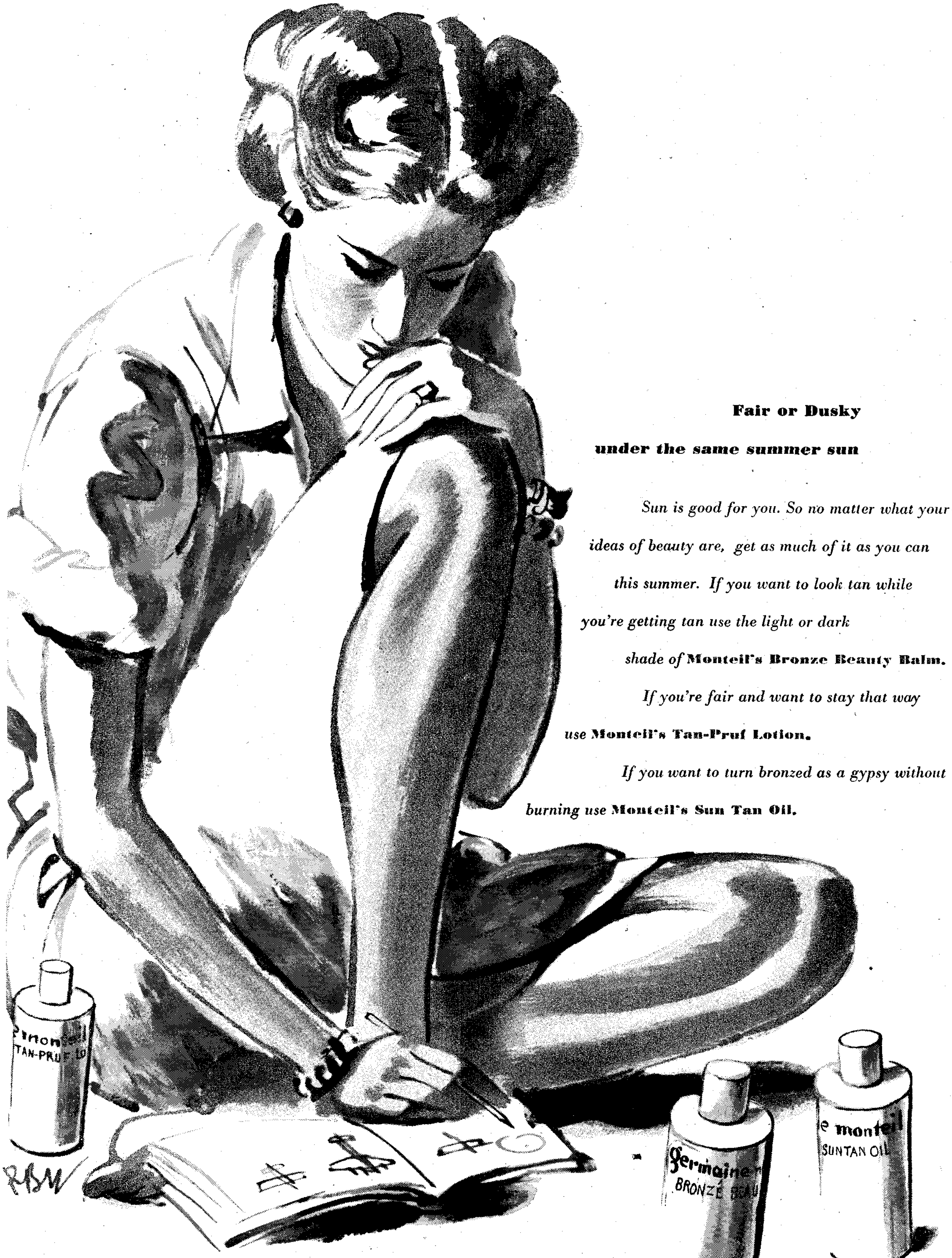
LIFE
Collier's
POST
FARM JOURNAL
Farmer's Wife
Two Generations

Of the **FIRST FOUR**
General Magazines
ONE
covers the rural market

GRAHAM PATTERSON, ***Publisher***

FARM JOURNAL
AND *Farmer's Wife*

Washington Square, PHILADELPHIA 5


RSW
monteil
TAN-PRUF LO
Germaine
BRONZE BEAU
e monteil
SUNTAN OIL

Fair or Dusky

under the same summer sun

Sun is good for you. So no matter what your ideas of beauty are, get as much of it as you can this summer. If you want to look tan while you're getting tan use the light or dark shade of **Monteil's Bronze Beauty Balm.** *If you're fair and want to stay that way use* **Monteil's Tan-Pruf Lotion.** *If you want to turn bronzed as a gypsy without burning use* **Monteil's Sun Tan Oil.**

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"THE 'D'? Why, it just stands for 'Day,'" a voice in the crowd said, adding dubiously, "I *think*." D Day was just D Day—a unique experience, a colossal moment in history that offered no clue to the appropriate emotion or action. Civilians and their activities had a quaint irrelevance that was, plainly, quite apparent to the civilians themselves. We observed a lady standing on a Fifth Avenue sidewalk sketching a lampshade in a shop window. Obviously, she figured she might as well be doing that as anything else that lay within her powers.

In St. Patrick's, peeking from in back of St. Anthony's altar, was a news photographer. As a pair of pious ladies approached the altar and knelt, he tripped his flash bulb, muttering jovially to us, "*Now* watch me get put outta choich." He was pounced on by a lay official, who said, "I thought I told you not to take flashlight pictures in here." "Now, look, I got permission," the cameraman said. "Permission from who?" the other asked. "I'm sorry, I can't tell from who," the cameraman said, with the air of a man asked to violate an ethical code.

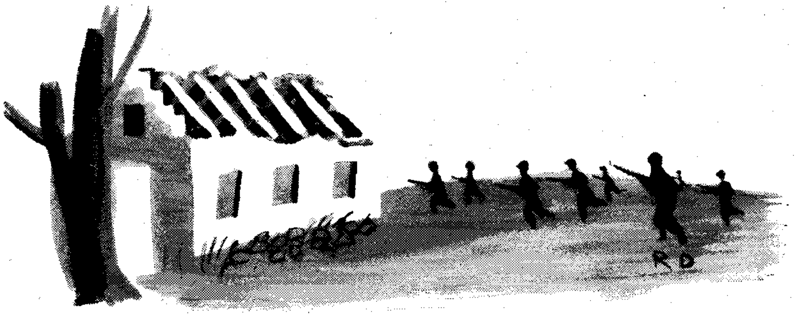
The idiot babble of the radio followed us wherever we went. Our forces, it said, had taken Rouen. No, Cannes. No, Caen. Well, we hadn't taken it yet, but an important bulletin was expected any minute. Meanwhile, in honor of D Day, we would hear Spike Jones and his City Slickers in a recorded version of "Der Führer's Face." Down at the C.D.V.O. headquarters in City Hall, we found Grover Whalen taking things in his stride. "The Mayor has entrusted the whole day to me," he said. "I got up at six this morning and haven't stopped since." The telephone rang and he plunged into a conversation, of which we caught a few scraps: "... Got the French? ... Got the Russian? ... Well, but the only one they'll *recognize* is the 'Internationale' ... and hey, don't forget about 'The Voice of the Turtle.'" The business of government went on as usual; the Department of Purchase, for example, laid out public monies for eight feet of vacuum-cleaner hose, two sugar bowls, three hundred wooden lawn rakes, 165,000,000 units of penicillin, twenty-four dozen typewriter ribbons, and two hundred and eighty dozen men's medium-weight underdrawers.

The radio was still at it as we headed uptown. "In keeping with this impressive occasion, you will now hear a program of recorded patriotic airs," it said at one point, after which there was a dead silence. "Play da music, play da music," a dim voice from the ether said at last. In Times Square, there was a crowd watching the electric news bulletin, which was a mere ghostly twinkle in the sunlight. "... AND ONE GERMAN GUN IS STILL FIRING," it said, concluding the report of some landing action. Nobody seemed to think that the one German gun was trivial; it was solemnly weighed along with the other bits of news from the beachheads.

Just underneath the bulletin, across from the Rialto Theatre, a hundred or so citizens had clustered together and were talking about the course of history during the past twenty-five years. It was different from a Union Square free-for-all or a Columbus Circle harangue; here everybody waited his turn and made his points without raising his voice more than was necessary. Harding, Borah, Manchuria, Laval, Ethiopia, Henry Ford, Carter Glass, "Mein Kampf"—the sober talk was still going on when we left. "Do you know what I said to myself the first time I saw Harding?" a tall, thin man was saying. "I said, why, there's the finest-looking President we ever had. But my first impression was wrong."

We looked in on one of the big broadcasting studios and found the corridors full of radio actors, all somewhat upset by the cancellation of the soap-opera programs. We had a few words with a commentator, who said, "The basic instinct of radio at a time like this is to gather as many announcers and commentators, as many news tickers, and as many microphones as possible in the smallest room available." The announcer who was working at the moment was saying into the microphone that a bulletin was just coming in from London. No, it wasn't exactly a bulletin, it was a broadcast; in fact, a rebroadcast—a description of the invasion. It turned out to be a recording of General Eisenhower reading his message to the people of the occupied countries. That ended, and the announcer took over again. "As you no doubt realized," he began, with monumental fatuousness, "that was not our reporter, but ..."

General Eisenhower's words are tied up with the image of D Day that will, we think, remain in our mind the longest. Up in the



Modern Museum, an old lady, seated on an angular plywood chair, was reading the General's message aloud to several other old ladies who stood clustered around her. "I call upon all who love freedom to stand with us," she read, in a thin voice, and a shiver ran through the group. On the walls were Matisses and Rouaults, something we had saved from the old France, and in the foreground the old ladies, shaken by the voice of history. Giving the little scene its eerie significance was the absurd, incredible fact that they were waiting for the Museum's movie to start or for a niece to arrive for a cup of tea, and that the most momentous event in modern history had focussed down to the tiny point of the cracked voice of an old woman sitting in a futuristic plywood chair.

The Arkie

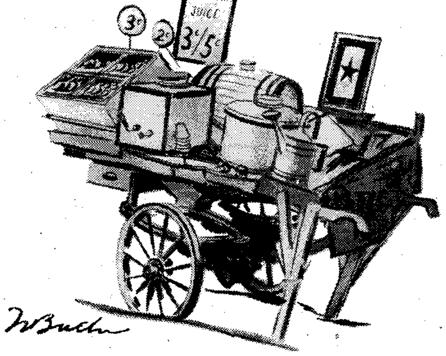
HAVING read that the Arkansas, the oldest active battleship in our Navy, had taken part in the invasion, sailing along the shoreline and firing point-blank at enemy installations, we thought we might do a few paragraphs about her. In our preliminary investigations, we were lucky enough to find out that one of her former skippers, Captain William H. Pashley, was right here in town. He's now the commanding officer of the Naval Receiving Station at Pier 92 and also is in charge of the disciplinary barracks, or brig, over on Harts Island. Captain Pashley told us he commanded the Arkansas during a relatively unexciting part of her career—from the summer of 1938 to the summer of 1940. She was then used as a training vessel for Naval Reserve midshipmen. "First I heard about the Arkie being right in the thick of it was over the radio the second night after the invasion," he said. "And you know what I thought of first? I guess it was about the flashiest thing we did before the war. A team off the Arkie won the Atlantic Fleet basketball cup. Well, that was what I thought of."

Captain Pashley, who graduated from the Naval Academy in 1908, commanded submarines earlier in his career, but the Arkie is plainly his first love. "Did the Arkie have any traditions!" he exclaimed when we brought that topic up. "I'll say she did!" He has a scrapbook containing, among other documents, letters from civilians commending the behavior of his crew ashore. One is from an official of the Philadelphia Athletics, another is from two young ladies in Norfolk, name of Mickey and Rita. Mrs. Pashley, who was present during our talk, added further testimony. "One Christmas I let it get out that we were going to have our grandchild christened aboard ship. Well, twenty-three members of the crew showed up with children of theirs and the whole bunch were baptized together. Some of them were ten years old or more. That was in Norfolk, and I shiver to think of a child going ten years in Norfolk without being baptized." We gathered that Captain Pashley preferred New York for shore leave. "Our morale was high, but it shot up twice as high when we anchored out there in the North River," he said.

Not quite thirty-five years ago, the contract for the construction of the Arkansas was let to a shipbuilder in Camden, New Jersey. Early in 1910 her keel was laid, and she was launched a year later. She was a sort of turning point in naval construction, and, according to the way you want to look at it, was either the last of the dreadnaughts or the first of the superdreadnaughts. At any rate, she mounted twelve twelve-inch guns in six turrets, and has an overall length of five hundred and sixty-two feet and a speed of twenty-one knots. She's been tinkered with a good deal, naturally—such things as oil-burning boilers, a plane catapult, and a modern tripod mast having been added at various times, not to mention additional armor and guns. The high point of the Arkie's career, in a way, came in 1935, when she served as location for a movie called "Annapolis Farewell," with Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell.

Decision

TRAVELLING from Springfield to New York, a friend of ours had a parlor-car seat near a comfortable family party of five—father, mother, adolescent son and daughter, and a lady who could have been the children's aunt. They spent most of the trip trying to decide whether they would be too tired to go to the theatre that evening. "Oklahoma!" was what they wanted to see if they *did* go to the theatre, but, after all, they wondered if, by the time they had unpacked, bathed, changed, and had their dinner, it wouldn't be a little too much to take it in. "Oh, let's not bother," the father said finally, and they all agreed.

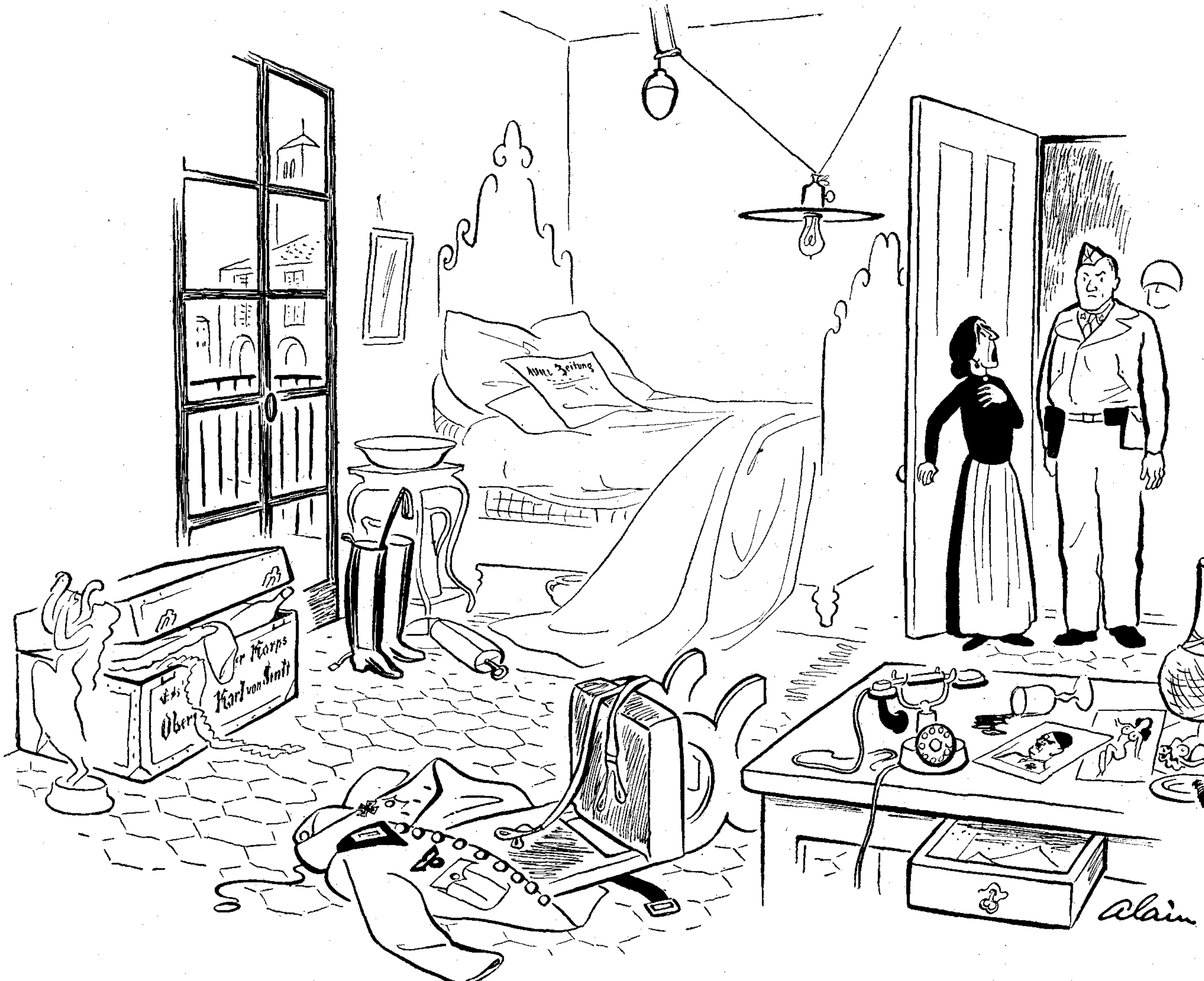


Pulp

ALL we learned at a two-hour class in the Short Story for Pulp and Confession Magazines, at the Jefferson School of Social Science, at 575 Sixth Avenue, we are passing along to our readers. The class we attended was the first in the new summer course, which is held on Thursday evenings for seven weeks and costs eight dollars. The teacher is Jean Karsavina, A.B., Smith College, who is a former editor of *Love Mirror* and seemed, from where we sat, to know her stuff. We sat in the fourth row of the smallish classroom, surrounded mainly by women pupils of all ages. There was one male besides us when the class started and three more came in later, bringing the total attendance to nineteen.

Miss Karsavina started off by asking if anybody present had had any experience in the pulp world. One lady said that she had sold five stories at one time or another but had been getting only rejections for the past seven years and thought maybe she had lost her touch. Another lady said that she had submitted one true confession, which had been sent back. Miss Karsavina absorbed this information and then went on to say that three types of pulp magazines would be taken up in the course—the confession, the love pulp, and the detective. She said that the best magazines—the markets to aim at—were, among the confessions, *True Confessions*, *True Story*, and *Modern Romances;* among the love pulps, *Love Story*, *Love Book*, and *Thrilling Love;* and, among the detectives, *Detective* and *Black Mask*. "Was that *Black Face?*" asked a lady who had fallen behind in her notes. "No, *Black Mask*," said Miss Karsavina. "What about the *Reader's Digest?*" asked an elderly lady in a purple hat. "Well, no, that's really an altogether different type," said Miss Karsavina. "That's almost a slick magazine. We won't be taking that up here."

Then Miss Karsavina briefly discussed the love-pulp story, which she said could be divided roughly into two kinds. "There's what I call the penthouse, where *everybody* lives in a pent-



"I'm afraid it's in a terrible mess, signor. My last tenant left without giving a minute's notice."

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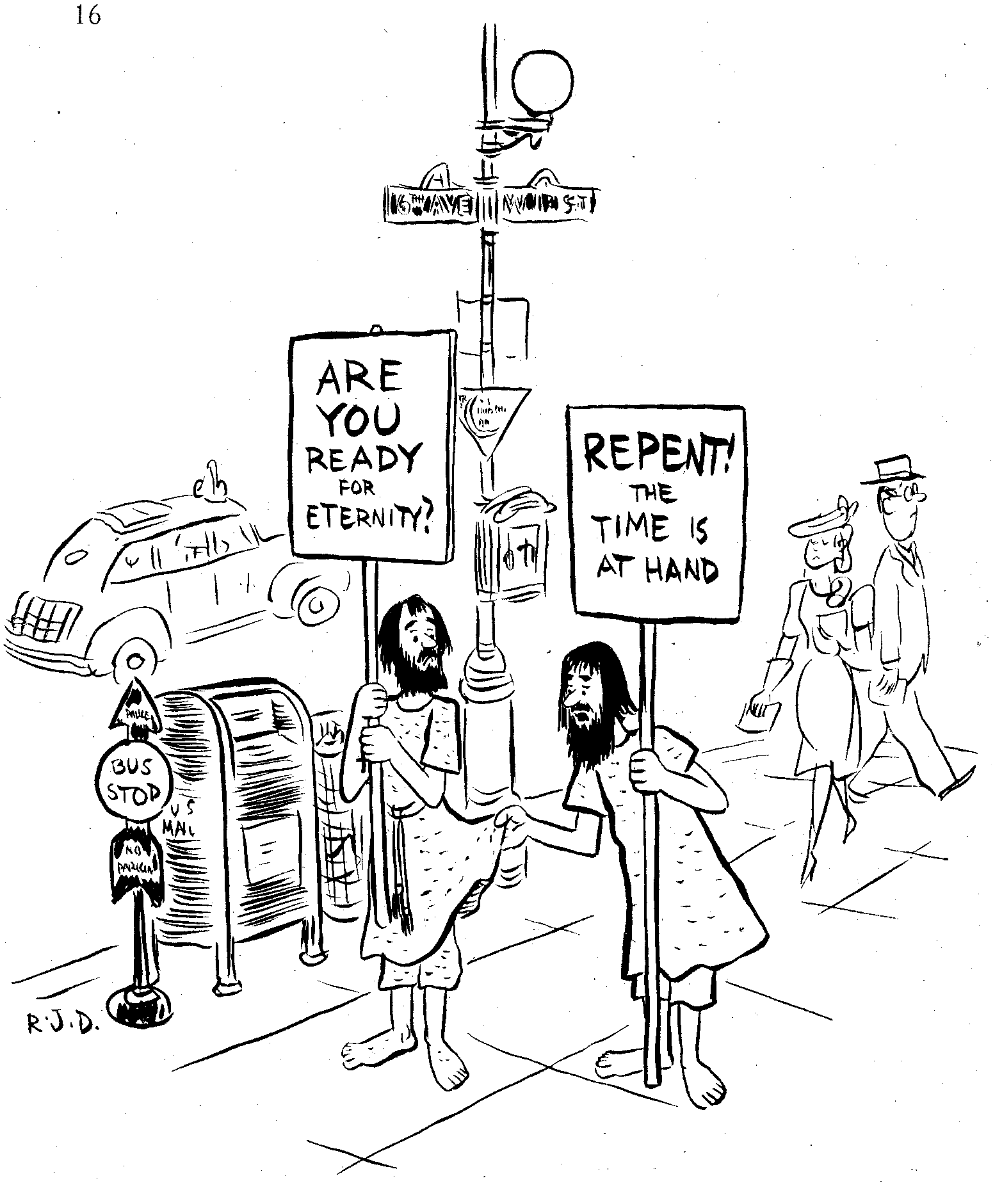
house," she said, "and there's the Cinderella, where the man lives in a penthouse but the girl doesn't. Now, will somebody tell me who are the principal readers of these magazines?" "Adolescent boys," said a girl in the second row. "No," said a man right in front of us, "housewives." "Yes," said Miss Karsavina, "I should say housewives and perhaps girls with jobs who like to read about other girls like them to whom something out of the ordinary happens." She moved on to confessions, remarking that detective stories were a little special and would be taken up later in the course. A general discussion brought out the facts that confessions are always written in the first person, that they always involve a human conflict of some sort, and that they are always about big problems and never anything trivial. A man in front of us asked, "Would it hurt for a man to write a confession from the woman's point of view?" Miss Karsavina said it could be done but that it was better for beginners to stick to their own sex. In response to another question, she said that beginners got about a cent a word, and added that a good confession should run to between four and six thousand words.

The class was then told to devise an experimental confession plot with the conflict created by ambition, as in "Macbeth." A woman asked if something about the black market would be serviceable, and Miss Karsavina said no, because the black market had been overdone lately. Another woman asked, "What about a wife who wants to get on in the world, and the husband wants to win the war?" Miss Karsavina accepted this as a starter. The man in front of us suggested that the husband be running a war plant, that he be in a position to make money faster by turning out a defective product, and that the wife be in favor of his turning out a defective product. "How would the wife know what was going on in the plant?" asked a woman pupil. "He could come home and talk about it," said the man. "Making things defective is a prison offense," said a girl in the first row. "He could be writing about it in jail," said the man. Miss Karsavina suggested that this would be bad for morale and that the husband should not actually manufacture a defective product but just consider it for a while. The wife, everybody agreed, should be the author of the confession, and she should be brought to see the folly of her ambition by some military catastrophe which she is afraid for a while is her husband's fault but which she finds out later isn't. Miss Karsavina said that the writer of such a story should be sure to study up on whatever kind of munitions plant he was writing about, for the sake of accuracy. This reminded her of a maxim. "Never write about a place you haven't been unless you've done some research," she said. She dismissed the class after telling them to think of more confession


ARE YOU READY FOR ETERNITY?
REPENT! THE TIME IS AT HAND
BUS STOP
U S MAIL
NO PARKING
R.J.D.

"The kind of stuff they're fobbing off as sackcloth today! And the prices they're asking!"

• •

plots at home. We've got a couple ourself already, but they need polishing.

Thoughtless

WHEN the news of the invasion came through, one of the couturières decided to close for the day, and all the girls set to work on the telephone, cancelling afternoon appointments for fittings. One fashionable client, apparently aroused from bed, was indignant even after the situation had been explained to her. "I *do* think you might have managed to let me know yesterday," she said.

Italian Cinema

AS you may have noticed, Italian motion pictures are again being shown in the local foreign-language houses. The Park Theatre, up on Columbus Circle, has become the Cinema Verdi, and you can also hear cinema Italian spoken at four or five small theatres about town. Most of the distributors are here in New York, and they supply films to Italian theatres in other big cities as well as to the local houses. There are about two hundred films to choose from, dating anywhere from 1940 to before the first World War. This is generally conceded to be quite enough, since even the Italians now prefer American-made films to their own. When a Deanna Durbin film called "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" opened in Rome in 1940, after a two-year period during which distributors of American pictures had been frozen out of the Italian market by exorbitant taxes, there was a stampede of Romans to the theatre which ended up in a riot.

Italian films were not always cheesy, or perhaps we should say people did not always think they were cheesy. In 1914, Italy had the biggest film industry in Europe and was producing "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Quo Vadis?" like crazy. Three versions of "The Last Days of Pompeii" appeared in one year. One production of "Quo Vadis?" was slowed down when a lion really ate one of the Christians. "Cabiria," another Italian movie, had a terrific success here and in Europe. It kept the French twittering for years. It was two years in the making, cost the equivalent of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and starred a muscular ex-furniture mover named Maciste. The Italians tended to make historical films with lots of pageantry. For them, history began with the early days of Christianity and ended with the French Revolution. Even by the slack standards that prevailed in those days in the movie industry everywhere, the Italians were careless about detail: there was a cinematic "Julius Caesar" in which Brutus was Caesar's son and there was a *prosciutto* (Italian ham) who heightened his characterization of Nero by wearing a monocle. One thing that the Italian cinema had in its favor was Italian scenery, which even the worst directors couldn't louse up much; at that, you occasionally saw a bit of the Roman Empire crisscrossed by telegraph wires and other modern installations.

After 1920 or thereabouts, the Italian film industry began to decline. Realists are inclined to link this with the improvement of the public taste, but another factor certainly was the whims and tantrums of the leading ladies, one of whom was rather aptly named Gianna Terribili-Gonzales. They mostly demanded, and received, salaries and rôles which drove their producers into bankruptcy. One actress insisted on making "Camille" because a rival of hers had just done it. The male actors got into the spirit of things, indulging in such fancies as playing Attila the Hun or St. Paul clean-shaven. Toward the end only two big companies were left. One died while grinding out a production of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and the other kept alive for a few years by block booking, which required the theatre owners to show half a dozen or so bad films in order to get a good one, but finally it, too, gave up. In the middle thirties, Mussolini tried to engineer a revival of the industry by brute force, setting up a film colony near Rome and putting prohibitive taxes on the showing of American films. In spite of subsidies and protective taxes, the industry took a four-million-dollar loss in 1939. By 1940, American films were no longer discouraged, but they were out again when Italy declared war on the United States. Now, one of the boons of peace, for an Italian, is another chance to see Mickey Rooney and Betty Grable.

Land of Freedom

A SENIOR hostess at one of the local canteens was dutifully putting a visiting Australian soldier at his ease the other night. "And I suppose," she said brightly, "that the first thing you saw when you got to this country was the Statue of Liberty." "No, Ma'am," the soldier said. "Alcatraz."

Lost

THERE was hell to pay in the Gladstone Hotel the other morning. A lady guest who was in the throes of packing to check out reported that her Pekinese was lost. A squad of bellhops searched the premises for an hour or more before they found him. He had been packed.

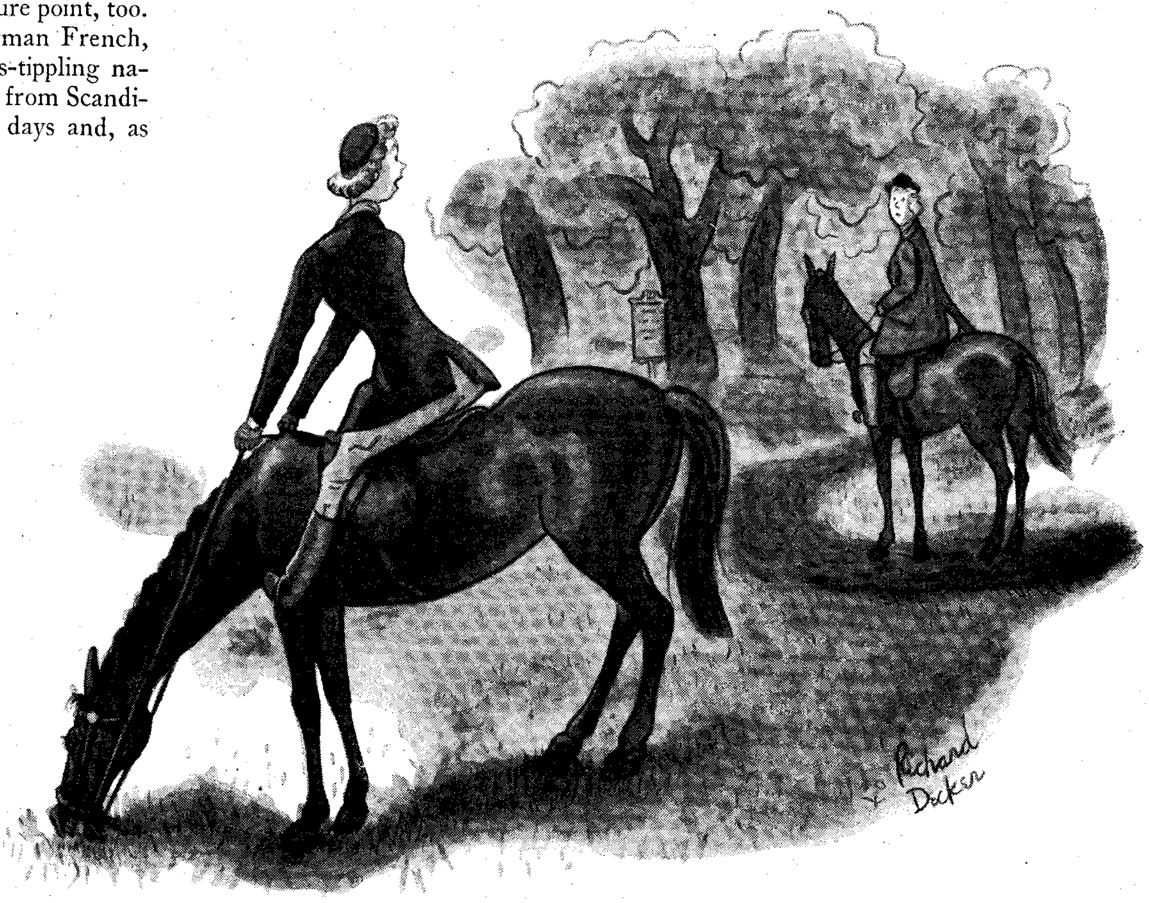
Our Own Baedeker

OUR idea to invade the Norman coast in the Seine Bay area may have been brilliant, but nobody can call it an original one. The area has a long history as a place of arrival for invading troops, and as a departure point, too. The ancestors of the Norman French, the slow-spoken, Calvados-tippling natives of the region, arrived from Scandinavia back in the Viking days and, as we know, made good their beachhead. William the Conqueror set out for England in 1066 from Dives-sur-mer, a little village near Caen, and it was in this vicinity that Napoleon massed his army of a hundred thousand, with a flotilla of thirteen hundred flat-bottomed boats, for a crack at England, but the plan failed when bad weather sank almost half the boats. Edward III and (somewhat later) Henry V landed at Saint-Vaast-la-Hougue, on the Cherbourg peninsula, and at Trouville respectively. Invasions have, in fact, affected the local architecture to the extent that the old churches all have high towers from which a watch can be kept on the sea and the castles are built on hills commanding a view of the coastline.

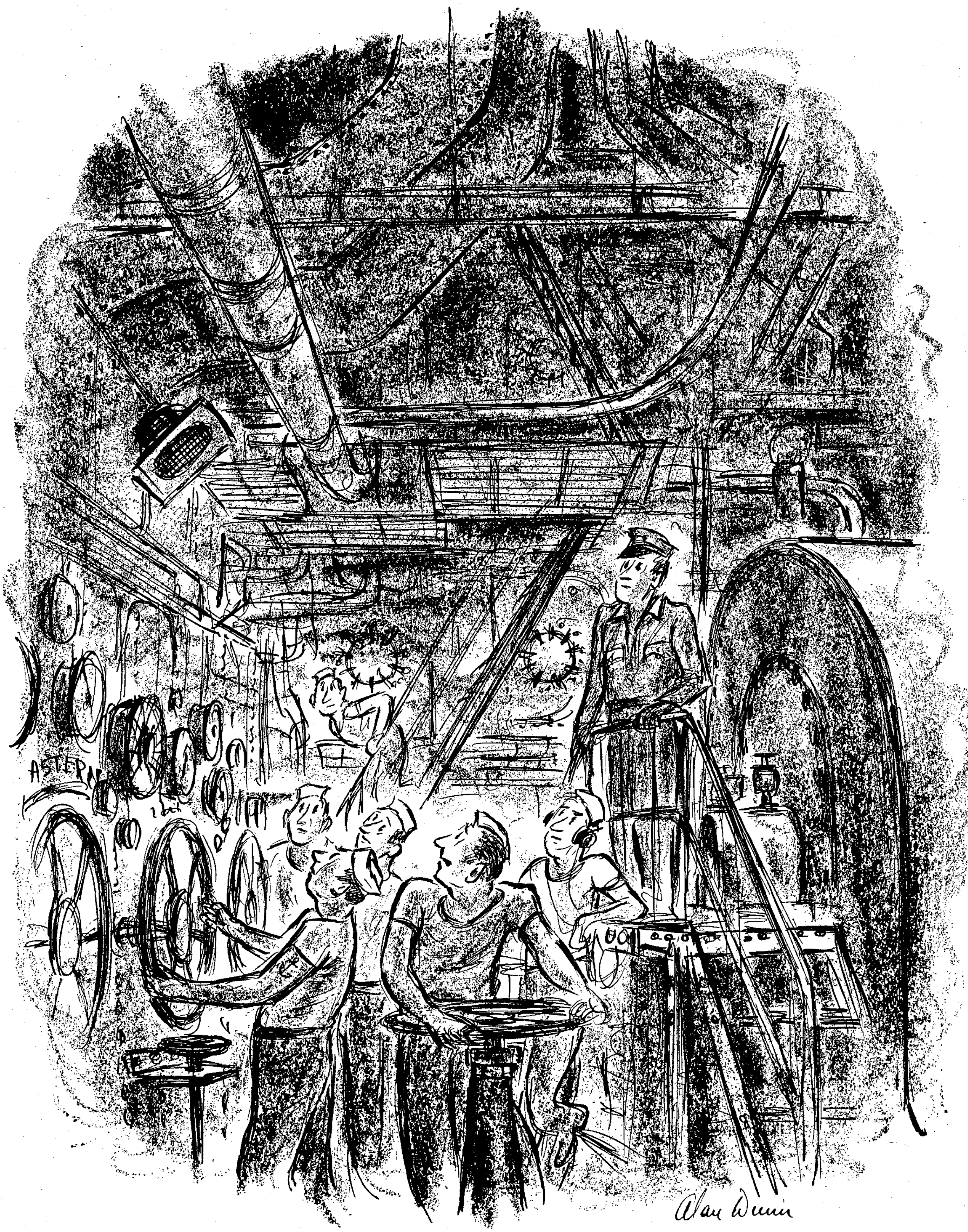
The coast of the Cotentin, as the Cherbourg peninsula is called in France, is wild, bleak, and rocky. Inland there are small farms and ancient towns of stone-and-timber two-story houses. The roads, assuming that the Germans haven't ripped them all up, are pretty good; there are asphalt highways and a network of dirt roads to supplement them. The railroad system is good, too, but most of the local lines are single-track affairs. The natives fish and work farms, just big enough to support a family, and tend herds of cattle and sheep. They are supposed to have carried cooking to a point reached nowhere else in the world, and undoubtedly will think up a lot of delicious Spam recipes. Our soldiers will probably be offered Calvados, the famous French apple brandy, or marc, a distillate of wine lees. Generally speaking, the natives might be compared with the old-fashioned New Hampshire farmer—conservative, reticent, and old-fashioned in their methods of working the soil. The peninsula is great horse-breeding country, too. In Saint-Lô, there is a famous stud farm occupying the buildings of a monastery dating from the days of Charlemagne. The weather is usually mild and humid this time of year, and is likely to stay that way until autumn. The surf is very heavy, and there are a lot of breakwaters along the exposed parts of the coast. The harbor of Cherbourg is man-made; its breakwater (or *digue*) was completed in 1832, after several unsuccessful tries, and is one of the longest in the world—3,942 yards.

In the Caen region, to the east, Bayeux, the first town to fall to the Allies in the invasion, is known for its fog, its butter, and its hedges. It used to be the industrial centre of the region. Porcelain was made there, and there was also a great deal of lace-making, dyeing, and leather working. It was the home of the famous Bayeux tapestry, said to have been woven by William the Conqueror's wife, which depicts the conquest of England. The Germans took this with them. Caen is the cultural centre of Normandy. Caen limestone is famous (London Bridge and Westminster Abbey were both built of it), and so is tripe à la mode de Caen. A castle put up in Caen by William the Conqueror still stands, and before the fall of France was being used as a barracks. There's an old saying that we like to think about these days:

Si tu veux
Etre heureux,
Vas entre Caen et Bayeux.



"I don't know why I always get one that's hungry all the time."



"Men, we're all a part of the greatest amphibious operation in history, and, believe me, this is a scene we here topside will never forget. I wish you fellows could see it—the sky dark with planes, our planes, and the water dotted to the horizon with craft of every description . . ."

A FEELING OF SPACE

Mrs. Harrison sat in the breakfast nook and sipped her morning glass of lemon juice and hot water while Mr. Hawtrey stood looking down at her. She wore a maroon dressing gown, which was zipped up the front over a rayon nightgown, blue felt bedroom slippers, and a hair net which had slipped to one side, and she was decidedly not at her best. Mr. Hawtrey wore his working clothes—stained white denim overalls, a clean shirt, and a rather elaborate tie that Mrs. Harrison had given him the day she sorted out some things in the closet in her room.

"It was a frightening experience, really," Mrs. Harrison said. "There was this long black thing in front of my right eye and first I thought it was a strand of hair, so I brushed it back, but it didn't go away. And I kept brushing for quite a few minutes, and then I began to get frightened. I thought to myself, here's another dreadful thing about to happen to me, and I lay back in bed again and it went away. Then I tried sitting up and there it was back again. I thought my eyes were beginning to go."

"No foolin'," Mr. Hawtrey said.

"You can imagine how I felt." Mrs. Harrison poured herself a cup of tea and dropped two slices of bread into the electric toaster and pushed the handle down. The mechanism inside the toaster began to tick gently. She looked out the window at the rose bush, which was in bloom, and sighed happily. "You can imagine how pleased I was, when I nerved myself to go to the mirror, to find that it was only a bobby pin that had caught on two or three hairs."

Mr. Hawtrey took a chisel from his pocket. "Mrs. Harrison," he said, "if you don't mind, we were talking about the fireplace."

There was something in the tone of his voice that brought Mrs. Harrison back to earth. It was hard to get a good workman in Monroe, Connecticut, and there were times when Mr. Hawtrey had the look of a man who could be pushed too far. He had appeared in town a month before and had rented a room on Wall Street, and in less than two days the news had seeped out that he was marvellous with oil burners, that he was from the South, and that he was over the draft age. It was Mrs. Harrison who had thought to drop by and ask him whether, since he was so wonderful with oil burners, he might not be able to do a few other things, considering that the oil-burner season was over. And she had learned that he had once built a house for himself and had done all sorts of remodelling. She had talked to him the day she had rented her house for July, August, and September, with an option to buy, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Hartford. Since Mr. Harrison's death, a year ago, she had been anxious to get rid of the house, but she had an uneasy sensation about the living room and particularly about the fireplace, which was made of tan and blue tiles and looked too old-fashioned. Even Mr. Hawtrey, the first time he saw the room, had let his eyes wander dubiously from the fireplace to the white wallpaper with the gold tassels, to the two bronze statuettes at each end of the couch, to the teakwood coffee table. Mrs. Harrison had watched him nervously. "You see," she said, "I feel if this room were at its best, the Martins might buy the place. And if a little money wisely spent will make it look at its best, well—what do you think?"

It had taken Mr. Hawtrey and Mrs. Harrison about an hour to decide that what the room needed was a feeling of space and that the first thing to do was to lower the mantel and cover the tiles with stucco. And since then Mr. Hawtrey had been at the house almost every day to do some little thing. Mrs. Harrison had had to speak sharply to some of her friends who didn't think it reasonable of her to remodel the living room, since the house was up for sale, and she had also made it plain that she was well within the limits allowed by the government for such repairs.

Now Mrs. Harrison slid along the bench of the breakfast nook, looked longingly at the toaster and the jar of marmalade, and, picking up her cup of tea, followed Mr. Hawtrey to the living room.

"We have a problem here," Mr. Hawtrey said. He picked his level up from the floor and held it against one side of the fireplace.

Mrs. Harrison gave a scream of delight and, setting her cup down on the Chinese coffee table, ran to a bundle which was on the chair beside the front door. "The wallpaper's come!" she cried. "You never told me!"

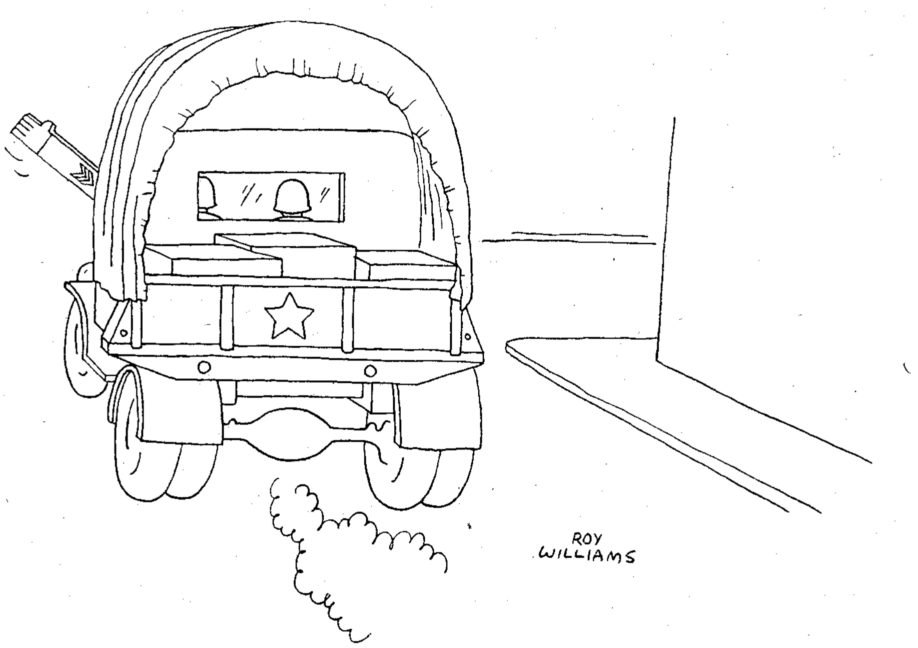
Mr. Hawtrey pulled himself up to his full height, which was considerable, and held out his arm full length, with the palm of his hand outstretched. The gesture had the forbidding air of a Fascist salute. "Mrs. Harrison, we are talking about the fireplace, if you please. One thing at a time, if you *please*."

Mrs. Harrison pulled at the strings that held the rolls of wallpaper together. "Can't I just peek?" she asked. "I'm so nervous about it."

"One thing at a time," Mr. Hawtrey repeated firmly, and Mrs. Harrison turned to face him, trying to give her attention to the little trouble about the fireplace.

"Oh, it's going to look lovely!" she said, eyeing the uneven bricks which had been exposed when Mr. Hawtrey had removed the tiles.

He lowered his hand and set the level against the bricks again. As he bent over, the blood rushed to his head. "It may



look lovely or it may not," he said. "But it won't be plumb."

"Oh, is that all?" Mrs. Harrison said. "Because I don't care about that at all. It's the general effect I'm after, and I'm sure Mrs. Martin won't notice it either. She has a nice sense of color, but she's just like I am about details. I don't care about them."

Mr. Hawtrey held the level in place and his voice when he spoke sounded as though he were being smothered. "I care," he said. "And the way it is now, it ain't plumb."

Mrs. Harrison took a sip of her tea, which was growing cold, and smiled at him brightly. "I wouldn't worry about it," she said. "You know, I planned to put that pewter jar at one end, filled with ferns and a few flowers, and a pewter candlestick at the other and the little Saint Francis in the middle. It won't be crowded, but it will be interesting. And if I can get just the right candle for the candlestick, it will be perfect. I thought maybe a touch of yellow."

Mr. Hawtrey stood upright again. He was enormous in his overalls. "I tell you what, Mrs. Harrison," he said, "you better let me handle this. I'll have to figure it out."

"Of course," she said. "You figure it out any way you want to. And now if you'll cut the string, I would so like to look at the paper."

Mr. Hawtrey crossed the room slowly, walking like a bear. He took a knife from his pocket, cut the string, and stood aside while Mrs. Harrison opened a roll of the wallpaper. She spread it along the floor and looked down at it, putting her foot on it so that it would not curl up again. "Oh," she said. "I had no idea it was such a putty color. It really looks almost all putty, doesn't it? I thought it was gray and I thought the little henna circles would show more."

"It's flat," Mr. Hawtrey said. "That's what it is. Just plain flat."

"I could cry," Mrs. Harrison said.

"Look, now," Mr. Hawtrey said. "Don't take it too hard. I was working out in Hollywood about eight years ago and I was in a worse mess than this."

Mrs. Harrison took another look at the wallpaper. "You couldn't have been," she said.

"No foolin'," he said, "I was. Why, I was working for this guy wanted his house all this Aztec. Triangles hanging from the ceiling with lights inside them. All Aztec. It was a mess. No foolin'. It almost got my goat."

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN

We speak now of the time when this is done:
an end to uniforms, to meals three times a day
unquestioned and quite free; the time when one
gives up the furloughs and free rides, and we go back
to minutes spent in choosing a special tie from off the rack,

leaving the easy comradeships behind,
the blank authorities, the pleasant waste of time
in towns where no one knows your name, and where you find,
with the anonymous khaki's levelling, that love
flows easily in the blacked-out streets where once it did not move.

We'll have to start all over once again,
learning what it is to pick again and choose
and make decisions on our own; go back to when
a job was something we could lose, Sundays when all
the Fords went by, and days for the insurance man to call. . . .

And when we dribble back to what we left
across the seas, across the continents, across
the intervening curves of time, back to the cleft
relationships, the ordered days, back to the crammed
closets of the past, clothes we put off, and doors we slammed,

will one then slip back smooth in the old place?
For those of us who do return there will be—what?
The faint stale smell of camphor, and an eaten trace
where the insidious fifth-column moth has been?

Perhaps, then, some of us would rather not,

not after all we have grown used to now, and seen.

—Edward Fenton

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"I should have taken that blue-grass paper," Mrs. Harrison said. "Blue's always been lucky for me, but the man who waited on me couldn't seem to make up his mind and I couldn't seem to make up mine, and we compromised on this. It's definitely *wrong*, isn't it?"

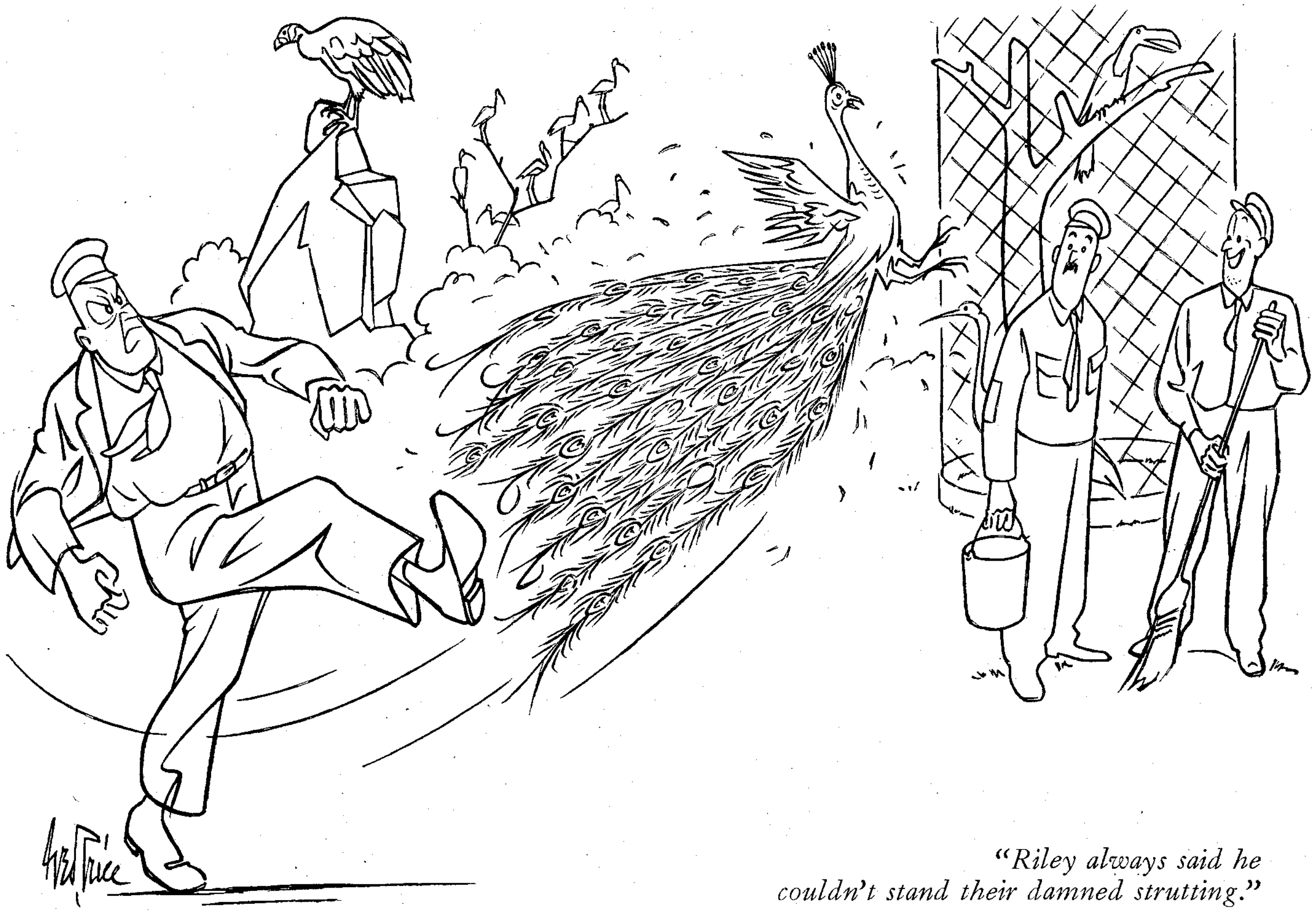
"It ain't right," Mr. Hawtrey agreed. "But you can take it back. That's something. When we got off on the wrong foot with the Aztec stuff, there was nothing to do but rip her out and start all over again. I was two months. I don't want to be up against anything like that again ever."

"I tell you what, Mr. Hawtrey," Mrs. Harrison said. "You just take that paper and hide it somewhere until I get a chance to run in to New Haven and take it back. I don't want anyone to see it. Not anyone. I don't want to have to answer any questions."

Mr. Hawtrey gathered the rolls of paper together and tied them into a neat parcel and put them in a closet underneath the stairs. He lowered himself to the floor beside the fireplace and set to work with the chisel. Mrs. Harrison had started back to the breakfast nook to finish her breakfast when the doorbell rang. She came back to the living room and opened the door.

It was Mildred Newton who was calling. She glanced at Mr. Hawtrey, working on the fireplace. "I wouldn't have bothered ringing," she said. "But the door was locked."

"Oh," Mrs. Harrison said. "I sup-



"Riley always said he couldn't stand their damned strutting."

pose I hadn't unlocked it from last night. Mr. Hawtrey has a key to the back door and that way he doesn't wake me up."

Mildred Newton held a plate covered with a white napkin in one hand. "Don't tell me you aren't dressed," she said, "because I've brought you a little lunch. It's almost twelve." She looked toward Mr. Hawtrey again.

"Mr. Hawtrey," Mrs. Harrison said, "this is Mrs. Newton, one of my dearest friends."

Mr. Hawtrey got to his feet and bowed gallantly.

"I only brought one fish cake and two little muffins," Mildred Newton whispered. "Does he—"

"Just a cup of tea or coffee," Mrs. Harrison whispered back. "Once when he came without anything, I gave him two eggs." She raised her voice. "It's so nice to *see* you, Mildred."

"I was going to drop by last night," Mildred Newton said, "but your lights were out."

"Dora Knight asked me for dinner," Mrs. Harrison said.

"Well, I didn't know. But I knew nothing had happened to you because your lights went on again at half past ten. I thought to myself, thank heaven, dear Emily is getting some rest."

"I was at the telephone all morning," Mrs. Harrison explained. "That's why I'm getting such a late start."

"Well, my dear, I had a very strange experience this morning," Mildred Newton said. "If it had happened at twilight, I wouldn't have thought a thing about it, but it happened this morning when I was walking along Copse Road. Sit down and eat your fish cake while it's hot. I brought a fork in case you'd packed your silver."

Mrs. Harrison sat down on the couch and Mildred Newton sat beside her.

"I had a strange experience myself this morning," Mrs. Harrison said.

"It couldn't have been as strange as mine," Mildred Newton said. "Yet, oddly enough, I wasn't frightened at all." She frowned and looked down at her sensible walking shoes. She wore a man's felt hat pulled over her eyes, a tweed skirt that came almost to her ankles, and a purple cardigan sweater. "I'd rather you didn't mention this, of course."

"Of course," Mrs. Harrison said.

"Well, I had walked down Lovers' Lane and over the railroad bridge when I decided to come back by way of Copse Road, because I thought I might find some mallows in that wet place, and right after I'd passed that stone wall, I saw a little green man."

Mr. Hawtrey stopped working for a minute, and when he began again the sound of his chisel was not as loud as it had been.

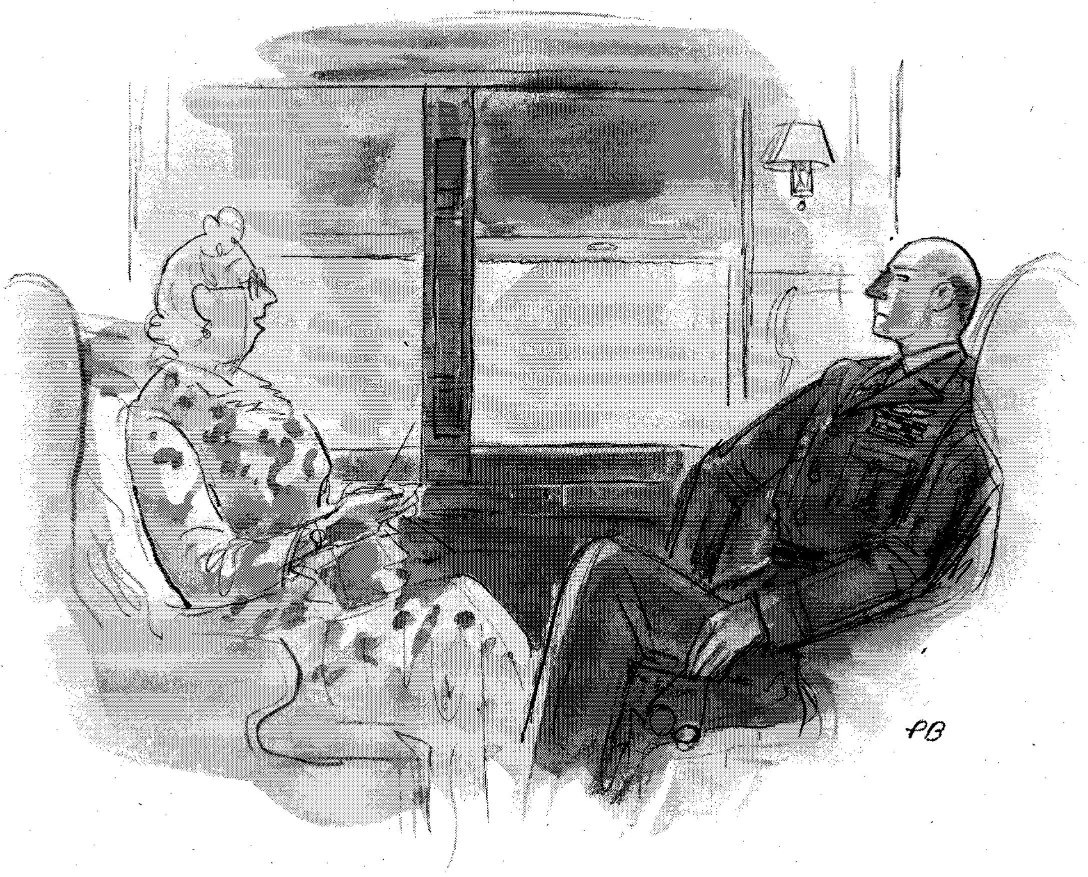
Mrs. Harrison took a bite of muffin. "A little green man?" she asked. "What did he do?"

"He looked at me," Mildred Newton said, "and I looked back at him. We *saw* each other."

"I've always had a funny feeling about Copse Road," Mrs. Harrison said.

"It may mean nothing at all, of course," Mildred Newton said. "Or it may mean *anything*." She looked around the room. "What color are you planning for your walls?"

"Blue," Mrs. Harrison said. "A sort of blue-grass paper, and I'm simply going to carry everything that isn't absolutely necessary to the cellar and lock it up. The Martins said they wouldn't need the cellar. This room's always seemed cluttered to me, but it was so full of memories for dear Harry. I want



"My nephew has just been awarded the Good Conduct Medal."

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it to have a feeling of space. It *needs* it."

"Well, don't make it so charming that you'll hate to leave it," Mildred Newton said. "Because I've thought for months now that you were *finished* with it. The very idea of your wanting a feeling of space proves that you are through with it. I mean, I've never heard you say anything about a feeling of space before."

Mrs. Harrison wiped her plate with a bit of muffin. "I don't think I *thought* of it before," she said.

"That's exactly it," Mildred Newton said. "You should get rid of your things, except the ones you love, and fly away somewhere. Take the Thompsons' Marsh-Lavender cottage for the rest of the summer, for instance, and close your mind to everything."

"I know what you mean," Mrs. Harrison said. "I think too much."

"When I am tired I think of colors. You have no idea how restful it is."

Mrs. Harrison leaned toward her and put her hand out. "My dear," she said, "how would you like to go to New Haven and pick out some wallpaper with me? They've sent me a sample, more than a sample, really, of some paper that I don't like at all. And while I'm not going to live here, I want to leave the little house looking right. I shouldn't be a bit surprised that if it did look right, I could even ask a thousand dollars more for it."

"And you'd get it," Mildred Newton said. "Surely. I'd love to help pick out the paper. When do you want to go?"

Mrs. Harrison frowned. "Well, let's see. I have a little gas. Not much, but a little. Enough to get us there and back. So how about this afternoon?"

"This afternoon would be lovely," Mildred Newton said. She got up and smoothed her green tweed skirt. "And I wonder if while I'm here I could ask a favor of Mr. Hawtrey?"

"Why, certainly, darling," Mrs. Harrison said. "Mr. Hawtrey, Mrs. Newton wants to ask you a favor."

Mr. Hawtrey slipped the chisel into his pocket and turned around slowly.

"Mr. Hawtrey," Mildred Newton said, "when you've quite finished here, I wonder if you could come and take a look at my icebox?"

"I won't be through here for another week," Mr. Hawtrey said.

"Well, make it in a week or so, or when you can?"

"I'll have to see," Mr. Hawtrey said. He picked the level up from the floor and held it up against the fireplace.

Mrs. Harrison walked to the door with Mrs. Newton and kissed her goodbye. She closed the door and had started up the stairs to dress when Mr. Hawtrey called to her.

"Mrs. Harrison!" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Hawtrey?"

"Look," he said, "I think you'd better tell your friend not to count on me."

"Why, what's the matter?" Mrs. Harrison asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't care much for the setup," he said.

Mrs. Harrison smiled down at him. "But Mr. Hawtrey," she said, "she's one of my dearest friends."

"That may be," he said, "but you better tell her not to count on me. When I see them, I can almost always tell what'll happen. Like the time I was telling you about in California."

"Well, it's up to you." Mrs. Harrison started up the stairs once more and then she thought of Mildred Newton, her best friend, whose setup was not up Mr. Hawtrey's alley. A cold chill seized her. She put a hand on the banister and called down to him. "Mr. Hawtrey," she said. "You wouldn't leave *me*, would you? I mean, you wouldn't leave here until you've finished, would you?"

Mr. Hawtrey began chipping away at the bricks again. "No," he said. "I'll stick this one through. You don't have to worry. No foolin'."—SALLY BENSON

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, vol. XII, p.* 901]

The Japanese are essentially a kindly-hearted laughter-loving people, taking life easily and not allowing its petty ills unnecessarily to disturb their equanimity . . . and the average Japanese, while lacking that sense of humour which is conspicuous among some other races, is nevertheless a light-hearted and buoyant individual. It is rare to see a grown-up person, particularly among the educated classes, indulge in displays of temper. . . . Contact with a ruder outside world may perchance since have blunted a little the fine edge of the national courtesy; but, if so, it is hardly perceptible . . .

A SHORT WAIT BETWEEN TRAINS

THEY came into Forrest Junction at eleven-thirty in the morning. Seen from the window of their coach, it wasn't much of a town. First there were the long rows of freight cars on sidings with green-painted locomotives of the Southern Railway nosing strings of them back and forth. Then they went past the sheds of cotton ginners abutting on the tracks. There were small frame houses with weed-choked lawns enclosed by broken picket fences, a block of frame stores with dingy windows and dark interiors, a small brick-and-concrete bank, and beyond that the angled roof and thin smokestacks of a textile mill.

The station was bigger than you would expect; it was of dirty brick and had a rolling, bungalow-type roof adorned with cupolas and a sort of desperate scrollwork. The grime of thousands of trains and fifty years gave it a patina suggesting such great age that it seemed to antedate the town.

Corporal Randolph, a big, sad Negro, said, "Here we is."

Private Brown, his pink-palmed hand closed over a comic book, looked out the window. "How long we here?" he asked.

"Until one o'clock," said Randolph, getting up. "Our train west is at one o'clock."

The two other privates—Butterfield and Jerdon—were taking down their barracks bags from the rack. Other passengers bunched in the aisles—two young colored girls in slacks; a fat, bespectacled mother and her brood, with the big-eyed child in her arms staring fixedly at the soldiers; tall, spare, colored farmers in blue overalls.

As they waited for the line to move, Jerdon said, "Who dat?"

Grinning, Brown answered, "Who dat say 'Who dat?'"

Jerdon replied in a nervous quaver, "Who dat say 'Who dat?' when I say 'Who dat?'"

They both began to laugh and some of the passengers looked at them with half-smiles and uncertain eyes.

Butterfield said, "Even the kid thinks you're nuts."

The child in the fat woman's arms looked at him sharply as he spoke, then her eyes went back to Jerdon and Brown.

"You think I'm nuts, baby?" asked Jerdon. "Is it like the man say?"

The line of passengers began to move.

"That baby don't think I'm nuts," said Jerdon. "That baby is sure a smart baby."

Their coach was up by the engine, and they descended to the platform into a cloud of released steam, with the sharp pant of the engine seemingly at their shoulders.

A motor-driven baggage truck, operated by a colored man wearing an engineer's cap, plowed through them. The three privates, with their bags slung over their shoulders, stood watching the corporal. He was checking through the papers in a large manila envelope marked "War Department, Official Business." It contained their railway tickets and their orders to report to a camp in Arizona.

"Man," said Brown, "you better not lose anything. We don't want to stay in this place."

"This don't look like any town to me, either," said Jerdon.

Butterfield, slim, somewhat lighter in complexion, and a year or two older than the others, looked around him. "Hey," he said, "look what's up there."

The others turned. Down the platform they could see two white soldiers armed with carbines and what appeared to be a group of other white soldiers in fatigues. A crowd was forming around them.

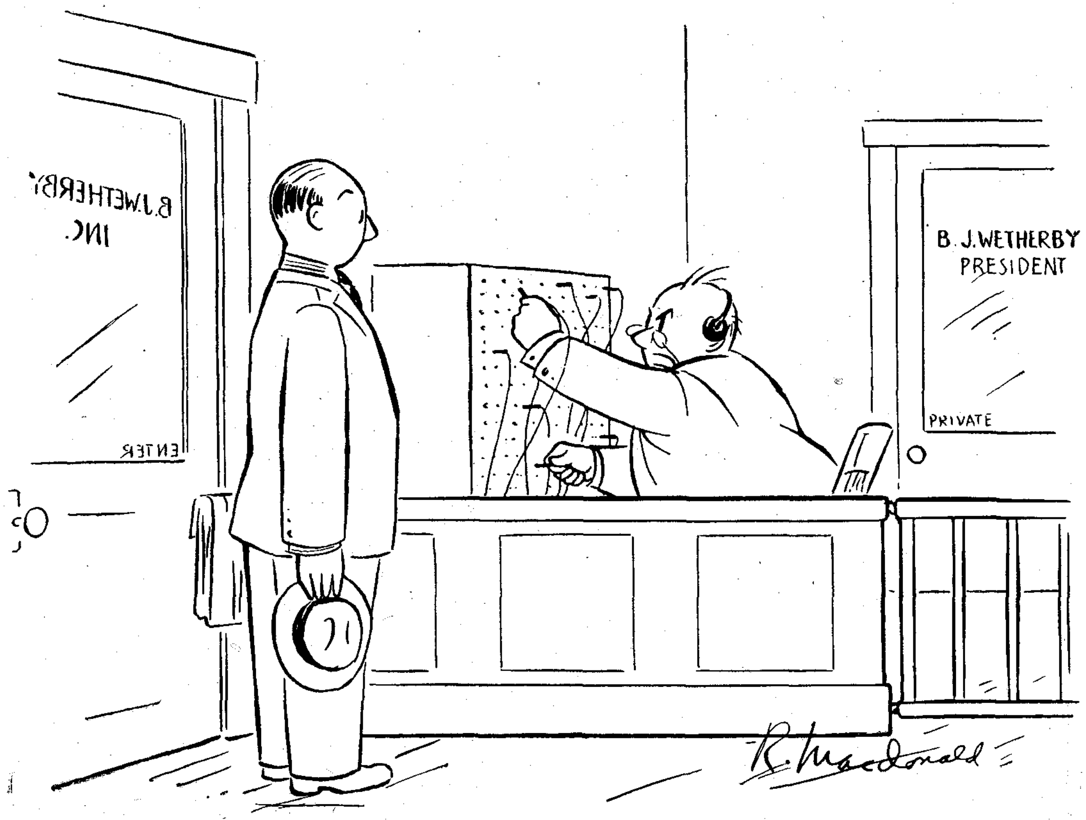
"They're prisoners of war," said Butterfield. "You want to see some Germans, Brown? You say you're going to kill a lot of them; you want to see what they look like?"

Brown said, "That what they are?"

"Sure," said Butterfield. "See what they've got on their backs? 'P.W.' That means 'prisoner of war.'"

The four soldiers moved forward. They stood on the fringe of the crowd, which was mostly white, looking at the Nazi prisoners with wide-eyed curiosity. There were twenty Germans standing in a compact group, acting rather exaggeratedly unconscious of the staring crowd. A small mound of barracks bags was in the centre of the group, and the eyes of the prisoners looked above and through the crowd in quick glances at the station, the train, the seedy town beyond. They were very reserved, very quiet, and their silence put a silence on the crowd.

One of the guards spoke to a prisoner in German and the prisoner gave an order to his fellows. They formed up in a rough double column and moved off. Little boys in the crowd ran off after



"You're speaking to B. J. Wetherby, dammit!"

them and the knot of watchers broke up.

WHEN the four soldiers were alone again, Brown said, "They don't look like much. They don't look no different."

"What did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"Man, you just don't know nothing," said Jerdon. "You're just plain ignorant."

"Well, what did *you* think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked Jerdon.

Jerdon shifted his feet and didn't look at Butterfield or answer him directly. "That Brown, he just don't know nothing," he repeated. He and Brown began to laugh; they were always dissolving in laughter at obscure jokes of their own.

A trainman got up on the steps of one of the coaches, moved his arm in a wide arc, the pant of the locomotive changed to a short puffing, and the train jerked forward.

The colored baggageman came trundling back in his empty truck and Corporal Randolph said to him, "They any place we can leave these bags?"

The baggageman halted. "You taking the one o'clock?"

"That's right."

"Dump them on the truck. I'll keep them for you."

Randolph said, "Any place we can eat around here?"

"No, they ain't."

"Where we have to go?"

"They ain't no place," the baggageman said, looking at them as though curious to see how they'd take it.

"Man," said Jerdon, "we're hungry. We got to eat."

"Maybe you get a handout someplace," said the baggageman, "but they sure no place for colored around here."

Butterfield said sourly, "We'll just go to the U.S.O."

"Oh, man, that's rich," Brown said, and he and Jerdon laughed.

"They got a U.S.O. in this here town?" Jerdon asked the baggageman.

"Not for you they ain't," said the baggageman.

"Man, ain't that the truth," replied Jerdon.

Randolph said stubbornly, "We got to get something to eat."

The baggageman said, "You want to walk to Rivertown you get something. That the only place, though."

"Where's Rivertown?" Butterfield asked.

"Take the main road down past the mill. It's about three, four miles."

"Hell, man," said Jerdon, "I'm hungry now. I don't have to walk no four miles to get hungry."

"You stay hungry then," said the baggageman, and went off.

"Well, ain't this just dandy?" said Brown.

The men all looked at Corporal Randolph, who transferred the manila envelope from one hand to the other, his heavy face wearing an expression of indecision.

Butterfield said, "There's a lunchroom in the station. You go tell them they've got to feed us."

Randolph said angrily, "You heard the man. You heard him say there's no place to eat."

"You're in charge of us," Butterfield said. "You've got to find us a place to eat."

"I can't find nothing that ain't there."

"You're just afraid to go talk to them," said Butterfield. "That's all that's the matter with you."

Brown said, "Corporal, you just let Mr. Butterfield handle this. He'll make them give us something to eat." He and Jerdon began to laugh.

"O. K.," said Butterfield. "I'll do it."

Brown and Jerdon looked at Randolph.

"My God," said Butterfield, "you even afraid to come with me while I ask them?"

"You're awful loud-talking—" Randolph began, angrily but defensively.

"You coming with me or not?" Butterfield asked.

"We're coming with you," Randolph said.

THE four soldiers went into the colored section of the station and walked through it and into the passage that led to the main entrance. The lunchroom was right next to the white waiting room. The four men moved up to the door, bunching a little as though they were soldiers under fire for the first time.

Butterfield opened the screen door of the lunchroom and they followed him in. There were five or six tables and a lunch counter and, although it was around twelve, only a few diners. A cashier's desk and cigarette counter was by the door, and seated behind it was a gray-haired woman, stout and firm-chinned and wearing glasses.

Butterfield went up to her, rested his hands on the edge of the counter, and then hastily removed them.

She looked up.

Butterfield said quickly, "Is there

GARDEN PIECE

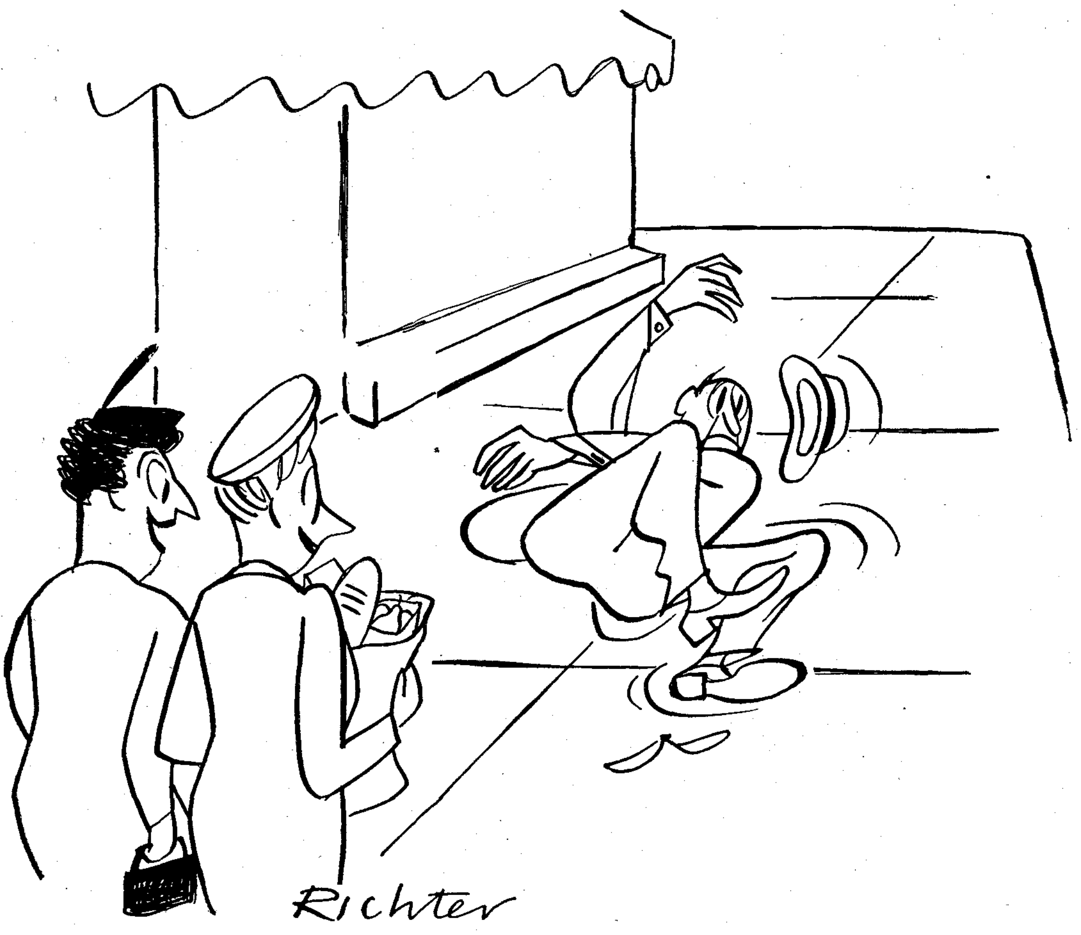
Day lilies look like flame held up by water;
They flutter, toss, and burn,
Irregular orange over the tall green stems
That rise without return;

Like jets from a fountain's many perforations
The tall green rods arise,
And the bladed leaves are water curving over
After the impulse dies.

But the colors are not quite right for fire and water;
Rather, like those that bloom
On the papered wall of a country-town hotel
Or in the dining room,

In a picture painted by some wretched artist
Who left it, when the oil was barely dry,
To pay for a roast-beef sandwich, a cup of coffee,
And a slab of home-made pie.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES



"Oh, good! Bananas must be on the market again."

any place we could get something to eat, Ma'am?"

She looked at him steadily, then her eyes shifted to the others, who were looking elaborately and with desperation at their shoes.

"This all of you?" asked the woman.

"Yes, Ma'am, there's just us four."

"All right," she said. "Go out to the kitchen. They'll feed you."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

Butterfield, trailed by the others, started back toward the kitchen.

"Just a minute," said the woman. "Go out and around to the back."

They turned, bumping each other a little, and went back out the door.

Brown said, when they were outside, "Mr. Butterfield, he sure do it."

"That's right," said Jerdon. "You want to look out, Corporal. That Butterfield, he'll be getting your stripes."

Butterfield and Randolph didn't answer, didn't look at each other.

In the kitchen they found a thin, aged colored man in a white apron and a young, thick-bodied colored girl, who was washing dishes.

"What you want?" asked the cook.

"Something to eat."

"Man, we're hungry," Jerdon told him. "We ain't put nothing inside us since before sunup. Ain't that right, Brown?"

"Since before sunup *yesterday*," said Brown.

"The lady say you come back here?" asked the cook.

"That right."

The cook took their orders and, as he worked, asked them what camp they were from, where they were going, how long they'd been in the Army. He told them about his two sons, who were in the Engineers at Fort Belvoir.

"Labor troops," said Butterfield. "A bunch of ditch diggers and road menders."

The cook stared at him. "What the matter with you, man?"

Butterfield didn't answer. He lit a cigarette and walked to the serving window, looking out at the woman at the cashier's desk.

Brown and Jerdon went over to the girl washing dishes, and Corporal Randolph, his manila envelope under his arm, listened mournfully to the cook.

SUDDENLY Butterfield threw away his half-smoked cigarette and called to the others, "Come here and look at this."

"What?" said Randolph.

"You come here and see this."

They all came over, the cook, the girl, the three other soldiers.

Sitting down at the tables in the lunchroom were the twenty German prisoners. One of their guards was at the door with his carbine slung over his shoulder, the other was talking to the cashier. The other diners were staring at the Nazis in fascination. The prisoners sat relaxed and easy at the tables, lighting cigarettes, drinking water, taking rolls from the baskets on their tables, and munching them unbuttered, their eyes incurious, their attitudes casual.

"God damn! Look at that," said Butterfield. "We don't amount to as much here as the men we're supposed to fight. Look at them, sitting there like kings, and we can't get a scrap to eat in this place without bending our knee and sneaking out to the kitchen like dogs or something."

The cook said severely, "Where you from, boy?"

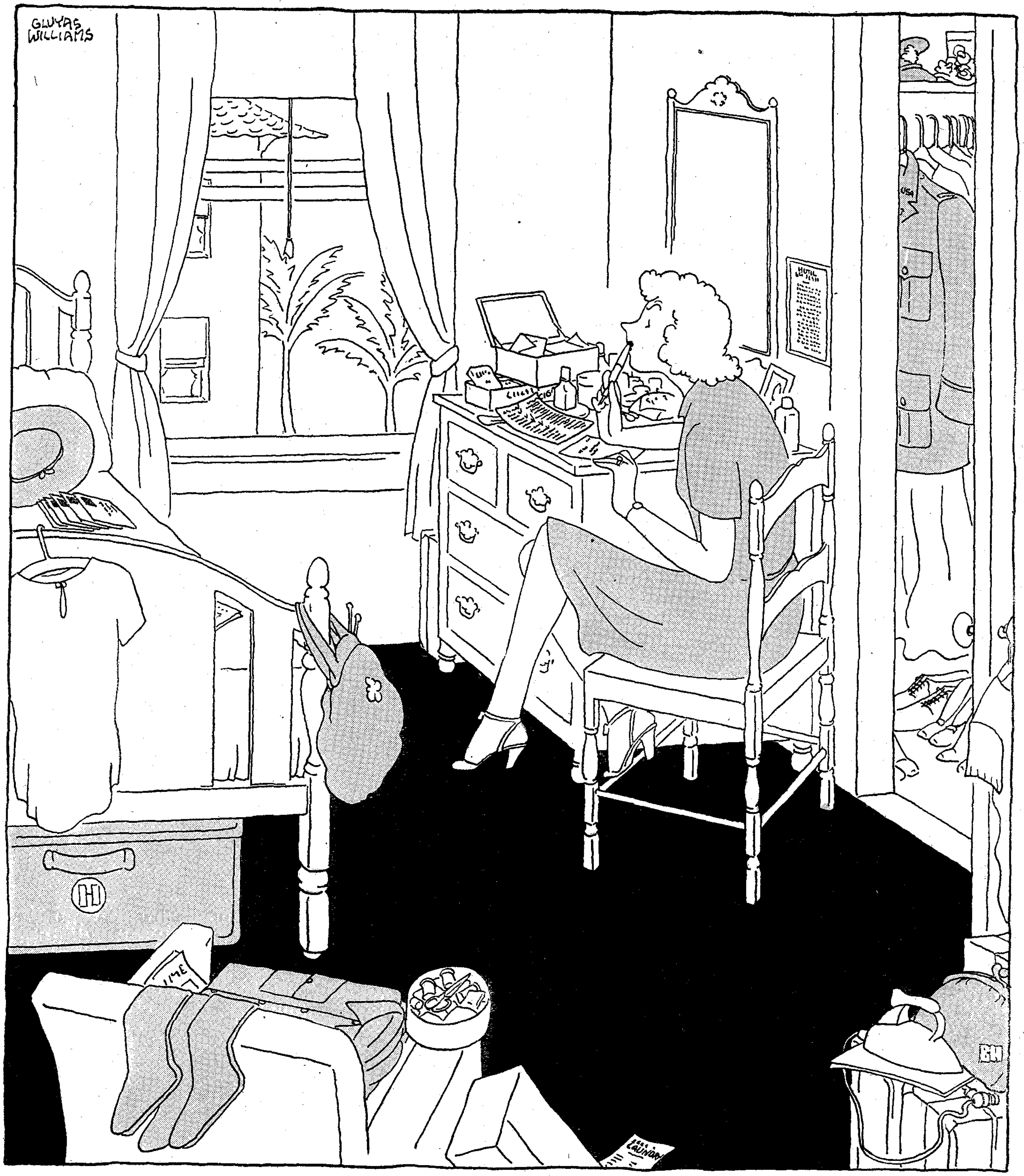
"He from Trenton, New Jersey," said Brown.

Butterfield stared around at them and saw that only Randolph and the cook even knew what he was talking about and that they were both looking at him with troubled disapproval. Brown and Jerdon and the girl just didn't care. He turned and crossed the kitchen and went out the back door.

The cook said to Randolph, "I'll wrap some sandwiches for him and you give them to him on the train." He shook his head. "All the white folks around here is talking about all the nigger killing they going to do after the war. That boy, he sure to be one of them."

Randolph cracked his big knuckles unhappily. "We all sure to be one of them," he said. "The Lord better have mercy on us all."

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN



THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Dear Aunt Ella:—The silver candlesticks were our favorite wedding present. They don't exactly fit into where we're living now, but as soon as the war is over Robert and I will use them in the dining room, and we hope you'll come to see them . . ."

"Dear Mrs. Harrington:—How did you know that Edgar Allan Poe was my favorite author? The set will be in a place of honor on our bookshelves, as soon as we have a . . ."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

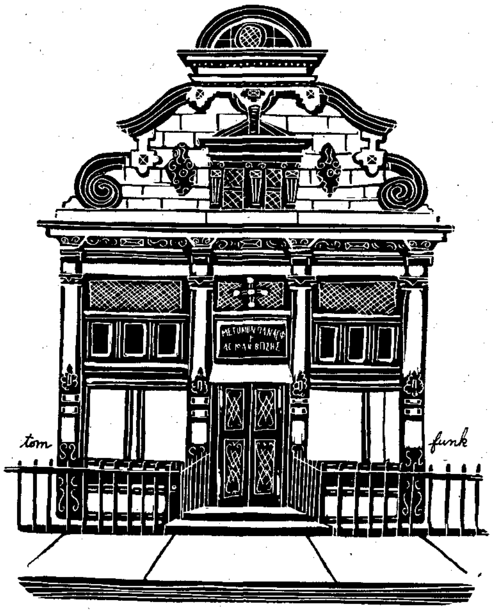
SURVIVAL

OUR men in the South Pacific fight nature, when they are pitted against her, with a greater fierceness than they could ever expend on a human enemy. Lieutenant John F. Kennedy, the ex-Ambassador's son and lately a PT skipper in the Solomons, came through town the other day and told me the story of his survival in the South Pacific. I asked Kennedy if I might write the story down. He asked me if I wouldn't talk first with some of his crew, so I went up to the Motor Torpedo Boat Training Centre at Melville, Rhode Island, and there, under the curving iron of a Quonset hut, three enlisted men named Johnston, McMahon, and McGuire filled in the gaps.

It seems that Kennedy's PT, the 109, was out one night with a squadron patrolling Blackett Strait, in mid-Solomons. Blackett Strait is a patch of water bounded on the northeast by the volcano called Kolombangara, on the west by the island of Vella Lavella, on the south by the island of Gizo and a string of coral-fringed islets, and on the east by the bulk of New Georgia. The boats were working about forty miles away from their base on the island of Rendova, on the south side of New Georgia. They had entered Blackett Strait, as was their habit, through Ferguson Passage, between the coral islets and New Georgia.

The night was a starless black and Japanese destroyers were around. It was about two-thirty. The 109, with three officers and ten enlisted men aboard, was leading three boats on a sweep for a target. An officer named George Ross was up on the bow, magnifying the void with binoculars. Kennedy was at the wheel and he saw Ross turn and point into the darkness. The man in the forward machine-gun turret shouted, "Ship at two o'clock!" Kennedy saw a shape and spun the wheel to turn for an attack, but the 109 answered sluggishly. She was running slowly on only one of her three engines, so as to make a minimum wake and avoid detection from the air. The shape became a Japanese destroyer, cutting through the night at forty knots and heading straight for the 109. The thirteen men on the PT hardly had time to brace themselves. Those who saw the Japanese ship coming were paralyzed by fear in a curious way: they could move their hands but not their feet. Kennedy whirled the wheel to the left, but again the 109 did not respond. Ross went through the gallant but futile motions of slamming a shell into the breach of the 37-millimetre anti-tank gun which had been temporarily mounted that very day, wheels and all, on the foredeck. The urge to bolt and dive over the side was terribly strong, but still no one was able to move; all hands froze to their battle stations. Then the Japanese crashed into the 109 and cut her right in two. The sharp enemy forefoot struck the PT on the starboard side about fifteen feet from the bow and crunched diagonally across with a racking noise. The PT's wooden hull hardly even delayed the destroyer. Kennedy was thrown hard to the left in the cockpit, and he thought, "This is how it feels to be killed." In a moment he found himself on his back on the deck, looking up at the destroyer as it passed through his boat. There was another loud noise and a huge flash of yellow-red light, and the destroyer glowed. Its peculiar, raked, inverted-Y stack stood out in the brilliant light and, later, in Kennedy's memory.

There was only one man below decks at the moment of collision. That was McMahon, engineer. He had no idea what was up. He was just reaching forward to slam the starboard engine into gear when a ship came into his engine room. He was lifted from the narrow passage between two of the engines and thrown painfully against the starboard bulkhead aft of the boat's auxiliary generator. He landed in a sitting position. A tremendous burst of flame came back at him from the day room, where some of the gas tanks were. He put his hands over his face, drew his legs up tight, and waited to die. But he felt water hit him after the fire, and he was sucked far downward as his half of the PT sank. He began to struggle upward through the water. He had held his breath since the impact, so his lungs were tight and they hurt. He looked up through the water. Over his head he saw a yellow glow—gasoline burning on the water. He broke the surface and was in fire again. He splashed hard to keep a little island of water around him.



Johnston, another engineer, had been asleep on deck when the collision came. It lifted him and dropped him overboard. He saw the flame and the destroyer for a moment. Then a huge propeller pounded by near him and the awful turbulence of the destroyer's wake took him down, turned him over and over, held him down, shook him, and drubbed on his ribs. He hung on and came up in water that was like a river rapids. The next day his body turned black and blue from the beating.

Kennedy's half of the PT stayed afloat. The bulkheads were sealed, so the undamaged watertight compartments up forward kept the half hull floating. The destroyer rushed off into the dark. There was an awful quiet: only the sound of gasoline burning.

Kennedy shouted, "Who's aboard?"

Feeble answers came from three of the enlisted men, McGuire, Mauer, and Albert; and from one of the officers, Thom.

Kennedy saw the fire only ten feet from the boat. He thought it might reach her and explode the remaining gas tanks, so he shouted, "Over the side!"

The five men slid into the water. But the wake of the destroyer swept the fire away from the PT, so after a few minutes, Kennedy and the others crawled back aboard. Kennedy shouted for survivors in the water. One by one they answered: Ross, the third officer; Harris, McMahon, Johnston, Zinsser, Starkey, enlisted men. Two did not answer: Kirksey and Marney, enlisted men. Since the last bombing at base, Kirksey had been sure he would die. He had huddled at his battle station by the fantail gun, with his kapok life jacket tied tight up to his cheeks. No one knows what happened to him or to Marney.

Harris shouted from the darkness, “Mr. Kennedy! Mr. Kennedy! McMahon is badly hurt.” Kennedy took his shoes, his shirt, and his sidearms off, told Mauer to blink a light so that the men in the water would know where the half hull was, then dived in and swam toward the voice. The survivors were widely scattered. McMahon and Harris were a hundred yards away.

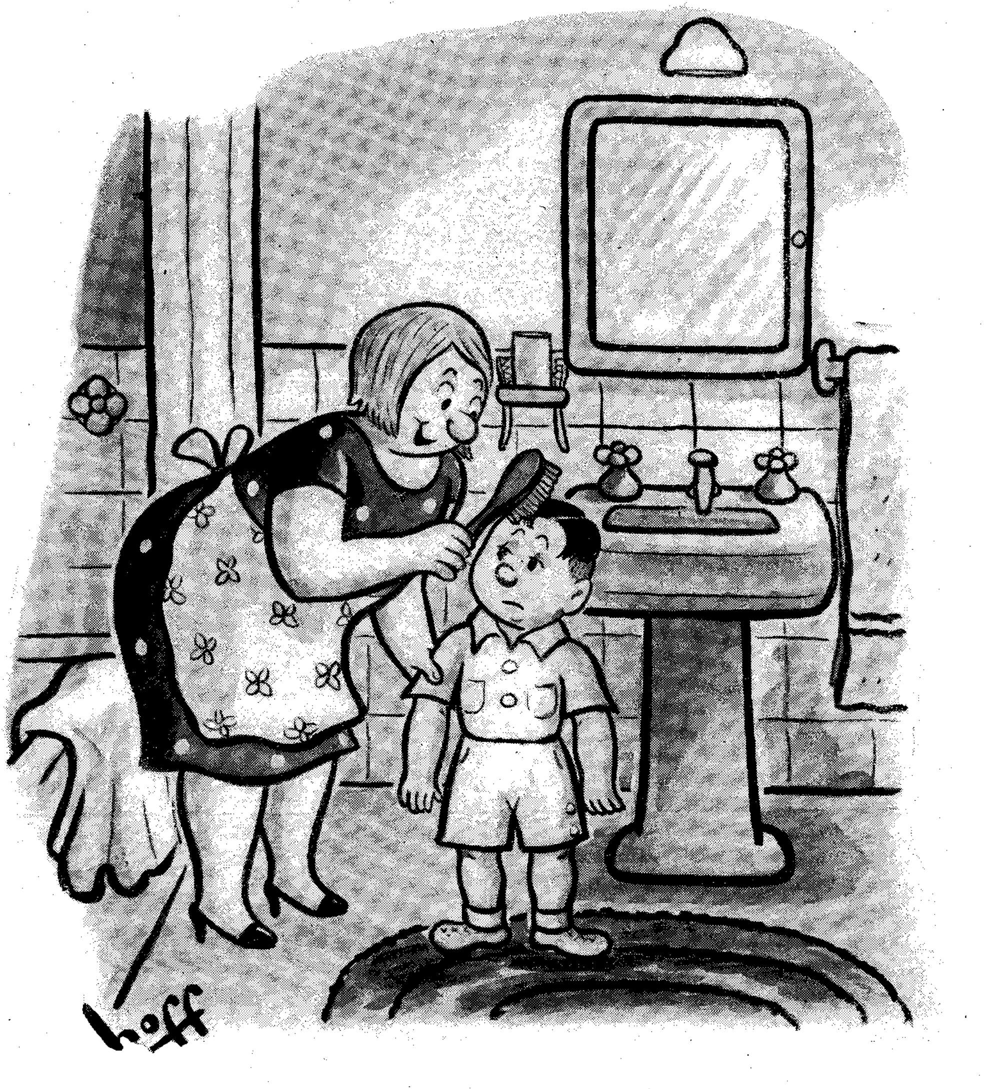
When Kennedy reached McMahon, he asked, “How are you, Mac?”

McMahon said, “I’m all right. I’m kind of burnt.”

Kennedy shouted out, “How are the others?”

Harris said softly, “I hurt my leg.”

Kennedy, who had been on the Harvard swimming team five years before, took McMahon in tow and headed for the PT. A gentle breeze kept blowing the boat away from the swimmers. It took forty-five minutes to make what had been an easy hundred yards. On the way in, Harris said, “I can’t go any farther.” Kennedy, of the Boston Kennedys, said to Harris, of the same home town, “For a guy from Boston, you’re certainly putting up a great exhibition out here, Harris.” Harris made it all right and didn’t complain any more. Then Kennedy swam from man to man, to see how they were doing. All who had survived the crash were able to stay afloat, since they were wearing life preservers—kapok jackets shaped like overstuffed vests, aviators’ yellow Mae Wests, or air-filled belts like small inner tubes. But those who couldn’t swim had to be towed back to the wreckage by those who could. One of the men screamed for help. When Ross reached him, he found that the screaming man had two life jackets on. Johnston was treading water in a film of gasoline which did not catch fire. The fumes filled his lungs and he fainted. Thom towed him in. The others got in under their own power. It was now after 5 A.M., but still dark. It had taken nearly three hours to get everyone aboard.



“There now, you’re nice and white and clean—just like a little bartender.”

The men stretched out on the tilted deck of the PT. Johnston, McMahon, and Ross collapsed into sleep. The men talked about how wonderful it was to be alive and speculated on when the other PT’s would come back to rescue them. Mauer kept blinking the light to point their way. But the other boats had no idea of coming back. They had seen a collision, a sheet of flame, and a slow burning on the water. When the skipper of one of the boats saw the sight, he put his hands over his face and sobbed, “My God! My God!” He and the others turned away. Back at the base, after a couple of days, the squadron held services for the souls of the thirteen men, and one of the officers wrote his mother, “George Ross lost his life for a cause that he believed in stronger than any one of us, because he was an idealist in the purest sense. Jack Kennedy, the Ambassador’s son, was on the same boat and also lost his life. The man that said the cream of a nation is lost in war can never be accused of making an overstatement of a very cruel fact. . . . ”

WHEN day broke, the men on the remains of the 109 stirred and looked around. To the northeast, three miles off, they saw the monumental cone of Kolombangara; there, the men knew, ten thousand Japanese swarmed. To the west, five miles away, they saw Vella Lavella; more Japs. To the south, only a mile or so away, they actually could see a Japanese camp on Gizo. Kennedy ordered his men to keep as low as possible, so that no moving silhouettes would show against the sky. The listing hulk was gurgling and gradually settling. Kennedy said, “What do you want to do if the Japs come out? Fight or surrender?” One said, “Fight with what?” So they took an inventory of their armament. The 37-millimetre gun had flopped over the side and was hanging there by a chain. They had one tommy gun, six 45-calibre automatics, and one .38. Not much.

“Well,” Kennedy said, “what do you want to do?”

One said, “Anything you say, Mr. Kennedy. You’re the boss.”

Kennedy said, “There’s nothing in the book about a situation like this. Seems to me we’re not a military organization any more. Let’s just talk this over.”

They talked it over, and pretty soon

OUT OF BOUNDS
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.50 CAL

"Whoever planned this invasion certainly thought of everything!"

• •

they argued, and Kennedy could see that they would never survive in anarchy. So he took command again.

It was vital that McMahon and Johnston should have room to lie down. McMahon's face, neck, hands, wrists, and feet were horribly burned. Johnston was pale and he coughed continually. There was scarcely space for everyone, so Kennedy ordered the other men into the water to make room, and went in himself. All morning they clung to the hulk and talked about how incredible it was that no one had come to rescue them. All morning they watched for the plane which they thought would be looking for them. They cursed war in general and PT's in particular. At about ten o'clock the hulk heaved a moist sigh and turned turtle. McMahon and Johnston had to hang on as best they could. It was clear that the remains of the 109 would soon sink. When the sun had passed the meridian, Kennedy said, "We will swim to that small island," pointing to one of a group three miles to the southeast. "We have less chance of making it than some of these other islands here, but there'll be less chance of Japs, too." Those who could not swim well grouped themselves around a long two-by-six timber with which carpenters had braced the 37-millimetre cannon on deck and which had been knocked overboard by the force of the collision. They tied several pairs of shoes to the timber, as well as the ship's lantern, wrapped in a life jacket to keep it afloat. Thom took charge of this unwieldy group. Kennedy took McMahon in tow again. He cut loose one end of a long strap on McMahon's Mae West and took the end in his teeth. He swam breast stroke, pulling the helpless McMahon along on his back. It took over five hours to reach the island. Water lapped into Kennedy's mouth through his clenched teeth, and he swallowed a lot. The salt water cut into McMahon's awful burns, but he did not complain. Every few minutes, when Kennedy stopped to rest, taking the strap out of his mouth and holding it in his hand, McMahon would simply say, "How far do we have to go?"

Kennedy would reply, "We're going good." Then he would ask, "How do you feel, Mac?"

McMahon always answered, "I'm O.K., Mr. Kennedy. How about you?"

In spite of his burden, Kennedy beat the other men to the reef that surrounded the island. He left McMahon on the reef and told him to keep low, so as not to be spotted by Japs. Kennedy went ahead and explored the island. It was only a hundred yards in diameter; coconuts on the trees but none on the ground; no visible Japs. Just as the others reached the island, one of them spotted a Japanese barge chugging along close to shore. They all lay low. The barge went on. Johnston, who was very pale and weak and who was still coughing a lot, said, "They wouldn't come here. What'd they be walking around here for? It's too small." Kennedy lay in some bushes, exhausted by his effort, his stomach heavy with the water he had swallowed. He had been in the sea, except for short intervals on the hulk, for fifteen and a half hours. Now he started thinking. Every night for several nights the PT's had cut through Ferguson Passage on their way to action. Ferguson Passage was just beyond the next little island. Maybe . . .

He stood up. He took one of the pairs of shoes. He put one of the rubber life belts around his waist. He hung the .38 around his neck on a lanyard. He took his pants off. He picked up the ship's lantern, a heavy battery affair ten inches by ten inches, still wrapped in the kapok jacket. He said, "If I find a boat, I'll flash the lantern twice. The password will be 'Roger,' the answer will be 'Willco.'" He walked toward the water. After fifteen paces he was dizzy, but in the water he felt all right.

It was early evening. It took half an hour to swim to the reef around the next island. Just as he planted his feet on the reef, which lay about four feet under the surface, he saw the shape of a very big fish in the clear water. He flashed the light at it and splashed hard. The fish went away. Kennedy remembered what one of his men had said a few days before, "These barracuda will come up under a swimming man and eat his testicles." He had many occasions to think of that remark in the next few hours.

Now it was dark. Kennedy blundered along the uneven reef in water up to his waist. Sometimes he would reach forward with his leg and cut one of his shins or ankles on sharp coral. Other times he would step forward onto emptiness. He made his way like a slow-motion drunk, hugging the lantern. At about nine o'clock he came to the end of the reef, alongside Ferguson Passage. He took his shoes off and tied them to the life jacket, then struck out into open water. He swam about an hour, until he felt he was far enough out to intercept the PT's. Treading water, he listened for the muffled roar of motors, getting chilled, waiting, holding the lamp. Once he looked west and saw flares and the false gaiety of an action. The lights were far beyond the little islands, even beyond Gizo, ten miles away. Kennedy realized that the PT boats had chosen, for the first night in many, to go around Gizo instead of through Ferguson Passage. There was no hope. He started back. He made the same painful promenade of the reef and struck out for the tiny island where his friends were. But this swim was different. He was very tired and now the current was running fast, carrying him to the right. He saw that he could not make the island, so he flashed the light once and shouted "Roger! Roger!" to identify himself.

On the beach the men were hopefully vigilant. They saw the light and heard the shouts. They were very happy, because they thought that Kennedy had found a PT. They walked out onto the reef, sometimes up to their waists in water, and waited. It was very painful for those who had no shoes. The men shouted, but not much, because they were afraid of Japanese.

One said, "There's another flash."

A few minutes later a second said, "There's a light over there."

A third said, "We're seeing things in this dark."

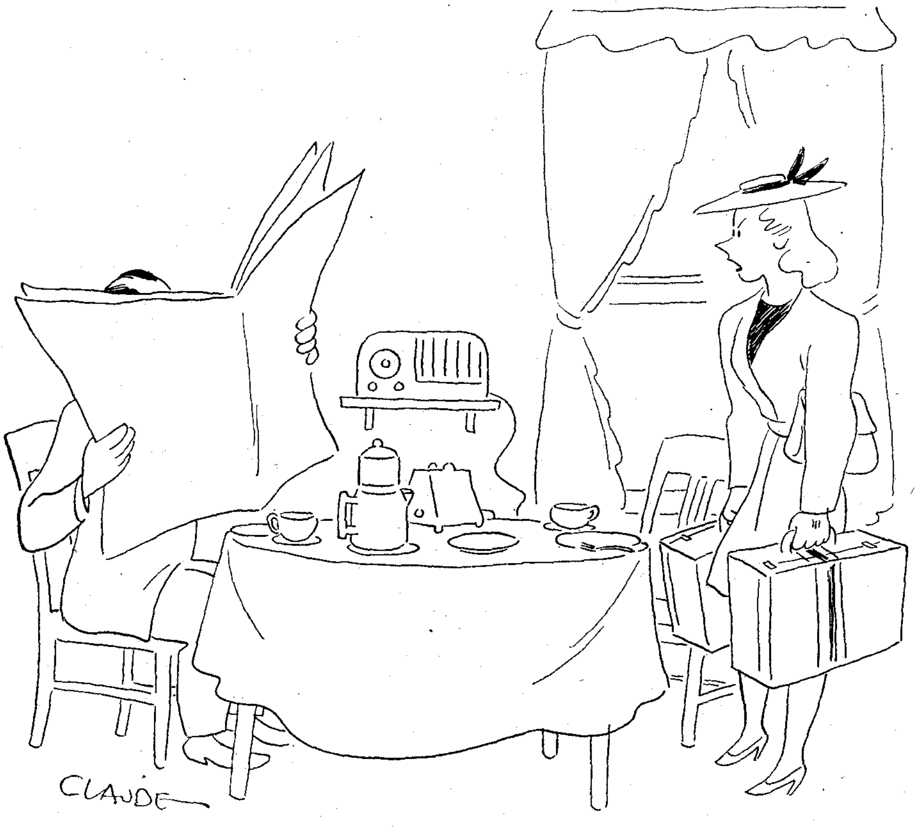
They waited a long time, but they saw nothing except phosphorescence and heard nothing but the sound of waves. They went back, very discouraged.

One said despairingly, "We're going to die."

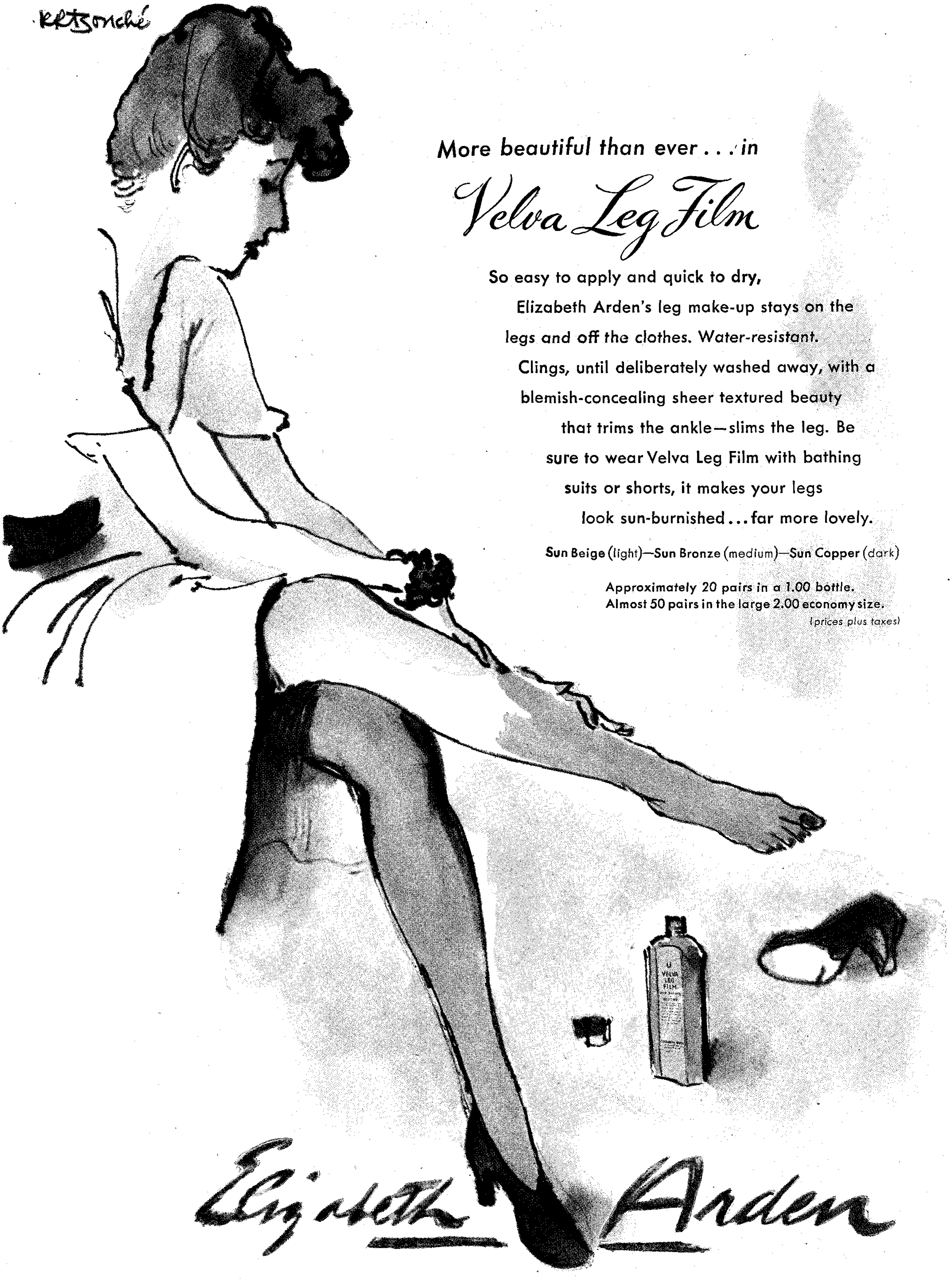
Johnston said, "Aw, shut up. You can't die. Only the good die young."

Kennedy had drifted right by the little island. He thought he had never known such deep trouble, but something he did shows that unconsciously he had not given up hope. He dropped his shoes, but he held onto the heavy lantern, his symbol of contact with his fellows. He stopped trying to swim. He seemed to stop caring. His body drifted through the wet hours, and he was very cold. His mind was a jumble. A few hours before he had wanted desperately to get to the base at Rendova. Now he only wanted to get back to the little island he had left that night, but he didn't try to get there; he just wanted to. His mind seemed to float away from his body. Darkness and time took the place of a mind in his skull. For a long time he slept, or was crazy, or floated in a chill trance.

THE currents of the Solomon Islands are queer. The tide shoves and sucks through the islands and makes the currents curl in odd patterns. It was a fateful pattern into which Jack Kennedy drifted. He drifted in it all night. His mind was blank, but his fist was tightly clenched on the kapok around the lantern. The current moved in a huge circle—west past Gizo, then north and east past Kolombangara, then south into Ferguson Passage. Early in



"What I have to say might come under the heading of news too, Sam!"



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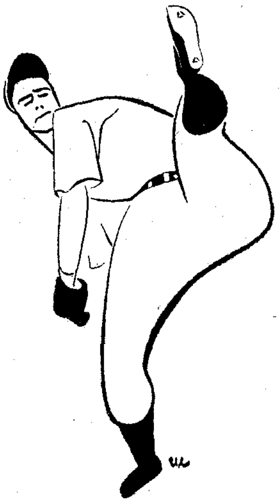
the morning the sky turned from black to gray, and so did Kennedy's mind. Light came to both at about six. Kennedy looked around and saw that he was exactly where he had been the night before when he saw the flares beyond Gizo. For a second time, he started home. He thought for a while that he had lost his mind and that he only imagined that he was repeating his attempt to reach the island. But the chill of the water was real enough, the lantern was real, his progress was measurable. He made the reef, crossed the lagoon, and got to the first island. He lay on the beach awhile. He found that his lantern did not work any more, so he left it and started back to the next island, where his men were. This time the trip along the reef was awful. He had discarded his shoes, and every step on the coral was painful. This time the swim across the gap where the current had caught him the night before seemed endless. But the current had changed; he made the island. He crawled up on the beach. He was vomiting when his men came up to him. He said, "Ross, you try it tonight." Then he passed out.



Ross, seeing Kennedy so sick, did not look forward to the execution of the order. He distracted himself by complaining about his hunger. There were a few coconuts on the trees, but the men were too weak to climb up for them. One of the men thought of sea food, stirred his tired body, and found a snail on the beach. He said, "If we were desperate, we could eat these." Ross said, "Desperate, hell. Give me that. I'll eat that." He took it in his hand and looked at it. The snail put its head out and looked at him. Ross was startled, but he shelled the snail and ate it, making faces because it was bitter.

In the afternoon, Ross swam across to the next island. He took a pistol to signal with, and he spent the night watching Ferguson Passage from the reef around the island. Nothing came through. Kennedy slept badly that night; he was cold and sick.

THE next morning everyone felt wretched. Planes which the men were unable to identify flew overhead and there were dogfights. That meant Japs as well as friends, so the men dragged themselves into the bushes and lay low. Some prayed. Johnston said, "You guys make me sore. You didn't spend ten cents in church in ten years, then all of a sudden you're in trouble and you see the light." Kennedy felt a little better now. When Ross came back, Kennedy decided that the group should move to another, larger island to the southeast, where there seemed to be more coconut trees and where the party would be nearer Ferguson Passage. Again Kennedy took McMahon in tow with the strap in his teeth, and the nine others grouped themselves around the timber.

This swim took three hours. The nine around the timber were caught by the current and barely made the far tip of the island. Kennedy found walking the quarter mile across to them much harder than the three-hour swim. The cuts on his bare feet were festered and looked like small balloons. The men were suffering most from thirst, and they broke open some coconuts lying on the ground and avidly drank the milk. Kennedy and McMahon, the first to drink, were sickened, and Thom told the others to drink sparingly. In the middle of the night it rained, and someone suggested moving into the underbrush and licking water off the leaves. Ross and McMahon kept contact at first by touching feet as they licked. Somehow they got separated, and, being uncertain whether there were any Japs on the island, they became frightened. McMahon, trying to make his way back to the beach, bumped into someone and froze. It turned out to be Johnston, licking leaves on his own. In the morning the group saw that all the leaves were covered with droppings. Bitterly, they named the place Bird Island.

ON this fourth day, the men were low. Even Johnston was low. He had changed his mind about praying. McGuire had a rosary around his neck, and Johnston said, "McGuire, give that necklace a working over." McGuire said quietly, "Yes, I'll take care of all you fellows." Kennedy was still unwilling to admit that things were hopeless. He asked Ross if he would swim with him to an island called Nauru, to the southeast and even nearer Ferguson Passage. They were very weak indeed by now, but after an hour's swim they made it.

They walked painfully across Nauru to the Ferguson Passage side, where they saw a Japanese barge aground on the reef. There were two men by the barge—possibly Japs. They apparently spotted Kennedy and Ross, for they got into a dugout canoe and hurriedly paddled to the other side of the island. Kennedy and Ross moved up the beach. They came upon an unopened rope-bound box and, back in the trees, a little shelter containing a keg of water, a Japanese gas mask, and a crude wooden fetish shaped like a fish. There were Japanese hardtack and candy in the box and the two had a wary feast. Down by the water they found a one-man canoe. They hid from imagined Japs all day. When night fell, Kennedy left Ross and took the canoe, with some hardtack and a can of water from the keg, out into Ferguson Passage. But no PT's came, so he paddled to Bird Island. The men there told him that the two men he had spotted by the barge that morning were natives, who had paddled to Bird Island. The natives had said that there were Japs on Nauru and the men had given Kennedy and Ross up for lost. Then the natives had gone away. Kennedy gave out small rations of crackers and water, and the men went to sleep. During the night, one man, who kept himself awake until the rest were asleep, drank all the water in the can Kennedy had brought back. In the morning the others figured out that he was the guilty one. They swore at him and found it hard to forgive him.

BEFORE dawn, Kennedy started out in the canoe to rejoin Ross on Nauru, but when day broke a wind arose and the canoe was swamped. Some natives appeared from nowhere in a canoe, rescued Kennedy, and took him to Nauru. There they showed him where a two-man canoe was cached. Kennedy picked up a coconut with a smooth shell and scratched a message on it with a jackknife: "ELEVEN ALIVE NATIVE KNOWS POSIT AND REEFS NAURU ISLAND KENNEDY." Then he said to the natives, "Rendova, Rendova."

One of the natives seemed to understand. They took the coconut and paddled off.

Ross and Kennedy lay in a sickly daze all day. Toward evening it rained and they crawled under a bush. When it got dark, conscience took hold of Kennedy and he persuaded Ross to go

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 50

out into Ferguson Passage with him in the two-man canoe. Ross argued against it. Kennedy insisted. The two started out in the canoe. They had shaped paddles from the boards of the Japanese box, and they took a coconut shell to bail with. As they got out into the Passage, the wind rose again and the water became choppy. The canoe began to fill. Ross bailed and Kennedy kept the bow into the wind. The waves grew until they were five or six feet high. Kennedy shouted, "Better turn around and go back!" As soon as the canoe was broadside to the waves, the water poured in and the dugout was swamped. The two clung to it, Kennedy at the bow, Ross at the stern. The tide carried them southward toward the open sea, so they kicked and tugged the canoe, aiming northwest. They struggled that way for two hours, not knowing whether they would hit the small island or drift into the endless open.

The weather got worse; rain poured down and they couldn't see more than ten feet. Kennedy shouted, "Sorry I got you out here, Barney!" Ross shouted back, "This would be a great time to say I told you so, but I won't!"

Soon the two could see a white line ahead and could hear a frightening roar—waves crashing on a reef. They had got out of the tidal current and were approaching the island all right, but now they realized that the wind and the waves were carrying them toward the reef. But it was too late to do anything, now that their canoe was swamped, except hang on and wait.

When they were near the reef, a wave broke Kennedy's hold, ripped him away from the canoe, turned him head over heels, and spun him in a violent rush. His ears roared and his eyes pinwheeled, and for the third time since the collision he thought he was dying. Somehow he was not thrown against the coral but floated into a kind of eddy. Suddenly he felt the reef under his feet. Steadying himself so that he would not be swept off it, he shouted, "Barney!" There was no reply. Kennedy thought of how he had insisted on going out in the canoe, and he screamed, "Barney!" This time Ross answered. He, too, had been thrown on the reef. He had not been as lucky as Kennedy; his right arm and shoulder had been cruelly lacerated by the coral, and his feet, which were already infected from earlier wounds, were cut some more.

The procession of Kennedy and Ross from reef to beach was a crazy one. Ross's feet hurt so much that Kennedy would hold one paddle on the bottom

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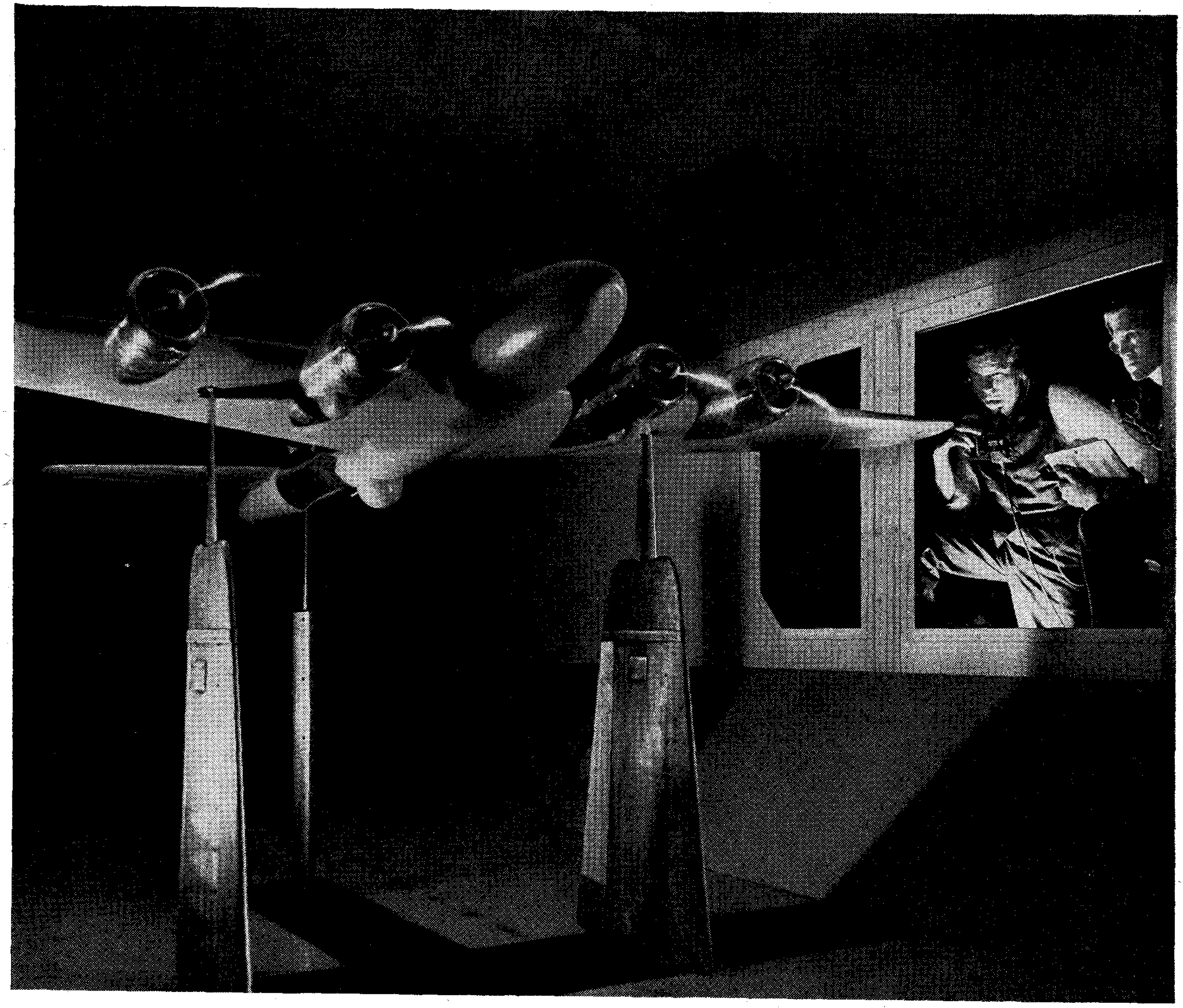

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Hurricane in Harness

Poised on knife-edged supports, the ten-foot scale model of a Boeing Flying Fortress rides the screaming gale. Engineers, tense at their control panels, watch and check every reaction of the sturdy airplane. In an hour they can learn more about the flight characteristics of a new wing or a new tail design than would be revealed in months of actual flying.

The Boeing wind tunnel, in the recently dedicated Edmund T. Allen Memorial Aeronautical Laboratories at Seattle, is capable of speeds in the 700-mile-an-hour range, approximating the speed of sound—four or five times faster than a Gulf hurricane or a typhoon.

A gigantic 16-bladed fan, 24 feet in diameter, funnels the air into the "throat" of the test section. Power from a rated 18,000-horsepower synchronous electric motor is transmitted to the fan through the largest magnetic clutch ever built.

But speed is only one of the features that make this huge structure an exceptional contribution to the advancement of aeronautical science.

Boeing-designed balances of extraordinary accuracy measure the airplane model's performance. The forces of lift, drag, yaw, pitch and roll at any given air-speed are registered on instruments that record variations from fractional ounces to 10,000 pounds.

The tunnel provides greater accessibility, utility and ease of operation than has ever before been possible. Instantaneous automatic recording of all data in numerical form permits immediate computation and analysis.

• • •

The Boeing wind tunnel is now ready to help speed the day of Victory. When the war is won, it will mean much to increased comfort, speed, safety and economy in air transportation. As in the past, Boeing leadership in design, engineering and manufacturing will set the pace in aeronautical development of peacetime aircraft products.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

LISTEN: JUNE 17, 1944

100 hours before the dawn of D-Day, Edward R. Murrow flew over the Calais beach and made the first broadcast from a bomber over Festung Europa.

Then came midnight June 5 in New York, 6 A.M., June 6 in London. Charles Collingwood was carrying a wire recorder to an LST bound across the Channel. Richard Hottelet was in a Marauder in the first air wave. Larry LeSueur and Bill Downs were marching with the Allied ground forces.

In the CBS world-news room in New York and at 12:37 a.m. Ned Calmer broadcast an AP eavesdrop from Germany that the Allies were on the move, repeated it every half hour until 3, warning listeners to doubt the Krauts bearing news. At 3:17 Bob Trout unlocked a new secret cupboard in Studio 9, yanked down a hand-microphone with a long tail of wire, flipped a switch that put him on the air to the whole U.S., and moved into the news-ticker room with the mike, reading aloud swiftly and steadily from the rapid fire of ticker-news pouring in. Paul White, CBS news chief, warned Trout to expect an important announcement at 3:30. At 3:32 Eisenhower's first communique broke directly into the network by short wave from London. The invasion was on.

Major George Fielding Eliot took over to analyze the communique. At 3:39 Murrow spoke from London; at 4, CBS broadcast General Eisenhower's recorded alarum to the invaded peoples—followed by the King of Norway's speech to his people underground—then the Prime Minister of the Netherlands; then the Prime Minister of Belgium. Back and forth over the Atlantic the broadcasts erupted; at 5:14 CBS' Richard Hottelet, now back on the ground after his Marauder flight, told his story from London. The 4 major networks were pooling their English broadcasts to America, so the CBS frontliners were augmented by such competent colleagues as Bryan, Vandercook, Anderson, Mann, and the top BBC men. At 5:45 CBS switched to the seething Pentagon in Washington, then back to Supreme Headquarters in London, back to New York for Trout and Eliot once more, back to London for Charles Shaw, to Washington again...

Newspaper extras were dated 5 o'clock that morning—by 5 o'clock CBS had already issued 4 hrs. 23 min. of a constant stream of invasion news and analysis, as the 141 CBS stations across America "lighted up". The stream swelled. On came Ned Calmer again, Major Eliot, Charles Collingwood's wire-recording of his LST shoving off. Bill Henry, Col. Morrison, Quentin Reynolds—one after another—spelled it out until at 10:00—after more than 9 hours of steady news, the first regular program came on the CBS air. A few more followed, but were soon erased by more news. About 11 the CBS monitor heard BBC warn that General DeGaulle would speak at 11:30. America heard him over CBS only, with a running-translation interpolated. At 3, CBS brought King George's prayer. London had promised a second communique for the U.S. "pool" at 5:30, but an overseas mixup had put the communique on the news-wires and the BBC air ahead of U.S. radio. So Quincy Howe analyzed it, ad lib, as the ticker version was torn off and handed to him at the microphone at 6:11.

You've now read a fraction of the salients of the most critical day in the history of the world, noted in the little room where history channels to our nation...The President prayed at 10...Then Murrow's voice again, through heavy static "*...the sound of a giant factory in the sky... 8,000 tons of bombs...people went about their business calmly*". Other voices: "*...the first wounded have come back, and they smiled...*" John Daly's clipped summaries. Wm. L. Shirer's soft, piercing observations. Then toward midnight Quentin Reynolds' moving personal sketch of Montgomery the man, and his new American uniform...

And on the window-sill a thick paper book, bearing the title "Liberating a Continent; Index to Invasion" published by the British Information Services. On the cover of the book there was an empty coffee-glass, and a good deal of dust. That acrid smell on the east wind was cordite.

★

This is CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

while Ross put a foot on it, then the other paddle forward for another step, then the first paddle forward again, until they reached sand. They fell on the beach and slept.

KENNEDY and Ross were wakened early in the morning by a noise. They looked up and saw four husky natives. One walked up to them and said in an excellent English accent, "I have a letter for you, sir." Kennedy tore the note open. It said, "On His Majesty's Service. To the Senior Officer, Nauru Island. I have just learned of your presence on Nauru Is. I am in command of a New Zealand infantry patrol operating in conjunction with U. S. Army troops on New Georgia. I strongly advise that you come with these natives to me. Meanwhile I shall be in radio communication with your authorities at Rendova, and we can finalize plans to collect balance of your party. Lt. Wincote. P. S. Will warn aviation of your crossing Ferguson Passage."

Everyone shook hands and the four natives took Ross and Kennedy in their war canoe across to Bird Island to tell the others the good news. There the natives broke out a spirit stove and cooked a feast of yams and C ration. Then they built a leanto for McMahon, whose burns had begun to rot and stink, and for Ross, whose arm had swelled to the size of a thigh because of

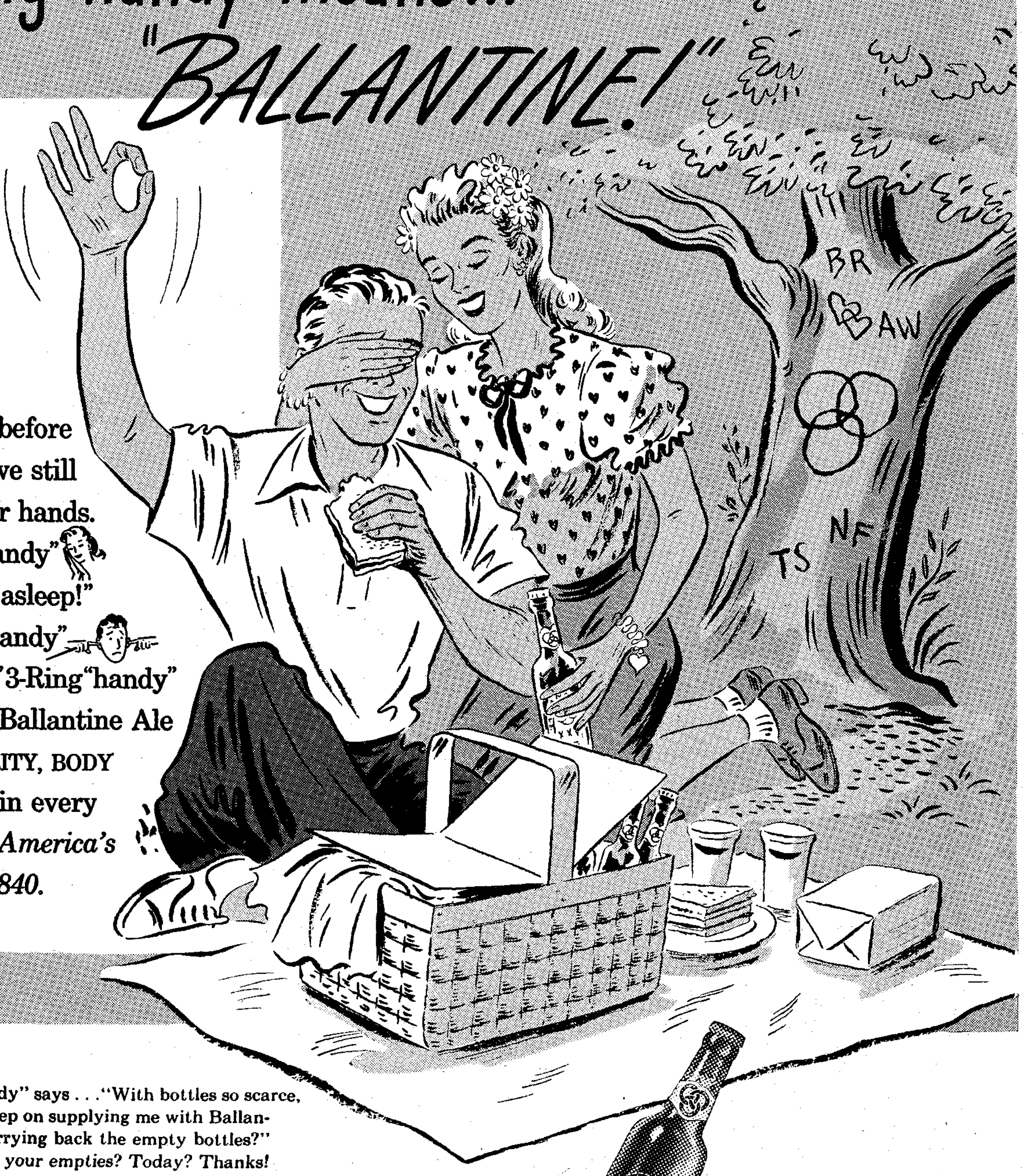
TO OUR READERS

The New Yorker is now accepting subscriptions for its Weekly Overseas Edition, which for several months has been distributed in limited quantities to service men by the Army and, more recently, the Navy. The Overseas Edition is a miniature of the regular edition and contains most of the text and pictures, but no advertisements, on twenty-eight pages of lightweight paper, about nine by six inches. A subscription may be entered for anyone with an Army Post Office or Fleet Post Office address. Subscriptions cannot be accepted for addresses within the United States or for prisoners of war. The rate is $4 a year. The Overseas Edition may be sent to men in the armed forces of the other Allied Nations for $5 a year. If a subscription is discontinued, *The New Yorker* will make a refund for the unexpired portion. A subscriber who returns to this country may either take this refund or, paper supply permitting, switch to the regular edition.

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 43rd Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Guess "handy" means... "Which one?"

3-Ring "handy" means... "BALLANTINE!"



Signs came before words; and we still talk with our hands. Mother's "handy" says "Baby's asleep!" Rehearsal "handy" says "off key!" 3-Ring "handy" says "Ballantine Ale for me!" PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR in every glass *America's finest since 1840.*

Thinker's "handy" says . . . "With bottles so scarce, how can my dealer keep on supplying me with Ballantine unless I keep hurrying back the empty bottles?" *How about returning your empties? Today? Thanks!*

BALLANTINE ALE

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

the coral cuts. The natives put Kennedy in the bottom of their canoe and covered him with sacking and palm fronds, in case Japanese planes should buzz them. The long trip was fun for the natives. They stopped once to try to grab a turtle, and laughed at the sport they were having. Thirty Japanese planes went over low toward Rendova, and the natives waved and shouted gaily. They rowed with a strange rhythm, pounding paddles on the gunwales between strokes. At last they reached a censored place. Lieutenant Wincote came to the water's edge and said formally, "How do you do. Leftenant Wincote."

Kennedy said, "Hello. I'm Kennedy."

Wincote said, "Come up to my tent and have a cup of tea."

IN the middle of the night, after several radio conversations between Wincote's outfit and the PT base, Kennedy sat in the war canoe waiting at an arranged rendezvous for a PT. The moon went down at eleven-twenty. Shortly afterward Kennedy heard the signal he was waiting for—four shots. Kennedy fired four answering shots.

A voice shouted to him, "Hey, Jack!"

Kennedy said, "Where the hell you been?"

The voice said, "We got some food for you."

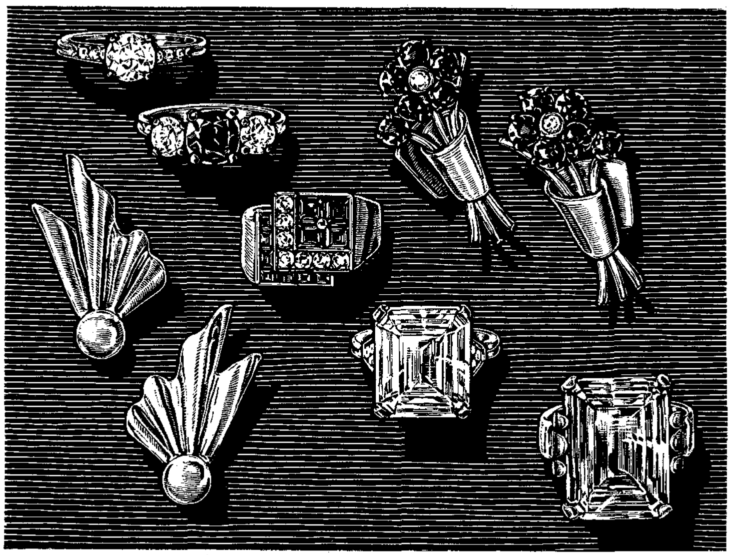
Kennedy said bitterly, "No, thanks, I just had a coconut."

A moment later a PT came alongside. Kennedy jumped onto it and hugged the men aboard—his friends. In the American tradition, Kennedy held under his arm a couple of souvenirs: one of the improvised paddles and the Japanese gas mask.

With the help of the natives, the PT made its way to Bird Island. A skiff went in and picked up the men. In the deep of the night, the PT and its happy cargo roared back toward base. The squadron medic had sent some brandy along to revive the weakened men. Johnston felt the need of a little revival. In fact, he felt he needed quite a bit of revival. After taking care of that, he retired topside and sat with his arms around a couple of roly-poly, mission-trained natives. And in the fresh breeze on the way home they sang together a hymn all three happened to know:

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves me . . .

—JOHN HERSEY



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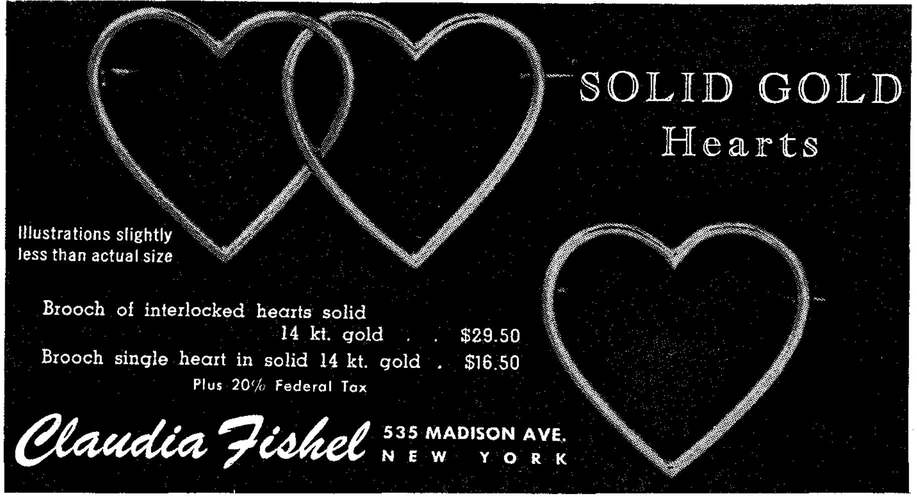

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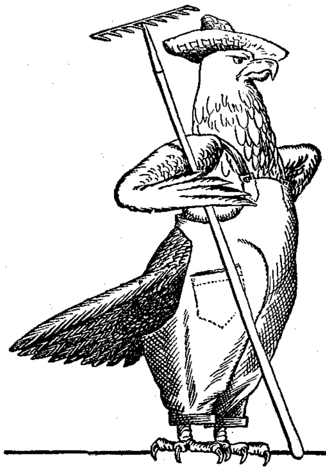
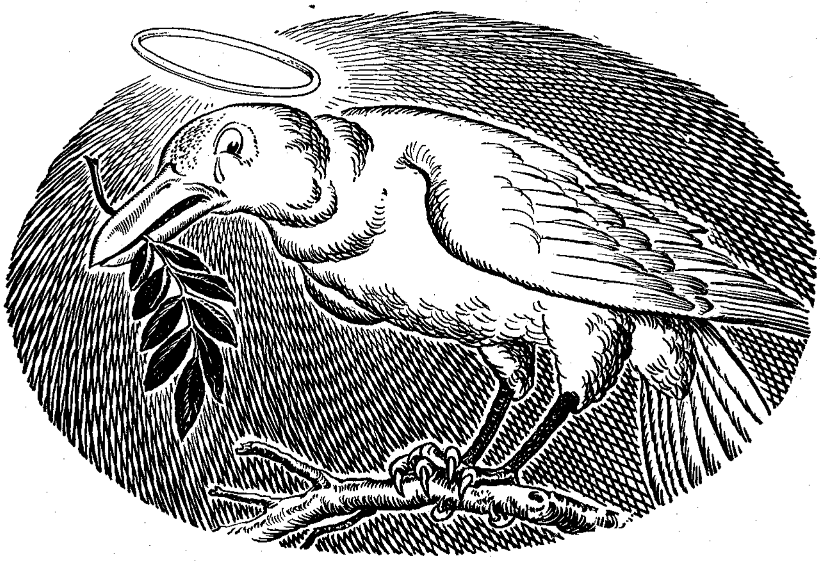


ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. VI

The Victory Gardener

and the Crow that Couldn't Coo



Once upon a time there lived an albino crow who, as you might suppose, was known to his familiars as "Whitey."

One day, while feeding on the new-sown corn of a Victory Gardener who liked only Crow that was Old and Bottled-in-Bond, Whitey and his black brethren were greeted with full-choked doses of No. 7 chilled shot.

Wounded, Whitey pleaded with the farmer to spare his life, denying he was a crow, claiming doves for ancestors and, as such, the right to be reclassified as a Pacifist with the status of a non-belligerent.

Whereupon, the following dialogue ensued:

FARMER: *Okay! Prove it! Coo!*
WHITEY: *Who?*
FARMER: *You!*
WHITEY: *Ca-a-a-a-w!*
SHOTGUN: *Blooie!*

Moral: **Birds of a feather flock together. Right now, in this period of puffy prosperity, you might not agree with us. Today, the many who normally have too little, and the few who generally have more than enough, may look like pretty likely prospects for your products. But adjust your business binoculars on the future. All that remains in sharp, sure, solid focus is the great aspirational middle class that, in good times and bad, provides you with the most productive market for your products. To reach it, use the *happy medium to America's middle millions* . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

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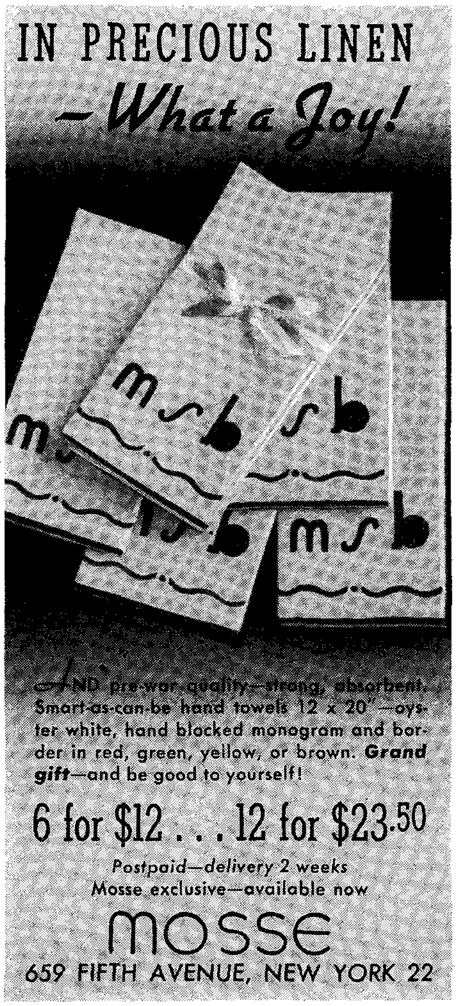
Chichi
Chichi (Pronounced she-she)
the "Love Me" perfume by Renoir... if you would have him whisper "I love you," wear Chichi
Renoir PARFUMS, LTD. NEW YORK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—What a Joy!

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THE THEATRE

FILE AND FORGET

"THAT OLD DEVIL," which beat the invasion news to town by a neck, turned out to be an attenuated little comedy by J. C. Nugent without a great deal to recommend it except the author's own performance. Mr. Nugent's acting technique derives from the days when vaudeville was in flower. No one on the stage now is better at throwing away a negligible line for the purpose of underlining a good one; no one can gauge more accurately how long an audience can be kept waiting for a speech before some damn fool begins to cough; no one knows so instinctively when it is advisable to chew up the scenery and when a small, embarrassed gesture will fetch them just as well; no one, finally, is better equipped physically to make the customers laugh than Mr. Nugent, who looks remarkably like a Thurber man, hastily executed in pink chalk. With so many pleasant gifts at his disposal, it seems a pity that his vehicle at the Playhouse should be no more than an expanded vaudeville sketch, and a moderately dull and tasteless one at that.

The piece Mr. Nugent has cooked up for himself has to do with an elderly suburban husband who is firmly ignored by his wife and her fellow-clubwomen until a rumor somehow gets around that he has seduced a beautiful young refugee. This naturally inflames the neighboring ladies, whose own husbands seem to be remarkably unenterprising men, and they spend the evening bouncing in and out, looking for trouble. In the end, for reasons we'll just ignore, it all turns out to be a false alarm, but by that time the stage is knee-deep in innuendo, most of the girls are happy though pregnant, and Mr. Nugent has had a private field day, so I suppose it is all for the best. Luella Gear, employed as a sort of sparring partner for the star, gives him a good, brisk workout. The others, dealing with standard parts (there is even a funny maid who feeds policemen in the kitchen), provide what you might call standard performances.

"WHAT is this damnable fury that urges me to write and write and write?" inquires a character representing a playwright somewhere in the early stages of "A Strange Play," which staggered through one performance a while ago at the Mansfield. What damnable fury urged Miss Patti Spears to write "A Strange Play" will, I'm afraid, never be known, since she clearly has no interest in reproducing human speech. According to the vagrant notes on the margin of my program, Miss Spears' dialogue went something like this:

PAUL (*a philosopher*): The hungry machine is rapidly eating up the man.

CLAIRE (*a cultural vacuum*): Oh, you and your God-damned philosophizing!

And:

CLAIRE: Like a common thief, you opened the doors of my heart.

WILLIAM (*her lover, reproachfully*): Darling, how can you forget Atlantic City!

And:

STEPHEN (*Claire's husband and a surgeon, in civil apology for leaving a bridge game to amputate an offstage leg*): You understand—my Hippocratic Oath.

And:

STEPHEN: Only yesterday I happened to be experimenting on a dead man's heart.

PAUL: More important, I presume, than a living woman's heart?

And:

CLAIRE (*while assassinating Beethoven on the piano*): Praise the Lord and pass the cognac.

And, finally:

WILLIAM (*apropos of something else, but nevertheless carving an epitaph*): It is indeed a pathetic case.

It was indeed.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The Ohio governor, most observers believe, is making a last-ditch fight to stop Dewey, whose nomination on an early ballot seems a certainty. In that effort he has the good wishes, if not the active support, of many Eastern conservatives who whooped it for Dewey while Wendell Willkie was still a threat. They, according to some Eastern governors, as well as other Eastern political leaders here, used Dewey to stop Willkie, but have been unable to find any way to stop Dewey.—*Chicago Sun.*

They might try Landon again, and stop everything.

"My beer is RHEINGOLD
— the DRY beer!"
says JANE HOUSE,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

Rheingold, the DRY beer, is not sweet, not bitter. It has a clean, real-beer flavor. *It's beer as beer should taste!*

So it's not surprising that in 1943, as in 1942, more than *twice* as many New Yorkers switched to Rheingold as to any other New York beer.

Try Rheingold. On tap and in quart and 12-oz. bottles all over town.

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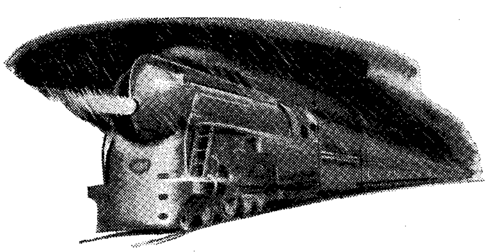
Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."
Herodotus



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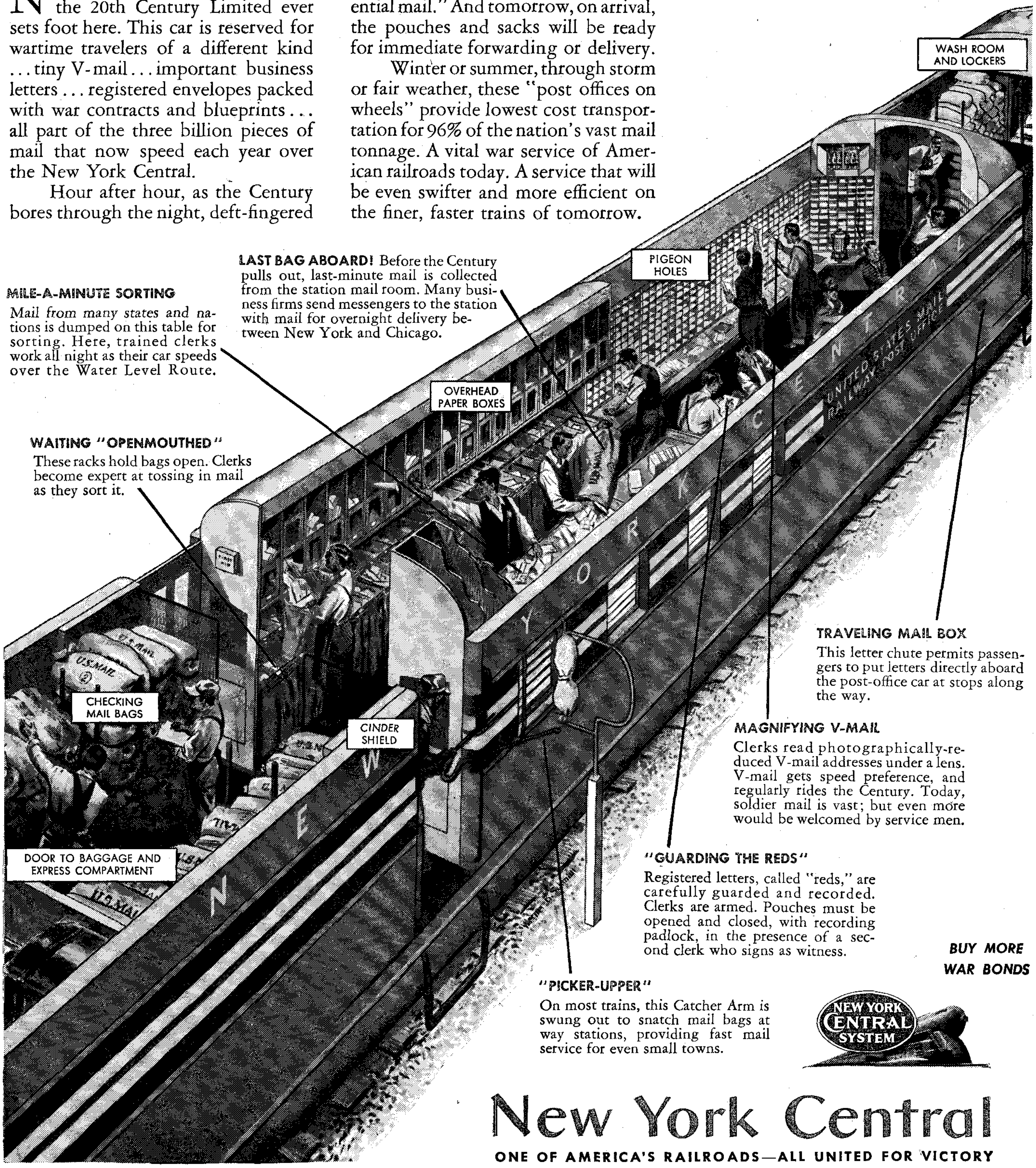
How 3 billion pieces of wartime mail a year speed over the Water Level Route

NOT ONE of the passengers aboard the 20th Century Limited ever sets foot here. This car is reserved for wartime travelers of a different kind . . . tiny V-mail . . . important business letters . . . registered envelopes packed with war contracts and blueprints . . . all part of the three billion pieces of mail that now speed each year over the New York Central.

Hour after hour, as the Century bores through the night, deft-fingered postal clerks sort this cargo of "preferential mail." And tomorrow, on arrival, the pouches and sacks will be ready for immediate forwarding or delivery.

Winter or summer, through storm or fair weather, these "post offices on wheels" provide lowest cost transportation for 96% of the nation's vast mail tonnage. A vital war service of American railroads today. A service that will be even swifter and more efficient on the finer, faster trains of tomorrow.



LAST BAG ABOARD! Before the Century pulls out, last-minute mail is collected from the station mail room. Many business firms send messengers to the station with mail for overnight delivery between New York and Chicago.

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Mail from many states and nations is dumped on this table for sorting. Here, trained clerks work all night as their car speeds over the Water Level Route.

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These racks hold bags open. Clerks become expert at tossing in mail as they sort it.

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New York Central

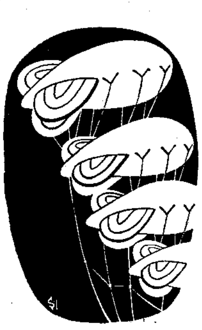
ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 11 (BY CABLE)

FOR the English, D Day might well have stood for Dunkirk Day. The tremendous news that British soldiers were back on French soil seemed suddenly to reveal exactly how much it had rankled when they were beaten off it four years ago. As the great fleets of planes roared toward the coast all day long, people glancing up at them said, "Now they'll know how our boys felt on the beaches at Dunkirk." And as the people went soberly back to their jobs, they had a satisfied look, as though this return trip to France had in itself been worth waiting four impatient, interminable years for. There was also a slightly bemused expression on most D Day faces, because the event wasn't working out quite the way anybody had expected. Londoners seemed to imagine that there would be some immediate, miraculous change, that the heavens would open, that something like the last trumpet would sound. What they definitely hadn't expected was that the greatest day of our times would be just the same old London day, with men and women going to the office, queuing up for fish, getting haircuts, and scrambling for lunch.

D Day sneaked up on people so quietly that half the crowds flocking to business on Tuesday morning didn't know it was anything but Tuesday, and then it fooled them by going right on being Tuesday. The principal impression one got on the streets was that nobody was smiling. The un-English urge to talk to strangers which came over Londoners during the blitzes, and in other recent times of crisis, was noticeably absent. Everybody seemed to be existing wholly in a preoccupied silence of his own, a silence which had something almost frantic about it, as if the effort of punching bus tickets, or shopping for kitchen pans, or whatever the day's chore might be, was, in its quiet way, harder to bear than a bombardment. Later in the day, the people who patiently waited in the queues at each newsstand for the vans to turn up with the latest editions were still enclosed in their individual silences. In the queer hush, one could sense the strain of a city trying to project itself across the intervening English orchards and cornfields, across the strip of water, to the men already beginning to die in the French orchards and cornfields which once more had become "over there." Flag sellers for a Red Cross drive were on the streets, and many people looked thoughtfully at the little red paper symbol before pinning it to their lapels, for it was yet another reminder of the personal loss which D Day was bringing closer for thousands of them.



In Westminster Abbey, typists in summer dresses and the usual elderly visitors in country-looking clothes came in to pray beside the tomb of the last war's Unknown Soldier, or to gaze rather vacantly at the tattered colors and the marble heroes of battles which no longer seemed remote. The top-hatted old warrior who is gatekeeper at Marlborough House, where King George V was born, pinned on all his medals in honor of the day, and hawkers selling cornflowers and red and white peonies had hastily concocted little patriotic floral arrangements, but there was no rush to put out flags, no cheers, no outward emotion. In the shops, since people aren't specially interested in spending money when they are anxious, business was extremely bad. Streets which normally are crowded had the deserted look of a small provincial town on a wet Sunday afternoon. Taxi drivers, incredulously cruising about for customers, said that it was their worst day in months. Even after the King's broadcast was over, Londoners stayed home. Everybody seemed to feel that this was one night you wanted your own thoughts in your own chair. Theatre and cinema receipts slumped, despite the movie houses' attempt to attract audiences by broadcasting the King's speech and the invasion bulletins. Even the pubs didn't draw the usual cronies. At midnight, London was utterly quiet, the Civil Defence people were standing by for a half-expected alert which didn't come, and D Day had passed into history.

IT is in the country districts just back of the sealed south coast that one gets a real and urgent sense of what is happening only a few minutes' flying time away. Pheasants whirr their alarm at the distant rumble of guns, just as they did when Dunkirk's guns were booming. On Tuesday evening, villagers hoeing weeds in the wheat fields watched the gliders passing in an almost unending string toward Normandy. And always there are the planes. When the big American bombers sail overhead, moving with a sinister drowsiness in their perfect formations, people who have not bothered to glance up at the familiar drone for months rush out of their houses to stare. Everything is different now that the second front has opened, and every truck on the road, every piece of gear on the railways, every jeep and half-track which is heading toward the front has become a thing of passionate concern. The dry weather, which country folk a week ago were hoping would end, has now become a matter for worry the other way round. Farmers who wanted gray skies for their hay's sake now want blue ones for the sake of their sons, fighting in the skies and on the earth across the Channel. Finally, there are the trainloads of wounded, which are already beginning to pass through summer England, festooned with its dog roses and honeysuckle. The red symbol which Londoners were pinning to their lapels on Tuesday now shines on the side of trains going past crossings where the waiting women, shopping baskets on their arms, don't know whether to wave or cheer or cry. Sometimes they do all three. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

The acoustic principles governing air-columns in tubes are a little more difficult to the beginner than the string laws; but they may be understood by comparing the row of particles in a column to the loosely coupled cars of a long freight train. Tubes like the oboe and flute, and all similar pipes acting like open tubes (such as the brasses), have a wave-length twice the length of the tube. Taking the freight train as an example, suppose the engine gives a push. This push travels down the train, which corresponds to the tube, until it reaches the end. Then the last car tends to leave the train, but is suddenly hauled up short by its coupling. It thus exerts a pull, and the pull travels back up the train toward the engine. When this pull reaches the engine, the engine is pulled in until it bumps the nearest car, and pushes it. The push then travels along the train as before. If we suppose that the engine, like the vibrating mouthpiece of a tube, cannot move far from one spot, we may imagine that the engine's first push had made it rebound, so that it reached the back end of its space just as its push was transmitted to the farthest car. It then gives a pull at its end, just as the farther car is transforming the push it received into a pull. The engine's pull and the pull from the other end travel along the train until they meet. They even pass each other and continue on, though we can imagine the middle car not moving when equally pulled from opposite sides. The train, then, has two pulls travelling through it in opposite directions, which are transformed into two pushes when they reach the end.—*From "The Book of Musical Knowledge," by Arthur Elson.*

All right, keep your eyes on the music and let's begin.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Russian press is reminding Hitler that he once said that no invasion of Fortress Europe could possibly last more than nine hours. The impolite Bolsheviks would be ill-mannered enough to bring that up.

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The members of the German High Command are evidently uncertain about attending the Allied show in Normandy. Nobody has told them whether it is a feature picture or simply a Grade B film.

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The busiest man in Italy is Field Marshal Kesselring. At last report, he was trying frantically to keep five separate disengagements.

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The Senate has approved the Bankhead amendment, which will greatly increase the cost of cotton clothing if it becomes law. A lot of senators seem to think that this is a good time for inflation as well as invasion.

•

The news that General de Gaulle is coming to visit the President is exceedingly welcome. It is just possible that this may be the delayed beginning of a long and beautiful friendship.

•

James A. Farley has resigned as chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee because of the pressure of business. Jim insists that he cannot work for Roosevelt this fall because his heart belongs to Coca-Cola.

•

Some political observers say that Bricker's speeches are providing the only spark of life in the Republican pre-convention campaign. The grateful convention will probably reward him with a few votes and many kind regards.

•

The future of Mr. Wallace is the subject of considerable debate. His admirers want him to run for Vice-President and his non-admirers want to give him to the Hottentots.

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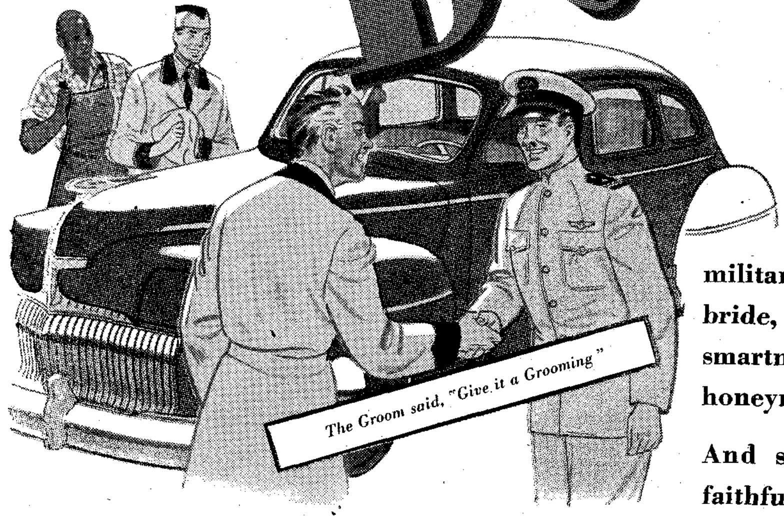
Selective Service reports that thousands of able-bodied men are being rejected because of insufficient book learning. Any college director of athletics would know how to handle such a situation. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

June Ad for De Soto

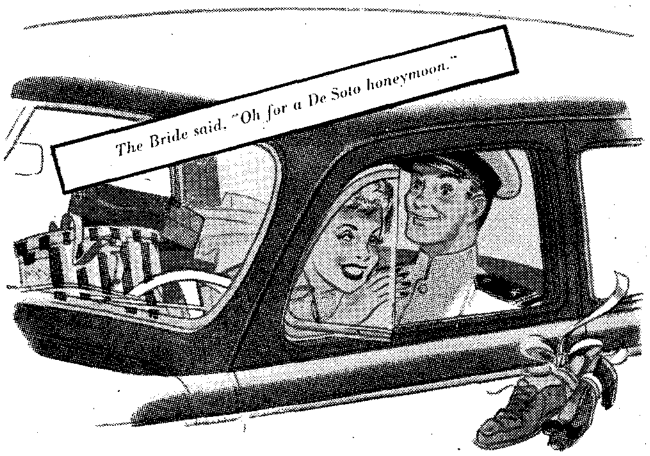

The Groom said, "Give it a Grooming"

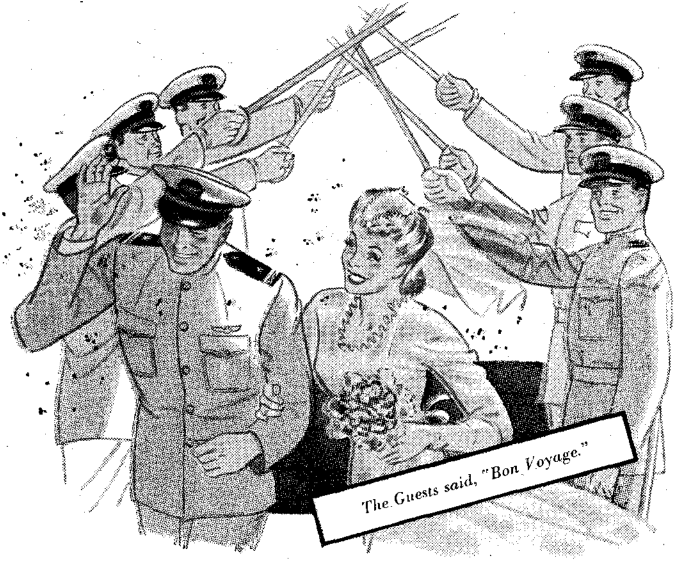
THERE'S nothing like a nice military wedding to show off the beauty of the bride, the manliness of the groom, or the trim smartness of a De Soto as it helps launch the honeymoon.

And speaking of grooms, why not give that faithful De Soto of yours a little grooming of its own, even if you haven't got a wedding coming up.

De Sotos are fine cars in every way—there are half a million of them—the least they ask for the grand job they do is an occasional grooming to keep them at their best, in looks and under the hood.

Let your De Soto dealer boss the job. He knows how, and has the responsibility for such things. If you have a wedding coming up,—more's the reason.


The Bride said, "Oh for a De Soto honeymoon."


The Guests said, "Bon Voyage."

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Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, CBS, 9:00 to 9:30 P. M., E. W. T.

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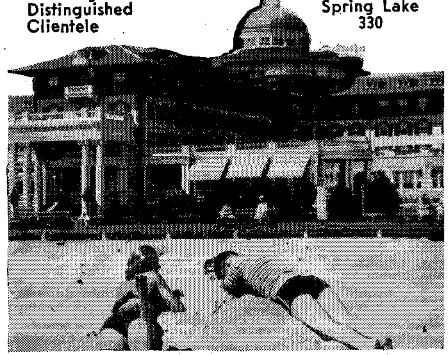
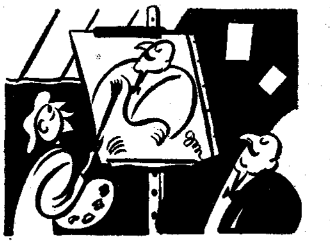


THE ART GALLERIES

The Eakins Centennial

ALTHOUGH throughout most of his life Thomas Eakins suffered neglect and occasionally persecution, he has in recent years been recognized as one of the major American artists of the nineteenth century. Indeed, so strong has been the reversal of feeling about him that I think he gets credit now for qualities he didn't possess. While he lived, it was more than just a case of people not liking his work; they seemed actively to resent it, and, though he held for a time a post as instructor at the Pennsylvania Academy, he was soon jockeyed out of that position and spent the rest of his life in nearly complete obscurity. When he died, in 1916, almost every canvas he had painted, except a few that he had given to more or less reluctant friends, was found stacked, gathering dust, against his studio walls.



His was the time, it must be remembered, of William Morris Hunt's flashing generalities and of John Singer Sargent's suave and facile studies, and it was his insistence on factual documentation, on the realistic approach, that got him into difficulties with his contemporaries. By a kind of emotional quick change—a reversal of feeling that is common enough in the history of art but is always dramatic when one comes in contact with it—it is that realistic approach that gives Eakins his appeal to present-day audiences, less than two generations later. But there is something capricious about so quick a change, and it still remains to be decided what Eakins' position as an artist really is. The loan exhibition of his works now at Knoedler, though it does not provide all the answers, does suggest a few.

Eakins' great fault, I think, was that he lacked a philosophy, and in the realist this is likely to be a weakness indeed. About the realist there is always a trace of the reformer; he paints life because he wants to change it, and the picture he presents takes on coherence and meaning chiefly because of the probing his mind has done beneath the surface details. Eakins is the exception to this rule. What probing he did, one feels, was done chiefly to discover the anatomical structure of the human figures he painted; he never touched the spirit, and it is this lack which gives his painting its peculiar aridity and coldness. I am speaking now of his larger pictures, the big compositions on which his fame principally rests. The present collection contains only two of these—"Salutat," of a boxer with his seconds entering the ring, and the boat-racing scene called "The Biglen Brothers Turning the Stake"—but they illustrate another weakness of Eakins' work that I have rarely seen commented on. He never really grasped the principles of complex composition. He could do big pictures, and he could fill them with remarkably vivid and acutely observed surface detail. But some basic feeling of integration was missing (perhaps it was again his lack of a controlling philosophy that was at fault) and the pictures tended toward a rather stiff two-plane structure, with a foreground group set against a more or less unrelated background, while his detail too often was the product of research and compilation instead of direct observation, and hence somewhat static in its effect. It is for his portraits that Eakins will be remembered longest, and the show (a centenary affair, by the way, and very wisely selected) gains greatly by the number of them it includes. Here, at last, Eakins' almost surgical detachment comes into its own. If he wasn't much concerned about life, he *was* interested, scientifically at least, in people. In portraying them, his coldly dispassionate eye and his immense technique could combine to real purpose, and in his portraits of Mrs. Anna A. Kershaw—very old, very dignified—and of the strong-faced, square-jawed Mrs. Edith Mahon, in addition to the unusually vivid water-color sketch of William H. Macdowell, one gets painting of very high calibre. They are not great portraits, perhaps. They haven't the finish of an Ingres or the richness and feeling of a Hals. But for a man who spent his life in loneliness and artistic ignominy, as Eakins did, they have an integrity and a power that are remarkable indeed.

THREE fine group shows mark the end of this unusually active season. At the Wildenstein, the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors is holding its annual. More than sixty artists are represented, including five "guest exhibitors," and the styles range fairly evenly from the strictly non-objective paintings of A. E. Gallatin and Ilya Bolotowsky to such rather conventional pieces as Ann Goldthwaite's pleasantly composed "The Green Sofa" and the dark, vigorous "Gilman Falls, Maine," by Waldo Peirce. The Gallatin canvas, called simply "Painting," is about the best thing of his I have seen, and there are also a big, cool "Summer Porch" by Sigmund Menkes, a fine, abstract "Still Life Composition" by Vaclav Vytlacil, and a ruddy "Landscape" by Jan Matulka that are worth mentioning. Among the sculptures, a much smaller group, I liked Anita Weschler's little but tellingly handled "Head" and Ossip Zadkine's highly formalized "The Garden Statue."... At the Ferargil, there is a show called "Art for the Home Front," a collection of a hundred paintings, by as many artists, which have been lent by the artists concerned for exhibition at war plants and industrial centres throughout the country. Here, too, the range is wide and the quality generally high. The group includes such excellent pieces as Oronzo Gasparo's stylized "Poetess," John Opper's "East River," and the lovely and flowery "Pale Horses," by Lawrence Lebduska.... At the Downtown there is a collection of paintings and drawings, some new, some old, by this gallery's group. Best of all, I think, is Yasuo Kuniyoshi's cryptic still life called "Room 110," with Stuart Davis's "Bass Rocks #1" and Niles Spencer's beautifully composed "Power House" as the runners-up.

—Robert M. Coates

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Danton Walker in the News, March 7, 1944:

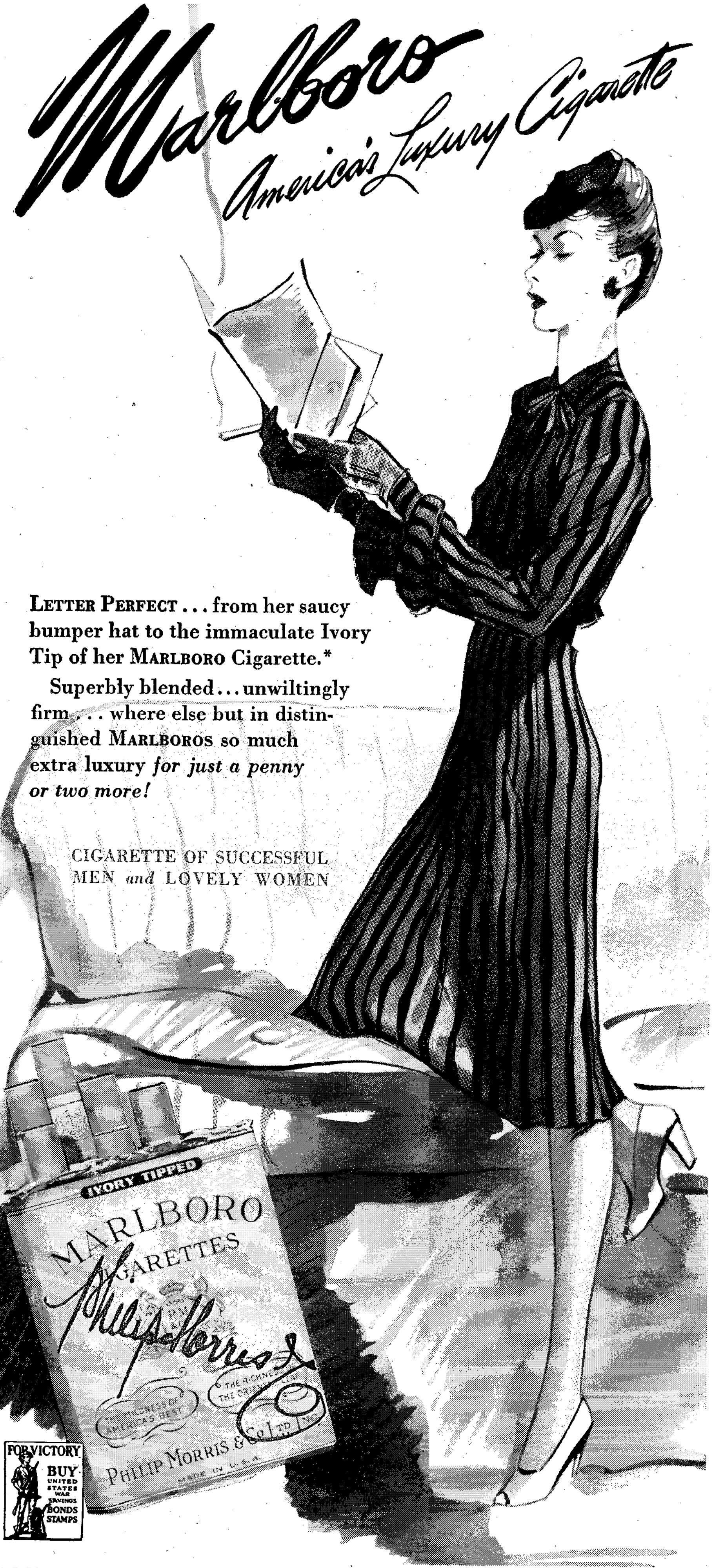
War strategy theorists believe the Jap fleet will make its big stand the very day the European invasion begins.

Walter Winchell in a radio broadcast, December 12, 1943:

General George Marshall, Chief of Staff, will command the United Nations' forces in the invasion of Europe from the west, and Marshal Petain has sent word to Ambassador Hayes in Madrid that the Vichy Government would welcome U.S. troops in France.

Drew Pearson in a radio broadcast, June 27, 1943:

The Allies will launch their invasion of Hitler's European fortress from the Balkans.... This will be accomplished with the aid of Turkish air bases.



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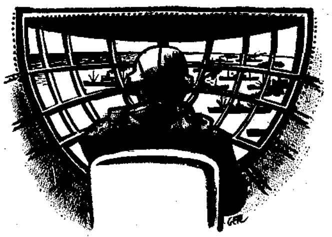
MIMOSA

THIS story was told me years ago by my mother, when we were revisiting the place where it all happened.

In the year 1900, my father, at that time an official in the British Indian Police, was stationed at a place called Basti, in the United Provinces. My mother was with him, and their first child, my brother, was soon to be born. Basti was an unimportant civil station. Social life centred in the Club, where the English contingent gathered to play tennis and billiards, to exchange news and read the months-old magazines. They talked of home, of English gardens, of vanished friends and other days, recapturing the past, just as later—in another time and still another place—they would talk of Basti and of each other with a similar sense of loss, for memory is sometimes a kind of regret to which there is no end.

For my mother this was a tedious interlude because of her condition and because my father's duties took him far afield and sometimes days and weeks would pass before she saw him again. She whiled away the time by reading, by exchanging visits with the other English wives, and by taking long drives along the dusty Indian roads. The landscape was not especially interesting: sun-baked plain cut by an occasional *nullah*, or watercourse, and dotted with *babul*, the native mimosa, on whose feathery leaves the herd boys feed their goats. There were mud-walled villages set off the highway and reached by rough cart tracks; it was to these villages, and to others more distant, that my father's work took him in pursuit of bandits and other criminals, and he usually had an exciting story to tell when he came home. About ten miles from Basti stood the jungle, famous in earlier times for panthers and tigers and wolves, but generations of hunters had killed them off or driven them away, and forest life had become almost as tame as social life at the Club.



As the weeks passed, my mother went less often to the Club, preferring long drives in the trap, drawn by her favorite horse, a lively chestnut. With her maid, the ayah, for company and a groom perched behind, she drove for miles, and as she drove she thought of England, of her parents, and of summers spent by the sea when she was a little girl. Sometimes a tremendous homesickness came over her and her sensibilities were so quickened that she could recapture voices, incidents, tastes, and perfumes long forgotten. Her favorite drive took her beyond the cantonment, into the open country. After a few minutes' brisk driving, she was in the middle of a vast plain dotted with trees. The road became the channel for her meditations and interior soliloquies, so that afterward, when she recalled a thought she'd had, the recollection brought with it every detail of the surrounding country. The horse, said my mother, soon learned to head for this road, and they would ride until they reached a particular landmark once casually selected by her—a mimosa tree, black and twisted, its fanglike thorns hidden amid the delicate foliage and clusters of yellow flowers.

When my mother had driven as far as this tree, she would pull the horse to a stop and they'd turn and start back at an exciting clip, the horse knowing that its stable and supper waited at the end of the ride. They came here so often that the horse soon got to know the mimosa and, at first glimpse of it, would slow down and attempt to turn about. This amused my mother, who would engage in a tussle to keep him headed toward the tree. The ayah and the groom were equally amused by the game, and whenever they sighted the tree and the horse began to jib, they'd exclaim, "Ah, the lazy good-for-nothing!" "Give him a taste of the whip, Memsahib!" Occasionally, in order to drive the lesson home, my mother would halt the trap beside the tree and force the impatient animal to wait while she gazed around her at the plain and smelt the warm breath of the mimosa as it drifted against her face. She remarked that this sudden, wild, furred scent reminded her of a fox barking at night, and decided that scent and sound must have something in common.

ONE afternoon during my father's absence, my mother went for one of her drives, and as they came abreast of the mimosa tree, the horse gave a snort and shied violently. My mother pulled him up and disciplined him with a cut from the whip, then looked to see what had excited him. Something moved under the tree and a very small child stepped forward. He was dressed in the usual half yard of rag, with a tiny trinket on a string round his neck; he might have been five or six, though age is difficult to gauge in Indian children. When he saw my mother, he said something in Hindustani, and the ayah exclaimed, "Impertinence!"

"What does he want?" asked my mother, who understood the language but had not heard what he said.

The child addressed her in a low voice: "Take me with you."

"Where do you live?" she asked, and without removing his gaze from her he answered, "Over there, across the field and beyond the *nullah*." My mother looked beyond the watercourse and saw, about two miles away, the mud roofs of a little village.

"But that is not far," she told him, "and there is no road for me to drive you there. Why don't you go back as you came?"

"Because I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

He hesitated, and now she saw that he was shivering, although the air was very warm. The ayah interposed sharply, "Pay no attention, Memsahib. He just wants a ride so that he can go home and boast of it to his friends."

"No," whispered the child. He seemed unable to speak out, nor would he glance in any direction except toward my mother.

She said, "Tell us what it is you fear."

"For three days it has followed me."

"What has followed you?"

"The thing."

"What thing?"

"The *bagh*."

In that part of India, *bagh* means tiger, and my mother joined the servants in their laughter. "Silly child," said the ayah. "There has been no *bagh* here for years before you were born. The sahib-log have killed them all. Someone has been telling you stories."

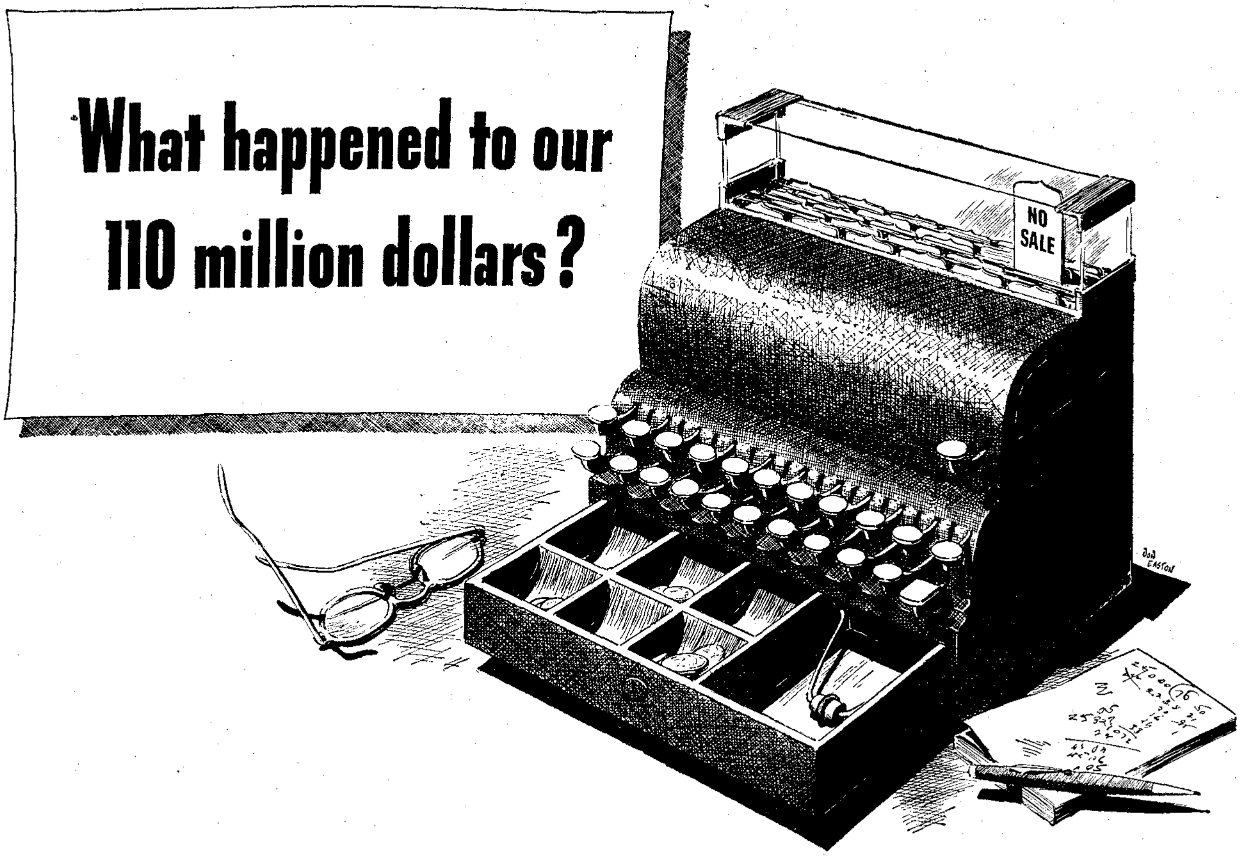
My mother added, "It is silly to listen to such tales. Now run along home. We'll wait here until you're out of sight."

He stared sadly, fixedly into her face. "Take me with you," he repeated.

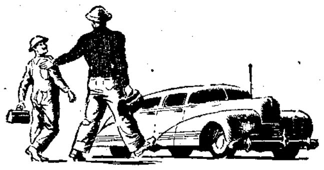
At this point the horse, restless from the long delay, whirled suddenly and set its face toward home. My mother had a vision of the child as something very small, inarticulate, and helpless; then the horse put its head down and tried to bolt and she had her mind and her hands fully occupied until she reached home. But that night the memory of the child kept recurring to her and she could not sleep.

Next afternoon she drove out as usual, hoping to get a glimpse of him,

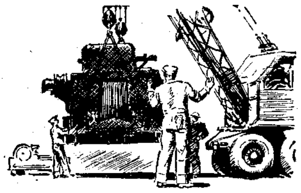
What happened to our 110 million dollars?



1 **During 1943,** Union Oil Company took in 110 million dollars from the sale of its products. But at the end of the year, the people who own the company (and there are more than 31,000 of them) wound up with just 4¼% of this in dividends. What happened to the rest?



2 **Well, the largest single share,** 34½ million dollars, was paid out for the raw materials from which we manufacture our finished products. The next largest, 24½ million, went to Union Oil employees who got approximately $5.21 in wages and salaries for every $1.00 that went to the stockholders.



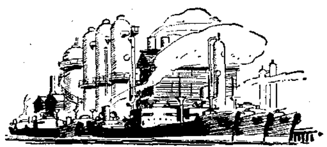
3 **Another 14 million** went for depreciation of tools, oil fields and equipment—all of which have to be replaced as fast as we "wear them out." 13 million went for materials, supplies, research and other expense. 8½ million was spent in transporting our products to our customers.

TAX COLLECTOR

4 **6 million was paid out** to local, state and federal governments in taxes. Interest charges took another 1 million, and 1½ million was put into a wartime contingency fund we've had to set up because of abnormal operating conditions. The last 2½ million was plowed back into the business.

$34½ million	Raw Materials	$6 million	Taxes
24½ million	Wages & Salaries	**4½ million**	**Dividends**
14 million	Depreciation	2½ million	Surplus
13 million	Materials, Supplies, etc.	1½ million	War Contingency Fund
8½ million	Transportation	1 million	Interest

5 **That left just 4½ million** to be paid out in dividends to the 31,375 Americans who own Union Oil—an *average* of $148.73 per stockholder. Since these stockholders financed all the oil wells, refineries, service stations, etc., without which we simply couldn't do business . . .



6 **. . . this seems** a reasonable enough return. For the only alternative to this *private financing* of American industries would be government ownership, which would eliminate the freedom of the individual, the efficiency of a free economy, and that all-important human incentive—*competition.*

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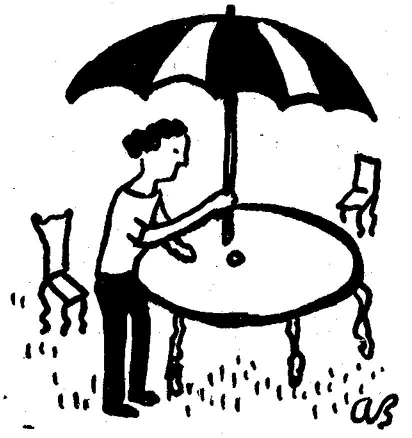
but he was not under the tree, or anywhere in sight. The plain lay brown and peaceful under her gaze, and a weight lifted from her spirit, a weight which must have been heavier than she had acknowledged to herself, and when, on the ride home, a great, mangy dog peered at her from a ditch and sent her temperamental horse into a gallop, she let him have his head, laughing at the servants' frightened protests.

THE following day my father returned. He had been held up an entire evening, he said, by something that occurred at a village on his way home. The villagers had greeted him with the news that one of their children, a boy of six, had just been killed by a wolf. The distraught parents explained how the child had come to them and insisted that he was being stalked by something, but when they asked him what it looked like, he said it was a tiger. They laughed and told him that there were no tigers within several hundred miles, and sent him away, telling him to go tend to his duties with the goats. Then last evening, when he and the other herd boys were driving their goats home, a pair of wolves suddenly appeared among them; one seized this child, and both vanished with him down a dry *nullah*.

The brutes must have wandered down from the jungle and selected the outskirts of this village for their stalking ground. No one had seen them before that evening, but two or three goats had disappeared mysteriously and the village dogs had seemed more than usually restless. The child, who had never seen a tiger or a wolf in his life, had no way of making his story believed. They would probably have paid even less attention if he had said wolf instead of tiger. He felt that he was being relentlessly dogged, and he was right. With the instinct of their breed for selecting a particular victim and waiting for the chance to make their kill, the wolves



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had singled him out from all the other children of the village.

Whenever my mother told me this story she ended on a wistful note: "Even if I had saved him that first time, wouldn't *they* have got him sooner or later? But if only I had known, if only I had believed him!"

—CHRISTINE WESTON

•

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We get your letters here.
We get them in the evening at dusk,
Keeping our five-pace interval, hiding
In the shrub, listening for our names
As the young sergeant with the high-pitched voice
Reads them off and hands them out.
We take them silently, and as silently
Go to our holes in the ground, clutching
Our passport to the bull session in the chow line.

"My boss says the war will be over by Christmas, and he oughta know. He's got a lotta connections in Washington."
"My wife says the kid is starting to walk."
"My girl says she looked Anzio up on a map and she's worried because it's close to Cassino. How d'ya like that?"

We get your letters here
And read them by the light of insect repellent
With a piece of tent rope as a wick.
The noises of the shells and the bombs
Are still there. But they can't compete
With the kid in Michigan taking his first step
Or the muffled sound of jazz on Fifty-second Street
Or the boss and his connections. Or the noise
Of an alarm clock ticking in the silence
Of a bedroom.

We get your letters here
And carry them with us to the front,
Take them to the ditches we hide in
When the planes strafe and the ground erupts,
Read them to each other and talk of home,
Of the farms and the rolling lands of Maine,
Of Shubert Alley and the dust of Georgia.
Our immortality is tucked in our pockets
And we're somehow safe and immunized
Against Death.
We get your letters here.

—PVT. ALBERT MORGAN

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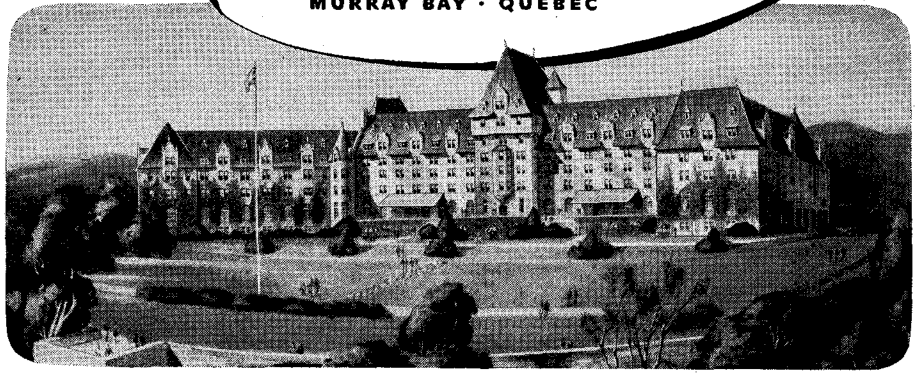

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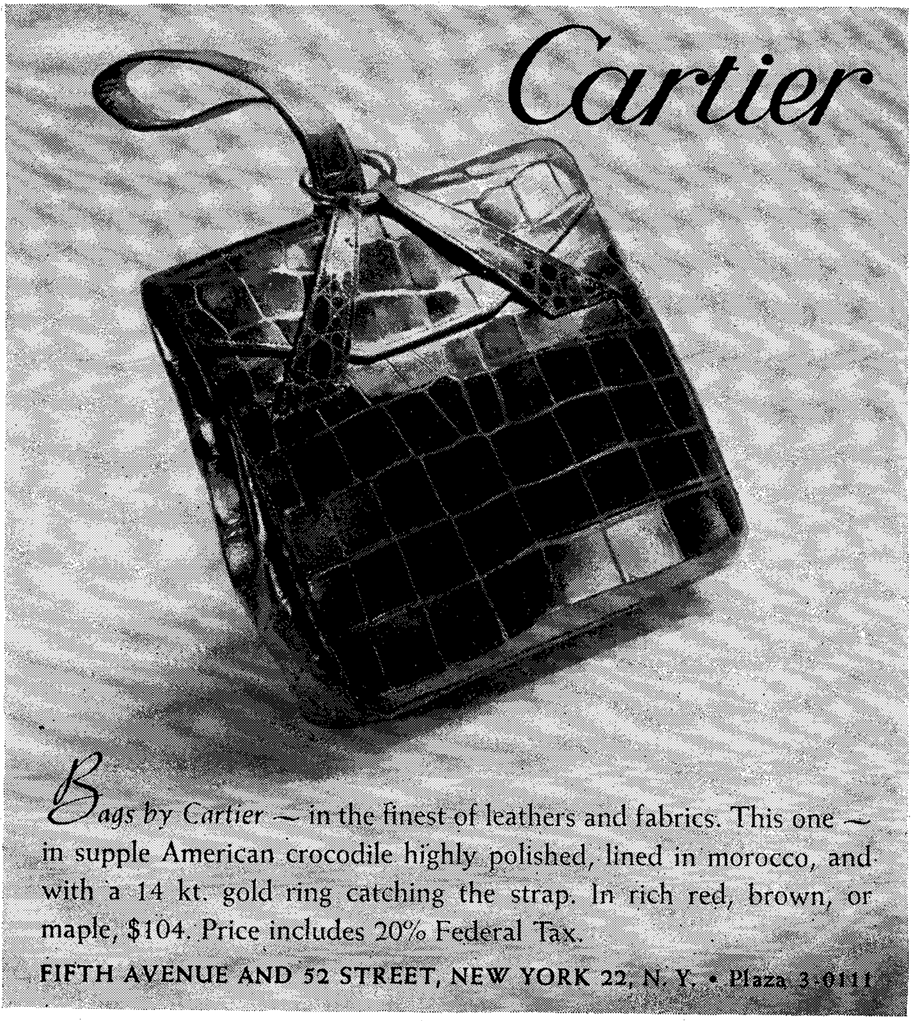

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

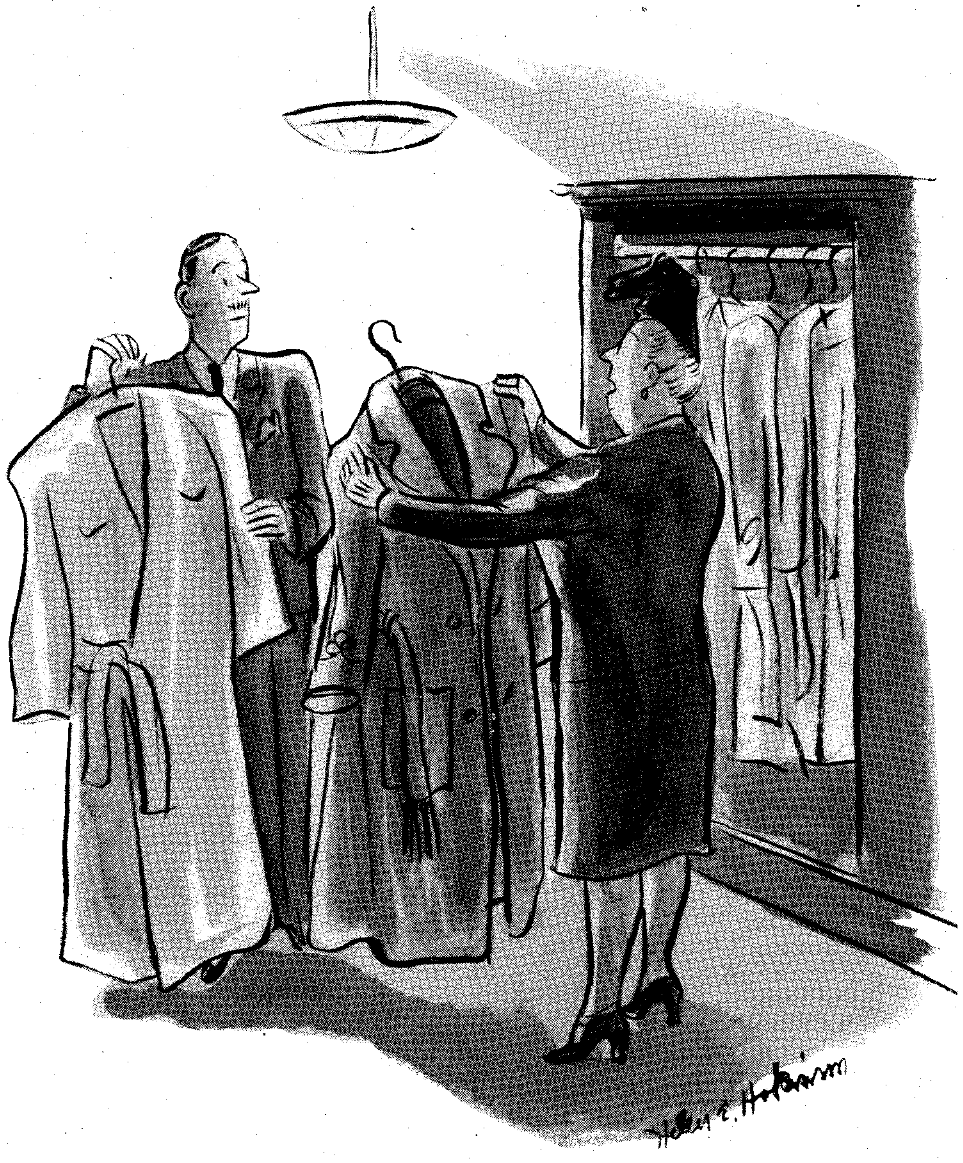
Although you may have one or two more important things on your mind, you may want to give one brief thought to having your furs remodelled. Now, naturally, Is The Time, and the furriers say that you can't start too early to suit them, because the labor shortage—skilled fur workers make wonderful precision mechanics—has hit them hard. Not that they're complaining, of course. The war has had still another odd effect on furs. The soot from the soft coal being burned these days has made nutria and beaver mat more than usual and has made black furs rapidly lose their lustre, so coats need glazing and cleaning more often. Tinkering with the furs you have is expensive, but it is a mere, mere nothing compared to making a brand-new start. So here are a few notions on fur remodelling, straight from the fountainheads of knowledge.

To begin with, Gunther says that tuxedo fronts are a simple and practical device for bringing an old coat up to date, and so are close-fitting cardigan necklines. Like most of the shops, Gunther inclines to three-quarters and seven-eighths lengths, with backs loosely cut to emphasize the slenderness of the skirts beneath. . . . Jaeckel goes in for natural shoulders, wide sleeves, and deep cuffs, but, for a change, he also shows bishop sleeves. This place is clever at soft, dressmaker touches on the yokes, cord bindings, and an expert gather or tuck here and there. . . . Revillon Frères like straight, narrowish coats, and they have a talent for embellishments that relieve the rigidity of this style, like drapery at the top of the shoulders or gathers at either side of the neckline. Their tuxedo coats are often collarless in back, and the attached revers are wide at the top and narrowing toward the hemline. . . . Trencher, at 649 Fifth Avenue (52nd), also dotes on tuxedo styles, sometimes collarless in back, with revers narrow at the top and wide toward the hem, sometimes with gathers at the back of the neck beneath small collars that roll down the front. It's his opinion, furthermore, that heavy figures are flattered by short front yokes with gathers beneath.

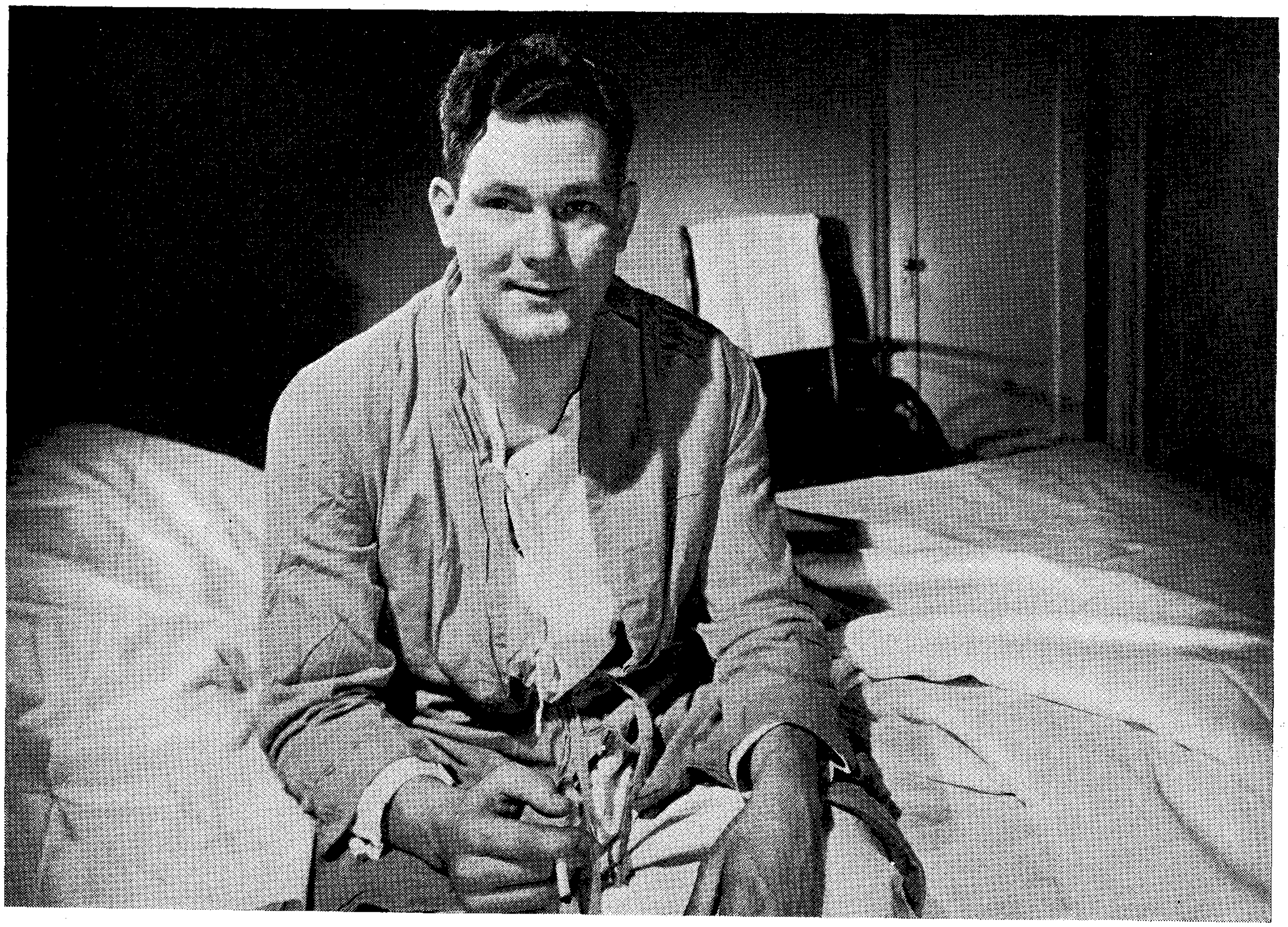
Women who are sturdily practical about remodelling might not be especially interested in Maximilian, at 20 West 57th Street, but less exacting ladies will like the high-style aspect of his designs. He has wonderful ways of redoing flat furs (including American broadtail), making long, slender sleeves with broad shoulders on, say, fitted jackets that have flaring peplums. Hip-length tunics acquire tiny turnover collars, bloused backs, and modified melon sleeves. Russian broadtail wrap-around coats may be given satin sashes that tie in a bow on one hip; nutria is refashioned on mandarin lines; short fox capes are attached to black silk gilets. An idea a minute around here, and all of them terrifically bright.

Rainer, at 17 East 55th Street, is another man aboil with notions about reconstruction. He likes to use wool to face standing collars and to make tiny yokes and wide cuffs on short jackets. He doesn't care for large sleeves, and employs wide cuffs only to balance a short coat. On long coats, he'll use hand-knit Ascots, place a knit band at the waistline to keep it slender, and add small, tight, hand-knit cuffs. He is also good at making capes, cut to dip slightly in the back, out of an old coat.

Esther Dorothy, at 78 East 56th Street, combines horse sense with great originality. If an old coat needs a lot of additional skins to revive it, she suggests cutting it down into, for one thing, a mannishly tailored jacket with a one-button fastening, revers, narrow sleeves, and turnback cuffs. It'll look beautiful in such flat furs as Persian, American broadtail, and caracal. If your coat is leopard, she will change everything but the spots when she converts



"I want something that anybody in Larchmont can find him in unexpectedly."



Today he smiled for the first time . . .

HIS WOUND HAD HEALED . . .

But when he lit a cigarette, his hand shook . . . and any sudden noise would make him start and tremble . . . and then he'd break out in a cold sweat.

For the sounds of war beat through his head . . . and he couldn't forget. Then they tried music . . . soft music all day long . . . and the melodies reached into his tortured mind, soothing, peaceful, familiar.

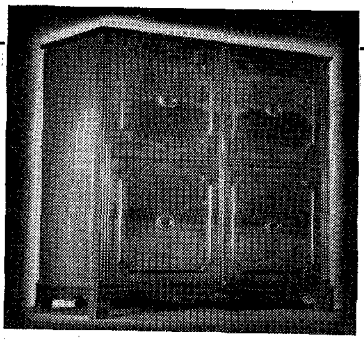
Today he smiled for the first time . . .

Yes, there's a power in music . . . a power to heal, a power to relax, a power to give men fresh courage and hope.

Right now our only job—and our great obligation to our fighting men—is to produce the radios and communications equipment for war.

But when Victory is finally won we will again bring you all the radio pleasure of FM—all the richness of music and natural reproduction of your favorite program through a Stromberg-Carlson.

OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for Victory to bring our boys home!



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it into a loose box jacket. Old, *old* coats, which contain only a bit of fur worth retrieving, can make triangular kerchiefs. Two silver-fox skins can become a stole, with a point in back and loops at the bottom in front which can serve as a muff or as bracelet-length cuffs—good to dress up a plain black coat or suit. And the shop loves to make fur hats and fur-cuffed suède gloves, particularly from a long-haired skin like fox.

THAT for next winter! Now back to today. Saks-Fifth Avenue is full of pretty, fresh hostess gowns that have nothing of the boudoir about them. There are Mexican cotton-and-rayon prints—some with bright, all-over flower designs, others with a large purple orchid spattered here and there, still others adorned with bullfighter scenes. All these are simply cut, with high backs, V slashes to the waistline in front with a grosgrain bow beneath, peg-top pockets, and short sleeves. Then there are Madame Récamier affairs with pink or jade-green rayon linen tops and black rayon linen skirts that come up in an inverted V high on the diaphragm. (These last are $19.95, most of the others are around $40, and they are all in the negligee department.) Ladies who secretly, or just plain openly, have a fondness for raffish lingerie will like a slinky black rayon crêpe affair with long, tight sleeves and a black mousseline ruffle cascading from the neck to the hemline. On the other hand, hoydens who want to look ingénue will make straight for a white embroidered cotton one with a square, ruffled décolletage, short sleeves, a skirt gathered below a hip yoke, and pink rosebuds at the waistline. Moreover, there are lots of longish tunics with narrow pajama pants. I think that in general this type of thing is faintly frightful, but some of the samples here are fine indeed, particularly a white eyelet-embroidered tunic with a round, collarless neck slashed to the waistline and a black rayon crêpe sash. It is shown with narrow black rayon crêpe trousers, but it could also be worn with a skirt.

BERNATH, at 571 Madison Avenue (56th), crashes through every now and then with a raincoat that is equally useful in dry weather. This time it is reversible, with wide lapels, pockets both inside and out, turnback cuffs, and (as you might expect) excellent tailoring. It's made of black, brown, navy, red, or green rayon taffeta and has a matching or contrasting checked lining.

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For the Bride

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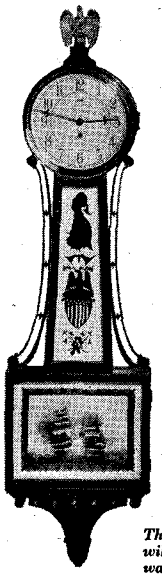

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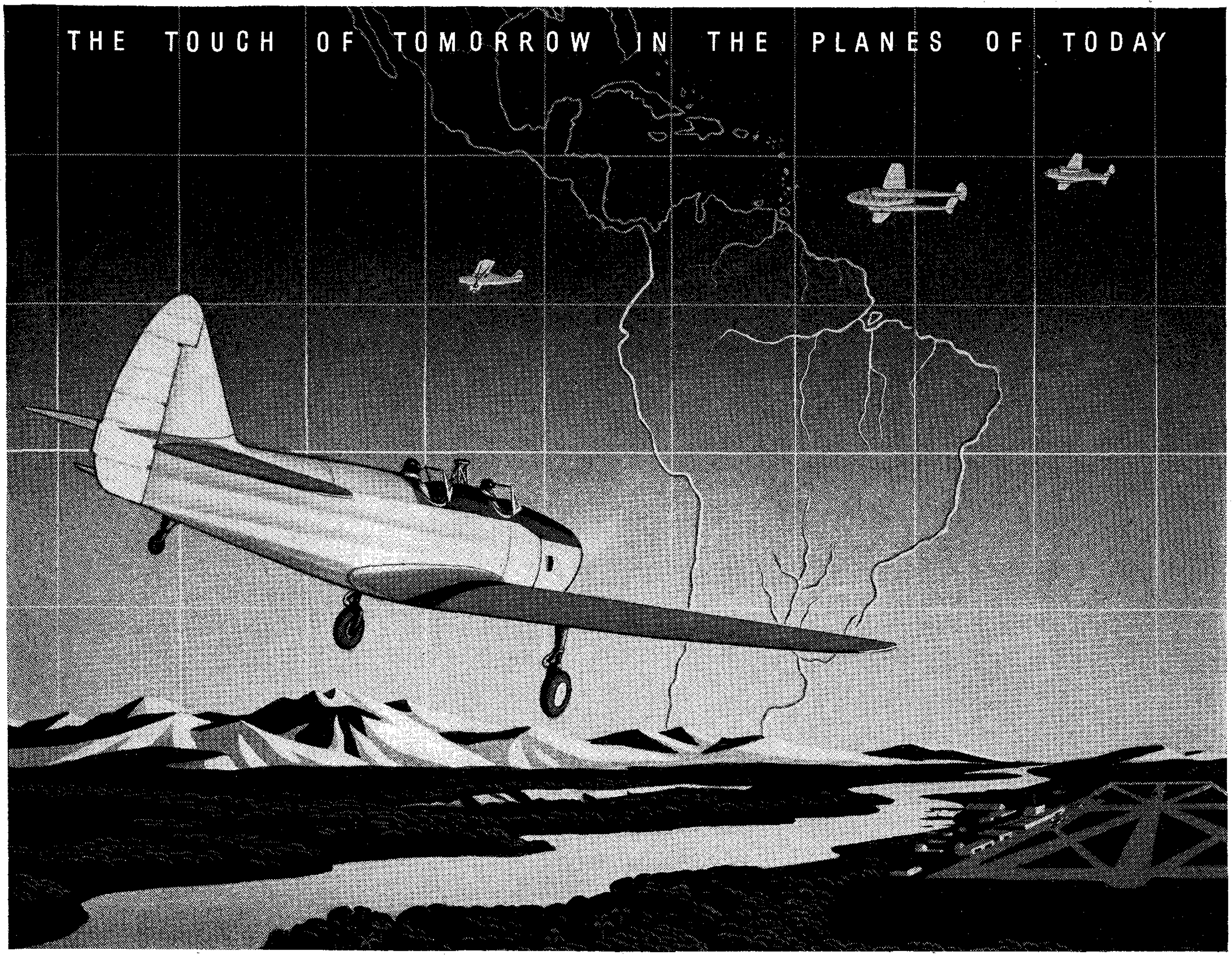
THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

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Vast land areas—far reaches of the interior—fabulously rich—beckon our vigorously air-minded amigos. Air trails already web the maps.

Fairchild planes play a vital role in the ambitious plans of the Latin American nations. They have long been familiar sights in the skies above Brazil, Chile, Ecuador, El Salvador, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay and Uruguay. Colombia and Peru will see them soon. Fairchilds ply the Amazon trade routes for *Panair do Brasil.* Many are used in private flying.

Hundreds of Fairchild PT-19's train military pilots of these nations. Still others serve as military taxicabs for air force liaison. Keen interest is being shown in the multi-purpose Fairchild AT-21. And still greater attention follows the development of the revolutionary new Fairchild all-metal Cargo plane.

Today, in her own factories, Brazil is turning out Fairchild planes and soon will be building Ranger engines. From Fairchild and Ranger engineers she is acquiring the knowledge and engineering data necessary to produce them in quantity.

Whatever the direction of their aviation activities, these nations have had the friendly, interested cooperation of Fairchild's experts, backed by the full resources of an organization whose credo it has always been to build "the touch of tomorrow in the planes of today."

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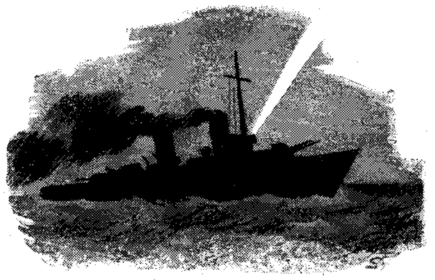
The price is $49—a lot for most raincoats, but not for this one. While we are all standing around Bernath's shop, we might as well consider his excellent tailored blouses, either ready to wear or to order. The custom ones take two weeks, which isn't bad for 1944. The fabrics are classic and splendid—men's English cotton shirtings, English washable striped-silk shirtings, and silk foulards of all sorts. The shop is particularly proud of its natural, heavy silk shantung (very scarce now, they tell me), which it makes up into blouses with convertible collars, action-pleat backs, and long sleeves with double cuffs. This fabric also appears in swagger coats with pigskin yokes. Mmm! There is thinner silk shantung in black for blouses, and you can have custom skirts or slacks to accompany these.

Peck & Peck have worked out a weekend ensemble idea that seems weird at first but grows on you. There are cotton gabardine slacks, shorts, and short-sleeved cardigans in several colors, the most effective of which is the red. To go with these, there are tailored or ruffled shirts, dirndl skirts, one-piece bathing suits, and sun-back dresses, all of a giddily printed balloon cloth. The shirts and dirndl skirts are gipsyish and attractive for cocktails and dinner in the country, and the shirts look swell with the gabardine slacks and shorts. I wouldn't buy a lot of items in a collection like this, though—looks too stunty. Peck & Peck also have sun dresses and bathing suits made of a print cotton with a shamrock design in colors no shamrock ever knew—blue ground with pink-and-white shamrocks, red ground with gray-and-white ones, and so on. The sun dresses have a drawstring top so that they may be worn strapless as well as with a buttoned-on grosgrain halter; the bathing suits have a bra top, a single grosgrain shoulder strap, and a short, circular skirt. And there's a one-piece white Celanese rep play suit that is especially well tailored. It has a turnover collar, short sleeves, smoked-pearl button fastenings, and pleated shorts. The tried-and-true old buttoned-down-the-front



MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

THERE'S an interesting assortment of American music in the recent Victor releases. One of them (Victor 10-1089) presents Louis Gottschalk's "The Banjo," orchestrated quite smartly by Quinto Maganini. My own first meeting with Gottschalk's music, many years ago, involved "The Dying Poet," a piano piece that was no fun to play or to hear. This salon affair started me off wrong with Gottschalk, who, I later learned, was by no means a mere concocter of sweet sighs but knew how to write effectively for the piano and how to set down the dance rhythms of his time. There are romantic tales about Gottschalk, who was born in New Orleans in 1829 and who died in Rio de Janeiro in 1869 after a reasonably spectacular career, and he may yet get into a biographical movie, along with some of his fetching melodies. "The Banjo" is played brightly by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler's direction. With it you get a "Jazz Legato" and a "Jazz Pizzicato," composed by Leroy Anderson. This is smooth, neat, and tidy, but nothing for the bobby-sock clientele.

The Boston Symphony, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, offers Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings in E major, a composition, written thirty-six years ago, which demonstrates the fine craftsmanship and musical feeling of its author. It is given a rich, glowing performance, too (Victor DM-962). As for music of our own time, we have Samuel Barber's effective overture, "The School for Scandal." It is well handled by the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, led by Werner Janssen (Victor 11-8591). This music, which has had many hearings from many orchestras, does not pall on repetition. Even more recent is Morton Gould's "Latin-American Symphonette," made up of short and attractive movements in various Western Hemisphere rhythms, and handsomely turned out by the Rochester Philharmonic, José Iturbi in charge (Victor DM-964).

RECORDS by the All-American Orchestra continue to be issued, although the orchestra at present is not in

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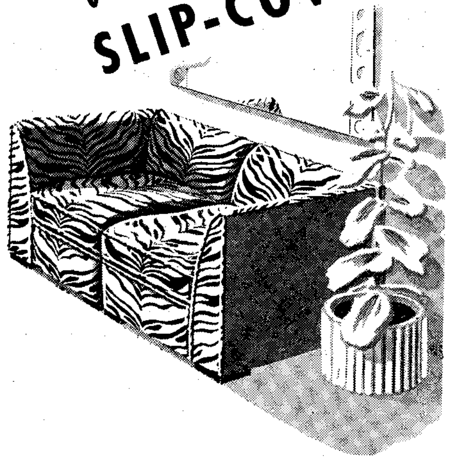

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operation. The latest is a doubling of the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer-Night's Dream Music" and the prelude from the Bach E-major violin partita, the latter orchestrated by Leopold Stokowski, who conducts both performances (Columbia 11983-D). The works receive brisk, crisp treatment, and whether or not you agree with the interpretations, you'll find it a stimulating disc. Columbia also has a new recording of Haydn's 103rd symphony, generally known as the "Drum Roll" symphony (Columbia M-547), which is excellently played by the Hallé Orchestra, of Manchester, England, directed by the late Leslie Heward. It receives a warm and hearty performance, just what this music ought to have but doesn't always get.

LATE Debussy and early Dohnanyi provide a couple of first recordings. The accomplished piano team of Bartlett and Robertson plays Debussy's curious and rather touching "En Blanc et Noir" beautifully (Columbia X-241). Edward Kilenyi and the Roth String Quartet collaborate for Dohnanyi's Quintet for piano and strings, Opus 1, written when the composer was eighteen. The Quintet is a valuable and engaging addition to chamber-music collections. For a sample of later Dohnanyi, Mr. Kilenyi adds an excerpt from the composer's "Ruralia Hungarica," which is brilliantly run off on Columbia M-546.

IF you're a specialist in Mozart's operatic airs, you owe it to yourself to listen to Bidu Sayao's singing of "Batti, Batti" and "Vedrai, Carino" from "Don Giovanni," to orchestral accompaniment (Columbia 71577-D). Her voice is fresh and fetching and she doesn't have the self-consciousness that overtakes many sopranos when they are confronted with Mozart. The conductor is Erich Leinsdorf, who, like Samuel Barber and Edward Kilenyi, already mentioned in this column, is now in the Army. —R. A. S.

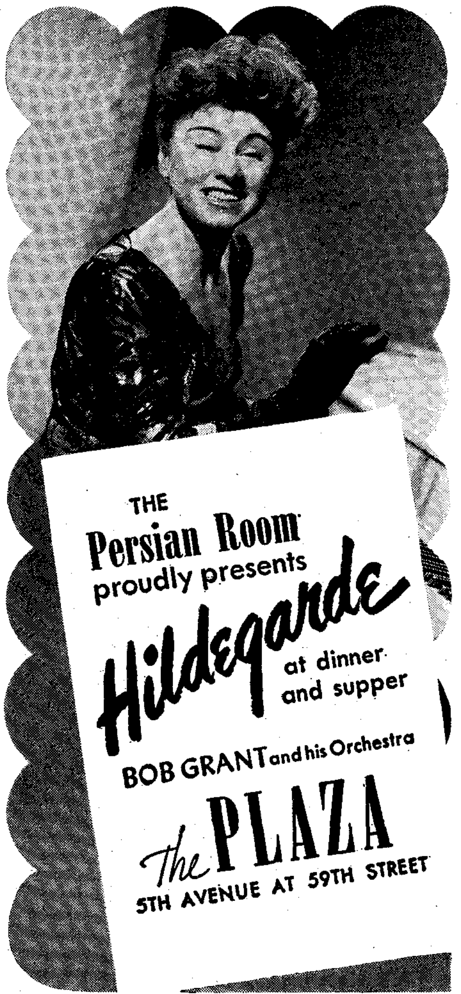
•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Perfume adv. in The New Yorker*]

. . . and so it is, my dearest one, that wherever I find myself, in whatever company I stand, I think only of that moment—that moment when, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," we shall soar together to the stars. Until that precious moment comes, may your dreams reveal the message that surges from my very being.

Yours alone
Cobra



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of town came out in droves to watch, in silence, the Germans making their getaway in their *Volkswagen*. The Germans drove their vehicles three and four abreast to speed up their departure, and when they came to narrow streets, they rode along the sidewalks so as to keep formation. In the southern end of town, when our troops and tanks began carefully to probe their way inside the city limits, the Romans were noisy. German rear-guard machine-gun units and snipers were still holding out there, but the Italians, unmindful of the fact that they were in No Man's Land, emerged from their homes cheering, brandishing bottles of wine, throwing kisses, and congratulating each other on what they knew was a great Allied victory. —DANIEL LANG

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Along These Streets," by Struthers Burt*]

Spaniel eyes, thought Felix, but he has more to him than that or he wouldn't be wearing an orange carnation in his buttonhole. —*Page 242.*

Mr. Wilde's smile was a pained grimace in which the spaniel eyes played no part; they were constantly watchful and speculative, but there was at the same time a tired gentleman in them. —*Page 242.*

"Asomatic?" inquired Mr. Wilde. He had picked up a pencil and was playing with it. Every now and then, as he studied Felix, in the spaniel eyes were little flashes of light, darting across their surfaces like furtive lizards. —*Page 244.*

The lizards darted in and out of the spaniel eyes. —*Page 250.*

Mr. Wilde nodded soberly, although the lizards were busy. —*Page 250.*

He studied Felix with questioning spaniel eyes for a moment and then leaned forward. —*Page 265.*

He looked up at Felix and the lizards darted in and out of his eyes. —*Page 266.*

The lizards gleamed in the spaniel eyes. —*Page 268.*

The spaniel eyes widened into his. —*Page 272.*

The spaniel eyes were reminiscent. —*Page 318.*

There was an unexpected hardness in the spaniel eyes. —*Page 319.*

The lizards darted in and out of Mr. Wilde's eyes. —*Page 322.*

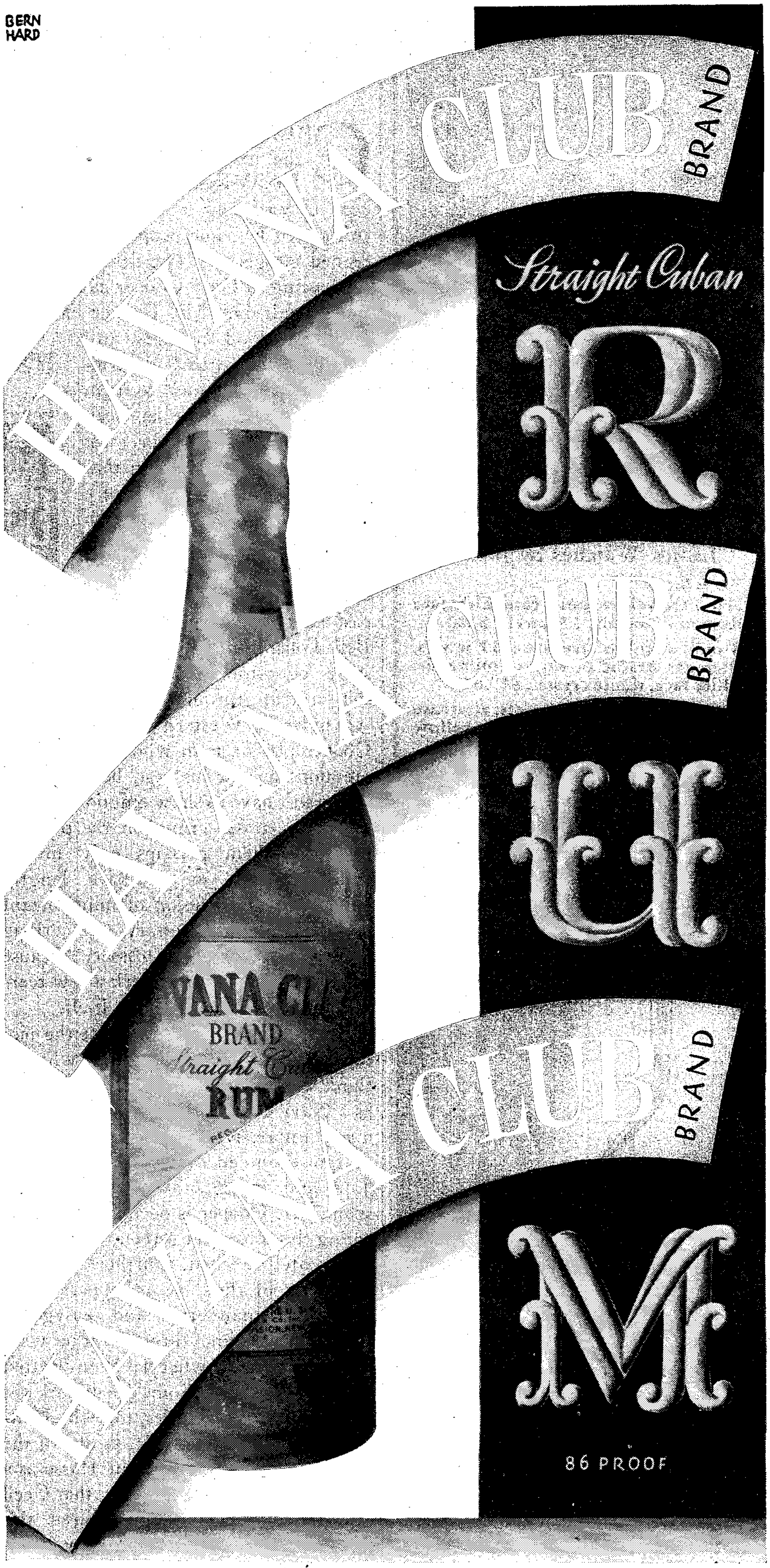
Mr. Wilde's spaniel eyes were reflective. —*Page 322.*

The lizards darted in and out of Mr. Wilde's eyes. —*Page 375.*

He was sitting on the edge of his chair, staring at Doctor Ambruster with his spaniel eyes . . . —*Page 531.*

Far back in the spaniel eyes, usually so unrevealing, Felix had seen, despite Mr. Wilde's resigned acceptance, a small naked figure, the color of sweetbreads, peering out from the entrance of its cave, its face rigid with fear. —*Page 544.*

The spaniel eyes narrowed.—*Page 546.*



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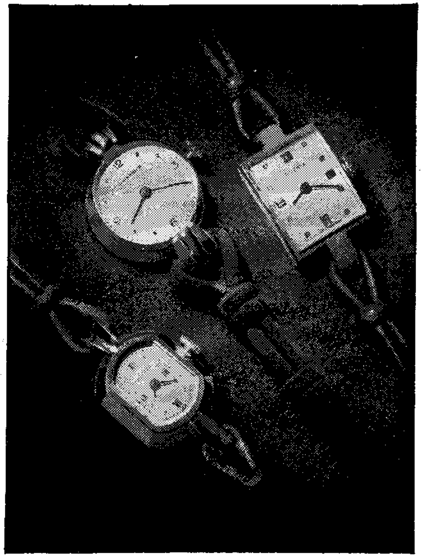

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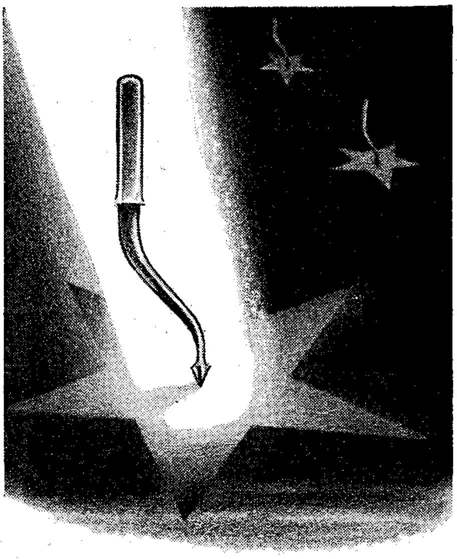

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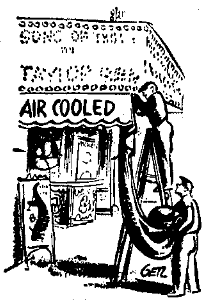
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Uphill Struggle

CRIMES have been committed in the making of "The Story of Dr. Wassell" which almost succeed in wrecking it and may even be considered by some people to have succeeded altogether. The first crime was the casting of Gary Cooper as the Doctor. In his day, Mr. Cooper has been in some good pictures and might be said to have contributed fairly handsomely to them himself, but lately he has been going downhill, and in most cases his trouble has been that his part called for more than a stalwart figure of a man with a weather-beaten countenance and a melting effect on women. The one time he was well cast recently was in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in which he was much the same close-mouthed man of action, with a firm grip on his emotions, as he was in his old Western days. When Mr. Cooper plays a man who doesn't show emotion, he's at his best, because then he doesn't have to show emotion. There are other, lesser crimes in the picture, some of them perhaps only misdemeanors, such as excessive length, caused by the intrusion of unimportant episodes, and unnecessary tear jerking and flag waving, unnecessary because the story, basically, can jerk a few tears and wave a mean flag all by itself.

It is owing to the story that the picture manages to pull through, which I think it does, barely. The real Wassell, as a Navy doctor in Java, accomplished a very impressive job in evacuating nine or ten wounded sailors in spite of the Japs and many other obstacles, and while Mr. Cooper is occupied in duplicating this job on the screen, you can get legitimately excited. Furthermore, the character of the Doctor, apparently a very mild-mannered and easygoing naval officer, comes through rather well, simply because of what has been written down in the script. Some good work has been done in minor rôles, too—by Dennis O'Keefe, for example, as one of the wounded men, and by Signe Hasso as a Dutch nurse. You might say that Cecil B. DeMille, who manufactured this picture, recognized a good story when he heard it and went ahead and almost made a hash of it, but not quite.



A PROMINENT public enemy shows up as rather a good egg in "Roger Touhy, Gangster," in which only the latter part of Touhy's career is described. About all you see the fellow do is pull one pretty harmless snatch and knock off one guard in a jail break, and between adventures he seems to be amiable enough, although maybe a shade neurotic. Touhy is played by Preston Foster, and his lieutenant, "Owl" Banghart, by Victor McLaglen. The high spot in the film is a gag. Touhy, in prison with a ninety-nine-year sentence, begins to pace up and down in his cell, saying, "Ninety-nine years! I can't do ninety-nine years. I'll go nuts!" His cell mate rolls over on his cot and says, "Well, do as much of it as you can, Roger." Now that you've heard that one, you may want to forego the rest of the picture, which is certainly your privilege. . . . A new little girl singer named Jane Powell is starred in "Song of the Open Road," a minor tribute to the Youth Hostels. Miss Powell doesn't look as though she will turn into another Deanna Durbin, although it is no doubt her studio's fervent hope that she will.

THE current documentaries aren't abreast of the invasion, but there ought to be some along after a while that are. The ones that are coming out now are about either recent operations in Italy or invasion preparations in England. The British Ministry of Information has produced a short called "Naples Is a Battlefield," which shows the Allies and Italians going about the business of putting Naples together again and gives you a good idea of the size of the postwar repair job as a whole. The Canadian "World in Action" film called "The Battle of Europe" deals with the battle of Europe as of a couple of weeks ago—that is, bombing. It has some good aerial-combat shots, but it's notable chiefly for being about the last of its kind we'll have. The commentary, too, contains probably the last comparison of England to a big aircraft carrier that will be made.—DAVID LARDNER

•

When will freedom-loving people throw off the yolk of their oppressors and walk again with head upraised?—*From an adv. in Tricolor.*

When they see the whites of your eyes, dear.

THE RACE TRACK

Tight Finish

THE big excitement at Aqueduct last week was the dead heat of Bossuet, Brownie, and Wait a Bit in the Carter Handicap on Saturday. Although dead heats between two horses have been fairly frequent since the installation of the photo-finish, those involving three horses are something else again. I could find, as a matter of fact—and I made it my business to look—only one other three-cornered tie for first place in the records of American racing. It happened in Detroit two years ago, and the runners, if anybody cares, were Sabra, Cutloose, and Queen Echo, animals I never heard of before, or since. The Carter was really a good show. Apache, who hadn't run since the Paumonok at Jamaica two months ago, led for more than half a mile; then Bill Sickle, who carried the lightest weight in the race, passed him and seemed to be winning until Brownie, Bossuet, and Wait a Bit came along with a great rush in the last furlong.

Nobody made much money on the Carter. Because the purse was split three ways, each winner earned only $3,650, which seemed little enough for his efforts. A great many people, to whom the mechanics of the pari-mutuel are slightly less than crystal-clear, were flabbergasted at the tote payoff. Tickets on Bossuet, the even-money favorite, were worth only $2.40; those on Wait a Bit, whose approximate odds were 6 to 1, paid $3.50; and those on Brownie, who was 10 to 1, paid $4.30. The reason for this was that the pool had to be divided three ways. That, however, is as far as I care to go into mathematics today.

The first dead heat I ever saw on the New York tracks was, as it happened, in a running of the Carter. The two horses concerned were Macaw and Nedana. That was back in the dim, dark days when some placing judges insisted that there couldn't possibly be such things as dead heats, so there were only a few a season. Eight years or so ago, most tracks installed complicated, high-speed photographic apparatus for recording finishes. Just to give you a rough idea how much quicker, and more accurate, the camera is than the eye, there were three hundred and fourteen dead heats, one hundred and two of them for first place, on American race courses last year.

I AM frank to admit that I got little amusement out of the earlier racing at Aqueduct last week. The mile-and-a-sixteenth of the Queens County Handicap, on the opening day of the meeting, was a bit too far for Bossuet, who is the stoutest fellow for his size I've come across in a long time, but it wound him up for the Carter. On the other hand, the distance suited First Fiddle perfectly and he won by lengths. This former selling plater—and aren't there a lot of them running in $50,000 races these days?—is worth remembering for the Brooklyn Handicap a week from Saturday.

IT may be that I'm noticing such things more, but the current crop of two-year-olds seems to be almost a vintage lot, or anyhow the best in several seasons. There is no wonder child among them, unless you're so dazzled by mere speed that you believe Flood Town is a once-in-a-lifetime horse. Before Hindu Kush ran, and won, the other afternoon, there was a tip that he was better than his stablemate, Burg-el-Arab. My advice is not to believe a word of it. Hindu Kush is a nice colt, but Jeep, Guam, Paricutin, Big Deal, Esteem, and Burg-el-Arab are nice colts too. I'm sorry to report, incidentally, that the coughing sickness, which shows up every year and to which younger horseflesh is especially susceptible, is running wild through some of the larger stables.

AN outsideman, footsore and dusty, comes from Boston with a heartening tale. It seems that after a disqualification at Suffolk Downs last week the crowd tried to break up the starting gate. Colonel Martingale, the old ringleader, who can tell you exactly how many good horses have been hurt in the contraption, is ready to start a brand-new scrap drive, beginning with the stall gates at Aqueduct. —AUDAX MINOR

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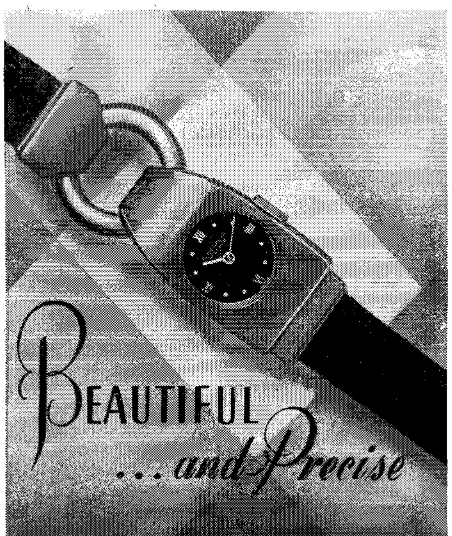
ROOM for man, on Chula Vista bus. 1444 Highland ave., National City.—*San Diego Tribune-Sun.*

Things are easing up in this country.



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BOOKS

The Memoirs of Esmé of Paris

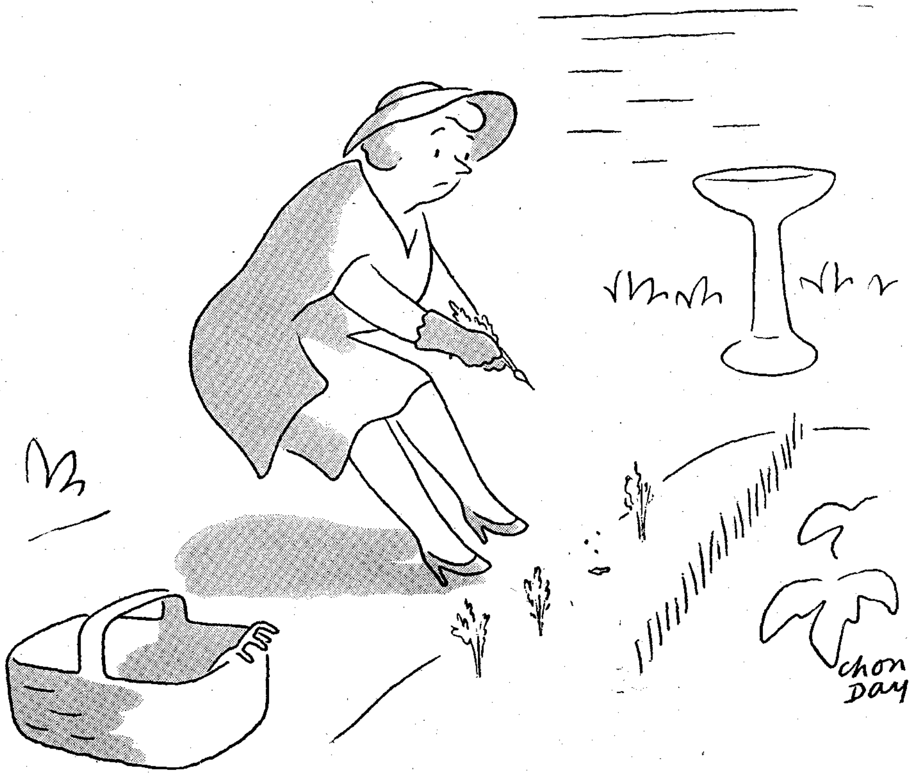
AN autobiography called "Esmé of Paris" (Appleton-Century) has arrived as a relief and a surprise among the trickle of half-baked fiction, trashy war books, Hollywoodized biographies, and bogus pronouncements on public affairs that sometimes makes the reviewer feel that we shall be lucky if we get through this period of history with the alphabet intact.

These memoirs of Esmé Davis have no literary pretensions whatever, but they make an enchanting book of a kind rather difficult to describe except by saying that it is like nothing so much as the semi-picaresque novels that Compton Mackenzie used to write about a character called Sylvia Scarlett. It ought to be said at the start, in fact, that the book tends to stir one's suspicion of a certain degree of inaccuracy. I am told that it would have been impossible for Miss Davis to have been admitted, as she says she was, to the American Academy in Rome at twelve; and, though she leads us to believe that she is perfectly at home in both Italian and Russian, she refers to Rodzianko as the president of the "Duomo," by which she means the Duma, and unaccountably translates as "foreigners" the common Russian word for "men." Yet, if her memory may sometimes have improved on her experience in the matter of literal fact, this by no means invalidates her book as the story of a human life. Remy de Gourmont said of Casanova that, if his memoirs were a pure fabrication, "very well, then, Casanova would be the greatest novelist that ever lived. But that is impossible: one does not invent such prodigiously varied material."

In reading the memoirs of Esmé, I was reminded of Casanova (though not by any erotic element). There are people whose adventures seem implausible, partly because they have brought to bear in telling them a certain art of the imagination, but also partly because the adventures themselves were originally to some extent the products of a dramatic imagination exercising itself in life. And the drama represented by the adventures is the expression of a mixed personality, an anomalous position in society, so unusual as to appear incredible.

The father of Esmé Davis, she tells us, was an Irishman of good Catholic family—they had some property but were rather decayed. He served in India with the Irish Guards and later married in London an opera singer who called herself Maria de Lisle, by whom he had a son and a daughter. The daughter was Esmé and her maiden name was Esmeralda Consuela Maria Holland (she took Davis as a name for the stage). Her mother was the daughter of a Spaniard, who owned a small line of freighters, and an Andalusian gipsy, who was a famous flamenco dancer. Esmé's mother and father did not live together long: Maria de Lisle, who was an incurable trouper, went back to the opera and concert stage, and her husband, deeply disappointed, became a businessman and banker in Canada. Esmé found herself knocking about Europe, very often under the care of her grandmother, who was now too old to dance and performed as a professional snake charmer, in an act called "A Night in India," with which she appeared in music hall and circus. The little girl went to ballet school in St. Petersburg and also served there a pretty tough apprenticeship to a brutal Polish circus trainer, who used to hit her on the back of the head till her nerves went to pieces and her sight became impaired, but he schooled her so thoroughly at six in bareback riding, trapeze, and tumbling that she was able to make her living in a child acrobatic act.

As she grew older, she was torn and confused between the elements of her so strangely mixed heritage: the pull of the theatrical world that was in her mother's blood, the pressure periodically brought to bear on her by her distant but anxious father to establish herself in conventional life, and her own quite distinct ambition to get herself a decent education, to study music and painting. When she succeeded in winning a scholarship at the American Academy in Rome, she was eventually snatched away by her mother before she had finished her course, and when she tried, in compliance with her father's wish, to adapt herself to a correct English school, or attempted, to please her mother, to settle down at fifteen with a nice English husband, she would presently find herself in trouble: in both cases she violated the code by turning out to be so accomplished a horsewoman—an interest in horses was the only thing she had in common with the upper-class British—that it could not be concealed any longer that she had once been a professional performer. She soon gravitated back to the stage, the only world where she was sure of her rôle. She danced with Pavlova and Diaghilev, and she perfected herself at trapeze; she sometimes designed her own scenery and originated her own acts, finally com-



bining trapeze work with dancing in a way that had never been done. She had much character and executive ability, and she very soon became a producer, organizing at the age of sixteen a ballet company of her own, which had, she says, a colossal success in Buenos Aires. Later she conceived and assembled a combination choir and rodeo of sixty emigré Cossacks, and took them on a gigantic tour from Argentina to Panama. When the top man on the galloping pyramid that was the climax of the Cossack show would be injured from getting thrown off, she would substitute for him herself.

But to summarize her story thus is to give no real idea at all of the shimmer and flicker of this exhilarating book. It is a book to be simply recommended rather than reviewed at length. One should say only that it is sharply set off from the usual kind of autobiography that is written by the famous actress or the smart dilettante who imagines she has seen a good deal of the world and known a great many celebrated people, by a sense of the hard things of life—of danger and of grinding labor, of the discrepancies of human relations, as well as of the triumphs of nerve and inventive imagination—that makes it the personal expression of an experience which is not superficial. The various members of the family—the well-bred father, who does not want to have Esmé play New York for fear his relatives will know about her yet is always coming to Europe to look after his children; the egoistic and rather silly mother who can never be depended upon; the snake-charming gipsy grandmother, who always "borrows" things instead of buying them; the bitter son who has been blinded in the war, who goes to live in a Trappist monastery and cultivates literature; Esmé herself, who sympathizes with them all and tries to do her best by all of them—none of them can really get on with the others, yet they are all involved with one another; and Esmé, though she has accepted her destiny, is never really quite at ease in her career: she will score some brilliant success, then she will be crippled by a dreadful fall; she is always trying to make herself leisure and a permanent place to live but always being forced back into the theatre. In her story there is, however, no self-pity, as there is no self-admiration or boasting; what makes it so touching is a strong human feeling, rather homeless and queerly diffused. In childhood she saw little of her parents and she was kept from associating with the children of the back-

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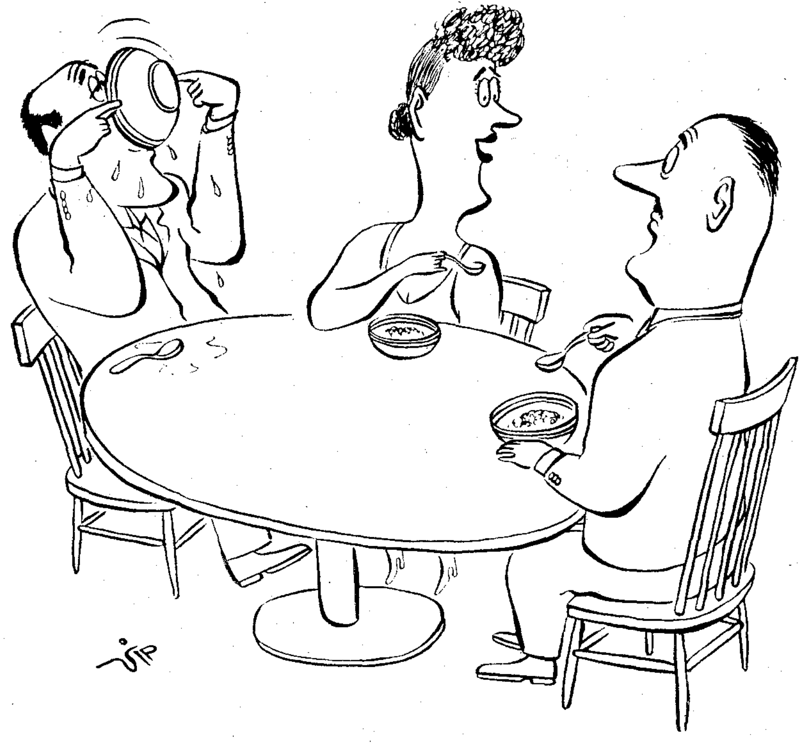

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stage world; she had to take care of her grandmother's snakes and she made friends with the animals in trained-animal acts, so her first objects of affection were animals, and the succession of pets in her life—the bulldogs, the boa constrictors, the lions, the leopards, the apes—appear in her autobiography on precisely the same plane as the humans. They seem also to serve, in a vicarious way—when they frighten or turn on people—to satisfy some impulse of savagery, some instinctive self-assertion of the outlaw, which is muffled in her direct relations with other human beings. The whole story is thus on a quite different basis from the memoirs of, say, Mabel Dodge Luhan. Miss Davis, like Mrs. Luhan, gives a vivid, phantasmagoric picture of that world between the two wars of which Miss Davis strikes the note when at one point she writes, "Paris was wonderful and filled with talented people whose only aim in life seemed to be giving each other as good a time as possible," but there is always felt behind the carnival, like the backstage of ballet and circus, a rock bottom of hard work, the constant struggle to keep oneself independent. Nor are the people one meets merely names or merely reputations: Legs Diamond or Jean Cocteau is a definite individual who responds to one and to whom one responds in a characteristic personal way. Nor are one's friends merely stooges that have been pressed into service to play a rôle in the drama of one's ego: they are people with whom one works or to whom one feels close for a time but who go away about their own business.

But again, in giving the book so much weight, I fail to convey the impression of how immensely entertaining it is.

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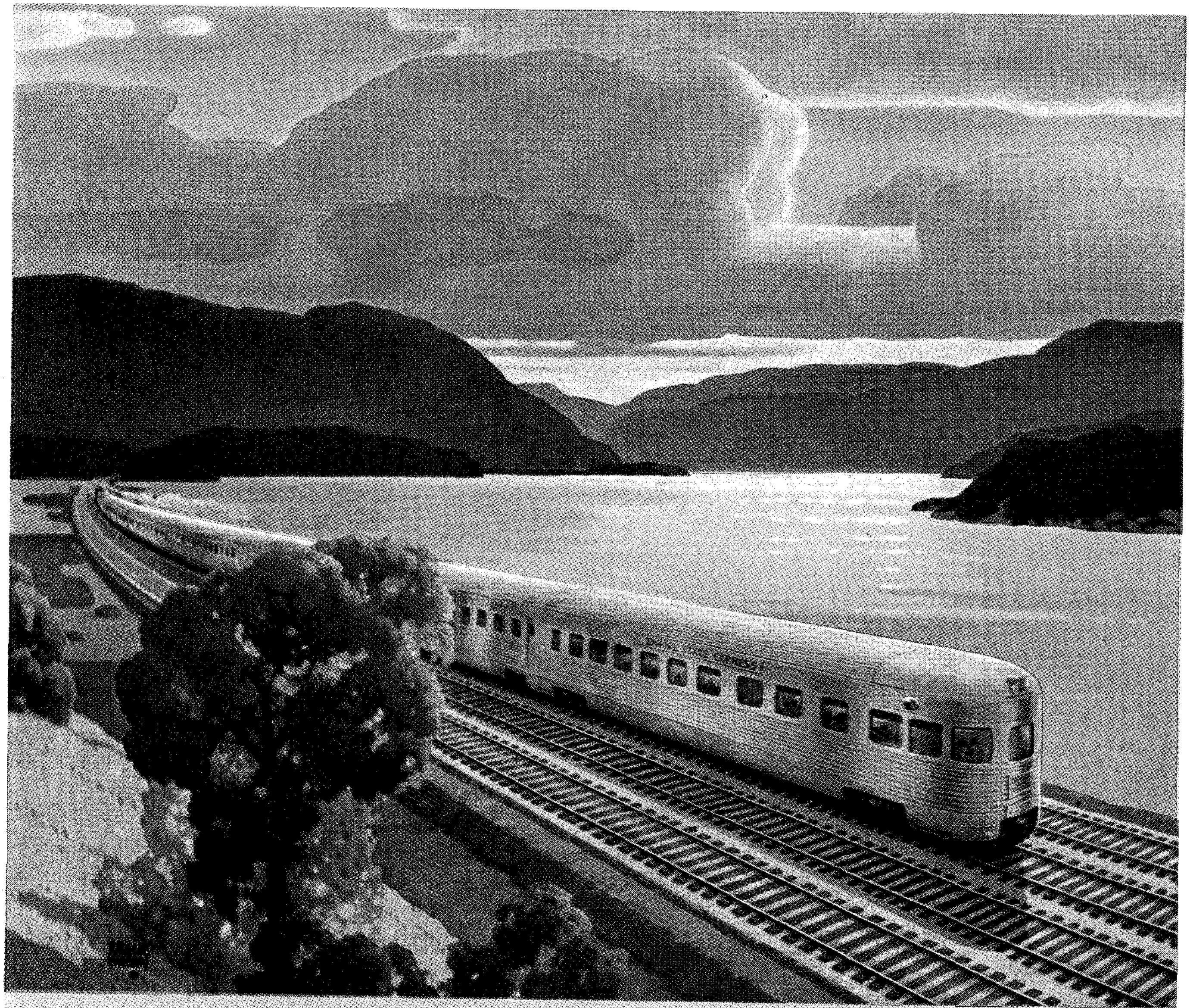

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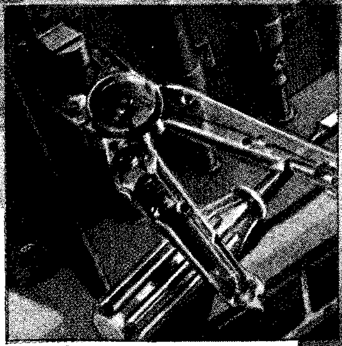

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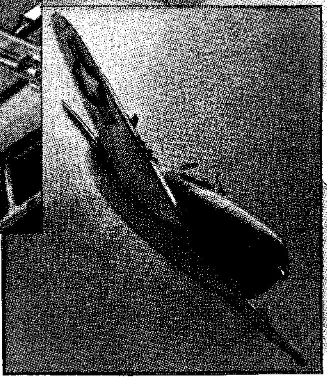

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Corrosion-resistant Lumarith insulation between the layers of wire on coils is typical of the new standards of insulating dependability this modern Celanese plastic has established throughout the electrical field. In all kinds of applications, from wire insulation to molded parts, Lumarith effectively guards against the "black hand of corrosion"—the greatest cause of electrical failure.

Lumarith C.A. (cellulose acetate) is only one of an important group of Celanese Plastics used in the electrical and many other fields. If you are thinking of plastics, why not consult with the pioneer of the plastics industry. Celanese Celluloid Corporation, The First Name in Plastics, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City 16, a division of Celanese Corporation of America.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CELANESE CORPORATION OF AMERICA . . . Textiles . . . Plastics . . . Chemicals

Miss Davis is not a writer, but she has learned from her theatrical experience a wonderful sense of pace and of charming the reader's attention; you go from cover to cover without noticing that you are reading at all. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE, by Eiluned Lewis (Macmillan). An idyllic account of a happy family living in a remote Welsh town some fifty years ago—likable, upstanding father who is master of a sailing vessel; charming, pretty mother; four nice children. Very little happens; the charm of the novel lies in its deep sense of peace and the tranquil dignity of the characters, which present a sharp contrast to our own lives today. Miss Lewis writes in a rather old-fashioned style, which nevertheless is engagingly direct and fresh.

WINTER QUARTERS, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan). The neatly written story of a British battery training for action in a small English town. Morning tea for second lieutenants and majors named Cameron-Leckie may seem not quite recognizable features of camp life to American readers, who, however, will probably find themselves agreeably but not too deeply involved in the loves and jealousies of the battery's officers and men.

THE DAY IS COMING, by William Cameron (Macmillan). A long, rather muddled, but not uninteresting story of a London metalworker who, when a young man, falls under the influence of William Morris and the Socialist League and for nearly half a century fights, with gusto and considerable good humor, the twin dragons of shoddy workmanship and capitalism. Mr. Cameron writes with astounding energy, but he seems unaware that a mass of instructive details on the history of a movement does not necessarily add up to a good novel.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN, by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin). A plausible novel about an unpleasant lady whose distinguishing characteristic is an almost psychopathic jealousy. Without giving away the plot, which is an important part of the book, it can be said that the heroine is not only a fiend during her lifetime but manages to reach out from the grave to wreck her husband's second

Boy... did Private Pringle take THIS objective!

We knew they were coming. A whole trainload of 'em. And we knew we only had 37 minutes to feed them and send them on their way. What a fine-looking, husky lot they were, swarming in here with their healthy young appetites! The kitchen looks like it was strafed by a pack of P-47's!

That's a common, everyday scene at Fred Harvey's these days. Our restaurants, hotels and dining cars are on America's most-traveled routes. Consequently they are the daily objectives of Private Pringle and tens of thousands of his buddies in the armed forces, needing tens of thousands of Fred Harvey meals every day as they travel across the country.

To meet this vital need we are serving more meals than ever before — and in the face of personnel shortages and food rationing. Moreover our civilian business, too, is vastly increased. Under these circumstances frills, of course, are out. Yes, and we'll admit, often it goes beyond that. The service can't always quite be up to the old Fred Harvey standard you've come to expect.

We're not complaining—*we are proud of our wartime assignment!* We are determined that Private Pringle and his buddies shall come first, that they shall get their meals on time and piping hot. If at times that means you aren't served so quickly . . . we know you understand.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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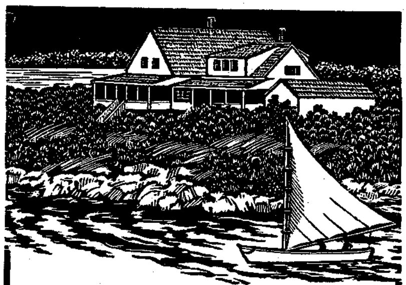

COME UP
AND SETTLE DOWN

Too many of us deny ourselves the realization of dreams because we think them unattainable. That home of your own of "someday," for instance—on a rugged headland or an offshore island down the Maine coast; a green lawned cottage in a quiet Maine village; a camp in the mountains or by an inland lake—do you *know* that you can't have it now?

This book pictures Maine the home land. It will enable you to catch the neighborly spirit of this state, where there are many home and farm properties available in moderate as well as in the higher cost brackets.

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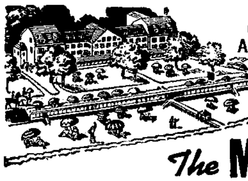

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Catering to a distinguished clientele
INDIAN NECK, BRANFORD, CONN.

marriage. None of this will tax the brain, but it will be quite satisfactory for what is known as summer reading.

In What Torn Ship, by Evelyn Eaton (Harper). A slight but rather heavy-footed novelization of the life of Pascal Paoli, who in the middle of the eighteenth century drove the Genoese out of his native Corsica and set up an enlightened government on the island. In the course of her story, Miss Eaton brings in Paoli's romantic love for Letizia Bonaparte and manages to include most of those facts about the liberation of Corsica which you'll find, though treated rather less skittishly, in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Good enough for anyone whose teeth don't happen to be set on edge by run-of-the-mill fictionized biography.

GENERAL

Faith, Reason, and Civilization, by Harold Laski (Viking). Mr. Laski, who still gives the impression that he is convinced he can lick several times his weight in dialectical wildcats (as he occasionally can), has tackled a subject which in the end proves a little too much for him. The world, he holds, is in need of a new faith, just as it was during the declining years of the Roman Empire, when Christianity began to find its followers. Mr. Laski, however, is unable to perceive any future hope or promise in Christianity; its principal achievement, he writes, "was to persuade the poor to accept their poverty in part by the promise of salvation and, in part, by imposing upon the rich an obligation to mitigate by charity the miseries of the poor." The hope of the future, he contends, lies in Russia and what he calls "the Soviet idea." This is what may be fairly described as the orthodox Stalinist position, and Mr. Laski, who has lost none of his dauntless enthusiasm for the completely collectivized state, accepts it without reservation. The real failing of his book, however, is not that it is largely the reiteration of the tenets of a dogma as rigid as that of the Pauline and Puritan fathers but that Mr. Laski rarely, if ever, shows any real comprehension of the complexities and subtleties of his subject. He consistently confuses the moral and spiritual values of Christianity, for example, with its various established forms, as represented by the several Christian churches, and finally, after writing a rather old-

Richard Decker

Three Soldiers on a Match

Sure they're superstitious about three-on-a-match—in battle. But here at the family table, there's nothing but pleasure ahead! For the dessert course, mom's serving . . .

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FRENCH ICE CREAM
On sale at better drug and confectionery stores; served in better hotels and restaurants.
AN ICE CREAM
OF RARE EXCELLENCE

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Justine Wayne
at her piano
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Lunch at
Monte Carlo

TODAY AS IN 1872
Abbott's BITTERS IS BEST!
For all mixed drinks
★ Best for cocktails since 1872 ★

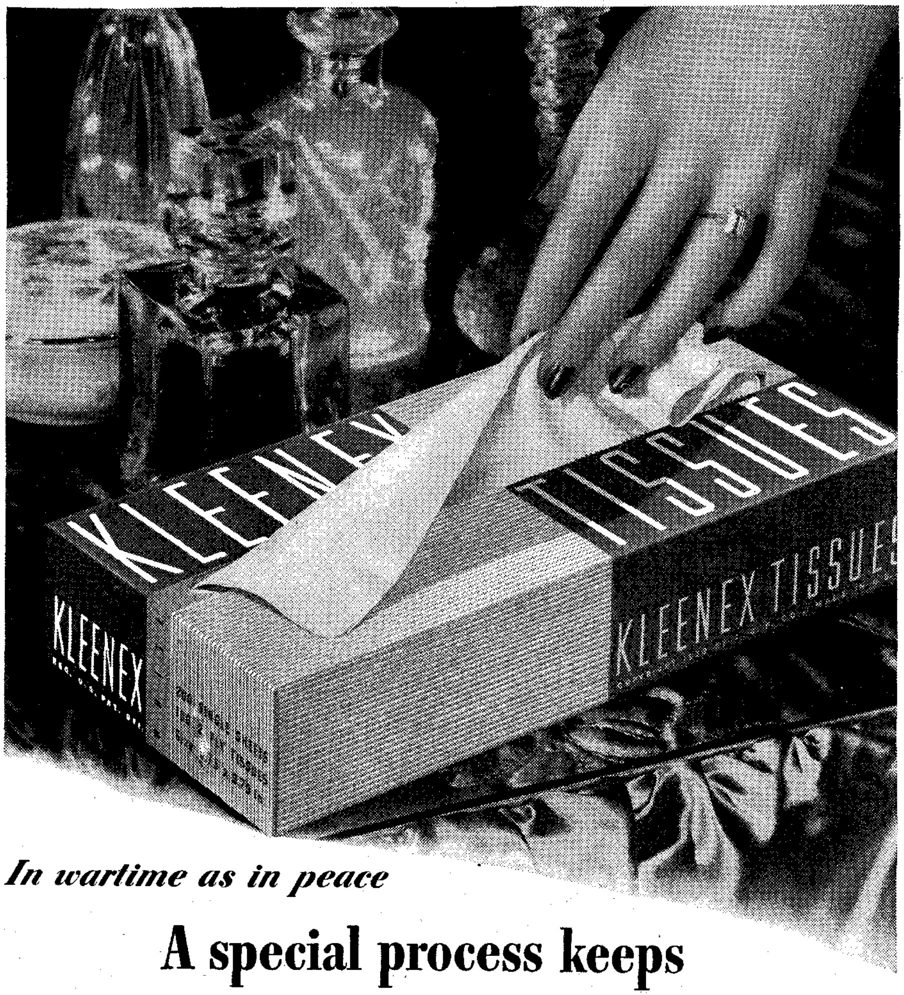
separate skirt that you wear over it has a plain back and a pleated front. The whole thing is $19.95 and, though not likely to change the shape of the world to come, is the sort of thing you can easily learn to love. . . . At Franklin Simon, there are Galey & Lord seersuckers in summertime colors like strawberry, lemon, grape, and blueberry, with contrasting overplaids. Bra and shorts sets are around $6; tailored blouses with convertible necks may be worn either inside or out of the dirndl fly-front skirts that go with them. Those of you who are searching for inexpensive cotton dresses will find one here, at $8.95. It's one-piece, buttoned down the front, and trimmed with white piqué pleating all the way from the collarless neck to the hem. Most seersucker dresses are comfortable bores, but this is fun. It appears in sizes ten to eighteen, and there are also children's versions of the same thing.

GEWGAWS: Moneau's new perfume, If, is an Oriental sort of affair. You'll see it at Altman, for one. It's a swell scent with a lemony tang—pungent rather than languorous, incisive rather than exotic. Please stop me before I fall in. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Minute Stocking Film is a handy little number for self-decoration. It comes out of a tube and has the calm, imperturbable consistency of toothpaste, which makes it very fine for nervous beginners. You put it on when your legs are wet (all right, after your shower you dry yourself downward only as far as midthigh) and smooth it on rapidly with your hands until you're a lovely, even brown. . . . Women with large faces have been moaning that most sun glasses around town make them look either moon-faced or like Bobby Clark. Though everybody is aware that no one can surpass Meyrowitz's sun glasses, everybody may not know that this shop has them with extra-large lenses and widely spaced frames. They cost from $7.50 up. —L. L.

•

LONDON, June 5 (AP)—Joan Ellis, the timid 22-year-old teletype operator who inadvertently sent the flash that caused the erroneous Associated Press announcement Saturday of Allied landings in France, said tonight she would be back in the office in a few days job for the AP when the big story pooƃ ɐ op oʇ ǝlqɐ ǝq oʇ pǝdoɥ puɐ does break.—*The Times*.

Better take it easy another day or two.



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luxuriously soft . . . dependably strong!

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there's only one
KLEENEX

In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

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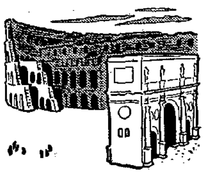
LETTER FROM ROME

By Wireless (June 5)

THIS capital, as far as can be determined today, remains intact. It is difficult for our Fifth Army troops to grasp the simple fact that they have finally taken a military objective they'll be able to enjoy. On their long, tough way to Rome, they have seen nothing but one razed town after another. Here the tree-lined boulevards are beautiful, the streets are not littered with corpses and wrecked tanks, the buildings are upright and whole. Tonight, for the first time in months, many of our soldiers will sleep between sheets, in beds which were occupied by Reichswehr men only a few hours ago. It is still all quite unreal to the Americans. I know one lieutenant, an engineer in a combat division, who couldn't take it. He had invited me to go for a walk with him along the Via Veneto, a particularly handsome avenue, but it wasn't long before he changed his mind. "Listen," he said to me after we had gone about fifty yards, "it's going to take me a little time to get the hang of this town. How about our having a look at the Colosseum? I think some ruins would be better for a starter."



For months before our arrival, the Nazis had plastered the walls of buildings with posters showing Italian mothers, their children in their arms, being bayoneted by Americans; the posters were captioned "The Liberation of the Liberators." At dawn today, when the Fifth Army began rolling into the Piazza di Venezia, Goebbels would have had a fine opportunity to observe the effectiveness of his poster campaign. The Italians, who love a winner just a little more than the rest of the world does, were out by the thousand, jamming the square on which Mussolini used to stage his pep rallies. They cheered and applauded as though they were watching the best opera of their lives. They shouted whatever scraps of English they knew. One wild old man yelled "Weekend! weekend!" over and over again. Many of them had arrived with huge bouquets of flowers, from which they kept plucking small bunches to toss at soldiers in jeeps and lorries, or at tank drivers, confidently exposed at last. One girl was dressed for the occasion in a skirt made of a large Union Jack. A Piper Cub, probably on its way to spot German artillery positions north of the city, dipped low over the square, and the Italians cheered as though it were a vast air fleet. Whenever the flow of traffic stalled, men and women rushed at the Army vehicles and embraced the soldiers. Dozens of people were waving British, French, and American flags. Where they had been hidden, only the Italians know. An impromptu parade started in the Piazza. It was a kind of snake dance. A few of its members had musical instruments, and those who didn't played imaginary trombones, pumping their arms up and down, or clarinets or trumpets. In the midst of all this, an American soldier was marching off a tow-headed German sniper he had captured in the Colosseum.

The Germans certainly never took over a foreign capital with as much good humor as the American boys who took Rome did. They came riding in on their vehicles, wearing medieval helmets and eighteenth-century tricornes they had picked up somewhere. A number of the more ebullient soldiers wore home-made New Year's Eve paper hats. Periodically they let out tremendous whoops, which the Italians soon began to imitate. A Signal Corps man hopped out of his truck, climbed onto a passing fiacre, took the reins from the cabby, and galloped the horse down the street.

THE Italians didn't concentrate all their attention on the victorious troops. There were many manifestations of a purely national sort. For one thing, the citizenry broke out thousands of Italian flags, the display of which, since the capitulation last September, had been regarded with disfavor by the Germans. Many boys and girls walked around wearing armbands with the hammer-and-sickle embroidered on them. As many more wore the red-white-and-green armbands of the Italian Partisans, a United Front underground organization which performed valuable sabotage work during the German occupation and lost no time in telling Allied officers where the Nazis had planted land mines. The two songs I heard most frequently were the Garibaldi anthem and "Bandiera Rossa," a Communist chant. This morning I saw two small riots, in which people both with and without armbands participated. In one of them, two hundred Italians broke into the courtyard of the Assicurazioni Generali-Venezia building, where some Fascist arms were stored. The mêlée lasted only half an hour, at the end of which several of the rioters emerged carrying rifles and pistols. The second riot, a much smaller one, resulted in the smashing of the plate-glass window of a store which, I was told by an excited Partisan, had been the headquarters of some Nazi undercover agents.

Quite the loudest and most enthusiastic applause of the morning, to my surprise, was given not to the Allied soldiers but to some three thousand *carabinieri* who arrived in A.M.G. trucks. There was good reason for this reception. After the Germans took over, the *carabinieri* so frequently delayed carrying out Gestapo orders that shortly after the armistice was signed their organization was dissolved by the Germans. The A.M.G., aware of the *carabinieri's* prestige, had thoughtfully assembled a force of them in the Naples area and rushed them into Rome to help keep order. As the *carabinieri* rode triumphantly through the streets, a number of men in mufti, undoubtedly local members who had been fired by the Nazis, leaped aboard the trucks and joined them. The *carabinieri* have a good deal of work to do. Two days before the Fifth Army's arrival at the gates, the Germans became convinced that they were licked and released several thousand murderers, thieves, and hoodlums from the city jails, the idea being to create confusion in Rome and thereby delay the Allies' pursuit. The *carabinieri* are after them, and another bunch they are trying to pick up are members of the puppet police force the Germans organized here—the Polizia Africa Italiana, recruited from Mussolini-appointed police who had served in the African empire and who practiced a studied viciousness to prove to their sponsors that they were good lackeys. Three men whom neither the *carabinieri* nor ourselves can get at are the German, Hungarian, and Rumanian Ministers, who, driving only a few blocks from their offices, entered the neutral territory of the Vatican State shortly before the Fifth Army arrived.

THE water supply is low, the Germans have made off with as much food as they could, and Army engineers are still out hunting for, and finding, land mines, but no one in Rome seems to care. The city is going on and on with its celebration, and the way things look now, it will be some days before the gaiety begins to taper off. The celebration started even before the Germans left. The night preceding our arrival, the Romans in the northern end fashioned attack upon religious faith as being both dangerous and irrational, he proceeds to discover a new faith, or what passes for one, at the heart of "the Soviet idea." A somewhat similar confusion has found its way into Mr. Laski's prose. "The men who seek, through the ideals of the Russian Revolution," he writes, "to revitalize the values of our civilization, submit their dream to tests of reason and of logic which, so far in history, have rarely maintained its splendour when its first rapture has died away."

More Lives than One, by Captain Tim Healy (Appleton-Century). The author of this book, a native Australian, says he is living on borrowed time, and if half the things he tells about are true, he most certainly is. He would seem to have used up his normal quota of lives when thousands of volts of electricity passed through his body while he, as an engineering student, was inspecting some condensers in a powerhouse and his wet raincoat flapped against an open switch. Instead of being electrocuted, which is customary under such circumstances, Captain Healy, after days of unconsciousness, not only recovered but found that his ability to see, hear, and smell had become only slightly less than superhuman. Even Alfred Hitchcock could hardly think up a more ideal equipment for a secret agent, and, during the first World War, Captain Healy actually became one. His adventures as a spy, along with many others, go to make up a hell-for-leather adventure story that is one of the best of its kind in some time.

Many Happy Days I've Squandered, by Arthur Loveridge (Harper). The adventures, mostly in Africa, of a naturalist whose particular enthusiasm is snakes. Mr. Loveridge's pages are peopled by the customary cast of characters in most books about African exploration—lions, leopards, baboons, elands, aardvarks, and a retinue of natives—but he writes with more than customary ability and knows how to tell stories. His book is full of good ones and anybody who likes to read about wild animals ought to enjoy it hugely. Illustrated.

The Navy's War, by Fletcher Pratt (Harper). An account, reasonably detailed and factual, of all the major actions fought by the United States Navy since the attack on Pearl Harbor. There are chapters on the cam-

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paigns in the Java and Coral Seas, the story of the battle of Midway, and a particularly good analysis of the campaign in the Solomons. A short foreword by the late Frank Knox is included and there are some excellent charts, maps, and photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

JOHNNIE, by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Johnnie, a private first class in the Army, comes to New York on a brief furlough and gets mixed up with representatives of two kingdoms named Rudamia and Trudamia. The many curious complications which arise out of this situation are due chiefly to the fact that Johnnie, described as a typical small-town boy from Texas, is wide-eyed to the point of idiocy. This may well annoy Mrs. Hughes' admirers who will probably wonder whether she is burlesquing her own style or trying to evolve a new one. Either way, the results are not very successful.

•

Henry Black is pledged, if elected President, to choose the following statesmen for the President's cabinet: Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago Tribune for Secretary of State; Beardsley Ruml for Secretary of the Treasury; General Douglas A. MacArthur, Secretary of War; Senator Burton K. Wheeler for Attorney General; Sewell L. Avery of Montgomery Ward and Co. for Postmaster General; General John L. De Witt, Secretary of the Navy; Martin Dies, Secretary of the Interior; Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture and John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, Secretary of Labor.

If you approve of Henry Black (myself) for President, and Thomas E. Dewey for Vice President, I will appreciate your vote at the coming election.—*Announcement of a candidate for delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention.*

We'll think it over. You've certainly whetted our appetite.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Atlanta Constitution*]

A bountiful program of musical events this week, high-lighted by the appearances of Oscar Levant and Patrice Munsel, marks the close of the Atlanta Music Club's brilliant series of concerts this season. . . .

She [Miss Munsel] is brought here by the Young Matrons' Circle for Tallulah Falls School. Her concert will be given at the Atlanta Woman's Club auditorium. The house is sold out.

Tickets for the Levant concert may be obtained at the Music Club's booth, 235 Peachtree street. There are still plenty.

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The World's Finest AGED Rum
Prepared in the spotless American plant of the Siboney Distilling Corporation.
Masterpiece of a great Cuban rum maker...
"It pays to stay with Siboney"
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if he's talking about a Keen's English Mutton Chop . . . it's no fish story
Maybe he *does* grow lyrical in praising our world famous specialty . . . His indication of the size of our Chop and accompanying Baked Idaho Potato *may* suggest exaggeration . . . Well, now that Mutton is ration-free why not enjoy the pleasure of verifying the "legend" personally?
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36th St. East of 6th Ave.

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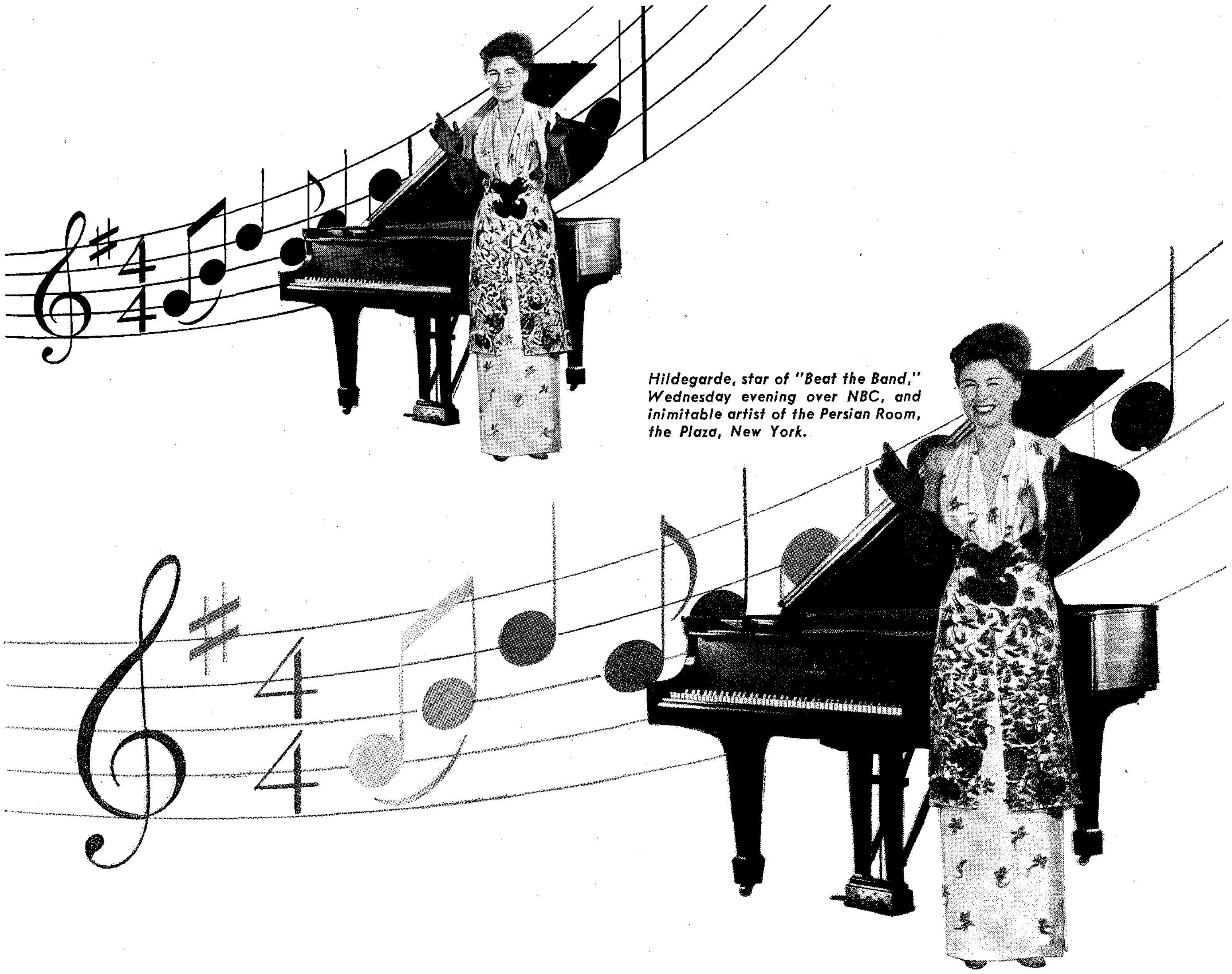

Hildegarde, star of "Beat the Band," Wednesday evening over NBC, and inimitable artist of the Persian Room, the Plaza, New York.

YOU'LL HEAR HILDEGARDE IN "NATURAL COLOR"—ON A G-E FM RADIO!

There's a new kind of radio waiting for you that does what no radio has ever done before!

Major Edwin H. Armstrong invented it. General Electric built the first set for the public. Today Frequency Modulation radio (FM) is as different from ordinary radio as color movies are from black and white!

Radio up to now has been a reasonable reproduction of the singer's voice, or an orchestra, or a dance band. But because of technical limitations, *only a third* of the tonal range could be heard! The other two-thirds were "lost." That's why reception is often so flat and colorless.

General Electric FM radio captures *all* the tonal range — high notes, low notes, in-between notes. Tones and overtones come in as they sound in the studio — in glorious "natural color." And static disappears!

When it is again possible to manufacture radio sets for the home, General Electric will bring you radios and radio-phonographs with FM, table models, and a new kind of portable with its own built-in storage battery and charger. *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

Every week 192,000 General Electric employees purchase more than a million dollars' worth of War Bonds.

RADIO • TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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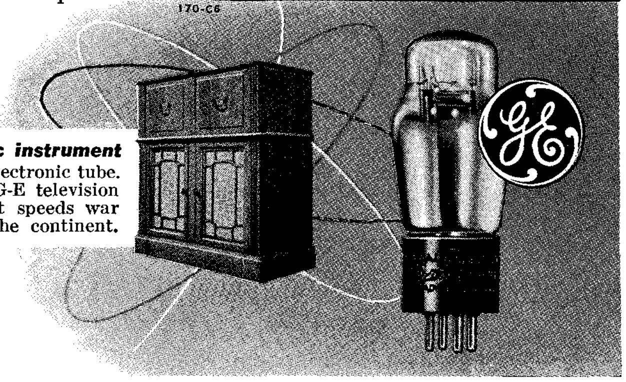
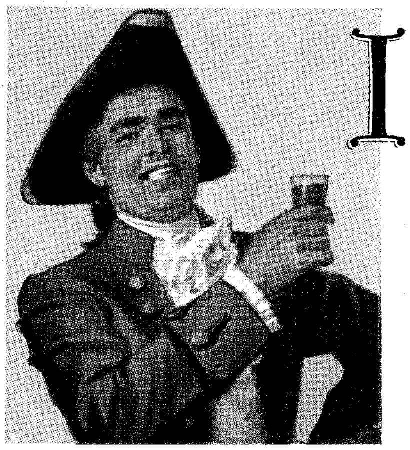
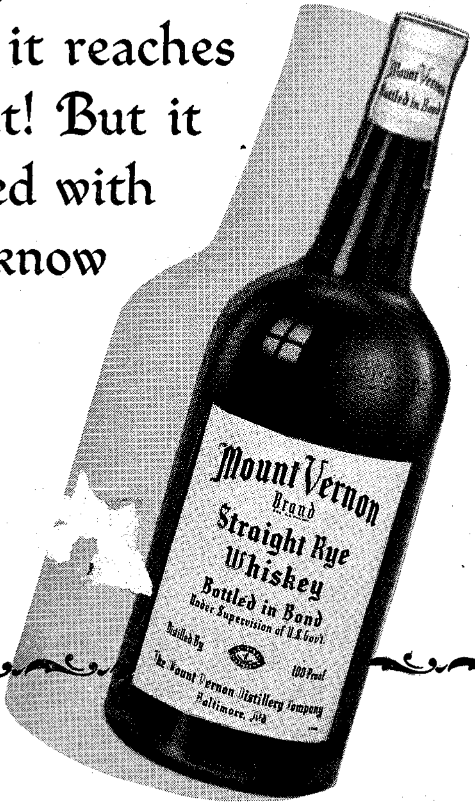


Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument
The heart of every General Electric radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.

You will Measure Them All by This One



If you favor a smooth, mild rye whiskey with just a hint of the grain in its taste, you'll like Mount Vernon. ❧ We venture to predict that from then on Mount Vernon will be your standard of measurement. Two simple facts tell the story of Mount Vernon's delicious flavor. Limited production that permits extra care in handling Mount Vernon from the grain to the wood, from the cask to the glass. And extra aging in the wood that further enriches the taste of Mount Vernon before it reaches the bottle. ❧ There you have it! But it won't be until you get acquainted with Mount Vernon that you will know what a really fine whiskey it is.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Mount Vernon
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Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

Mount Vernon

BRAND

Bottled in Bond... 100 Proof • This Whiskey is 5 Years, 4 Months Old

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York